

## THE GOLDEN KNIGHT.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

## CHAPTER I.

I HAVE read, somewhere in an old and curious ballad, a very marvellous story; but many days, months and years have quite obliterated the verses from my memory, leaving only the skeleton of the tale to flutter in my brain like an autumn leaf, which the summer insects have riddled and robbed of its green. But as the main incidents were extremely entertaining, and the general spirit so peculiar to the days of romance and chivalry, I would fain repair the injured leaf, if with nothing better than the poor thread of my simple prose. The ancient minstrel furnished, according to my recollection, neither the year nor kingdom wherein these amusing and instructive events transpired. Therefore my indulgent friends will allow me to begin with "once upon a time;" an expression which custom has sanctioned as lawful, "since no man's memory runneth to the contrary."

Once upon a time, in the days of hawk and hound, and joust and tournament, a beautiful youth there was who lived in the wild woods of the mountains, in a kingdom far away: yet few there were who had ever seen him, and those few were the neighboring shepherds, who, in search of some truants from their flocks, had wandered higher into the hills than was their wont, and had there met the radiant boy walking his sylvan ways. A fortunate thing they deemed it, too, to meet him then, for they knew that the objects of their search could not be far distant; and they blessed the youth, for they thought he guarded their sheep.

It was a beautiful morning in the balmy month of June; and the sun while chasing the cold shadows and damp air from the hills, discovered reclining upon a bank of moss, inlaid with violets, and countless other little flowers of blue, white and red, the mysterious youth. Though his size was that of a boy of twelve, the symmetry of his person was much more perfect and manfully developed than it was likely to be at so tender an age. He was dressed in the simple garb of a shepherd, and a crook wound with leaves and flowers of the wild vine, was lying across his arm, as if he had been tending the flocks through the night, though none were to be seen. The birds were making all the air tremulous with their melody, the water which through all the silent hours had rushed noisily over the neighboring rocks, was now bathed in the golden sunshine, and, as if fearful of disturbing the young shepherd's slumber, seemed to flow further away than it had done in the night, till its tumult was quite mellowed down to a delightful silken rustle. Every opening bud was rocking with the toiling bee, while scattered on the leaves and vines, numberless butterflies were lying, their drooping wings fettered

with cold balls of dew. Oh, it was beautiful to think that the chilly weights which the darkness had forged for their golden pinions, should be all gathered up and borne away by those busy angels of light which the sun daily sends from Heaven for such good purposes.

The little shepherd still slumbered, and the slight dimpling of his cheeks seemed to tell of delightful visions sweeping through the solitudes of sleep, like the mellow sunshine gliding amid the drowsy shadows of the forest. Now with parted lips, he appeared to listen as if the noise of bees, the songs of birds, and the rustle of the water were all melted into pleasant words, and fashioning some delightful tale to his enchanted fancy. Surely something more than these simple voices of nature greeted his ear, for now what might have been mistaken for a cluster of blue flowers on the bank near his head, slowly assumed the form of a delicate fairy maiden. She was dressed as a shepherdess, and wore over a pink boddico and silver colored skirt, a violet scarf spangled with gold, and her flossy flaxen hair was flitted with violets and lilies of the valley. She also, like the youth, carried a crook entwined with little flowering vines; but this she now quietly laid aside, and with a cautious hand drew the young shepherd's pipe from his breast, and applying the ivory tip to her coral lips, breathed so softly therein that it seemed only as if a humming bird, instead of a bee, hovered on the neighboring honeysuckle. By degrees, as she modulated the stop of the simple pipe into clear and silvery melody, the dimples on the cheeks of the youth deepened till he smiled almost to waking. Still she played, and the sweet sounds seemed to say, "ah, Julien, dear Julien, I love thee, I love thee! All night has thy Viola sat at thy side, and she it was who gave thee the beautiful visions. Ah, Julien, dear Julien! how long shall the violet sigh for its truant lover, the bee?—how long shall I sigh for thee?"

So played the fairy, and the sun shone, the waters rustled, and Julien dreamed on and smiled. Still the beautiful little shepherdess played, and thus the sweet sounds seemed to say, "dear Julien, thou art of royal parentage—thy sire was a prince of a far kingdom; and thy mother the queen of the faeries. But not for this, dear Julien, thy Viola loves thee. Ah, would that thou wert wholly mortal as thy sire, then might I love thee as he was loved, or if thou wert wholly as we are, then could we comprehend one another. Ah, Julien, I tremble for thee: The fates last night were seen pinning a thread from the rays of a star, and they fastened it to a little blue earthly flower! Like a gossamer the thread swayed to and fro between the flower and the star; but the

flies soon came again, and then the thread was severed, and the little blue flower withered and died!" So played the fairy, and while the notes grew more and more melancholy, a shadow stole over the scene, the birds ceased to sing, the bees to hum, and the noisy torrent lost its pleasant rustle, and instead there came on a sudden chilly wind, which sprung from that direction, a boiling, bubbling, hissing sound, seeming so near that Julien with a heavy sigh awoke and starting up, pressed his forehead for a moment as if to dispel the impression of some unpleasant dream. He looked about him, the quiet flowers were there, his pipe lay across a little knoll of blossoms; the bees toiled on, the sun shone, the birds sang, and the distant water rustled.

The beautiful shepherd replaced the pipe in his bosom, and, leaning upon his crook, stood gazing toward the orient chambers of the sun, listening to the lark pour its melody from those high azure towers. But now dropping his eye, it rested on the rude old castle of the king, which rose so darkly on its huge aspiring cliff, that its mile of shadow reached well nigh to his feet. Young Julien gazed long upon its dusky walls and sighed, yet knew not why. Perchance it was his mortal nature repining for communion with its kind—perchance it was his spirit quivering with intuitive knowledge of the sorrows which made those royal halls darker and more dreary than their black turrets at midnight. There is many a perchance to account for every breast-heave, but many, very many more reasons for them.

He was suddenly startled from his reverie by the near sound of a hunter's horn; and hearing the rustle of leaves and the crackling of dead branches, he quietly stepped into the shadow of a tree and waited the approach of the strangers. Presently the stately form of a hunter emerged from amid the dark foliage, and Julien from his hiding-place recognized the noble person of the king. Again the royal sportsman raised the silver bugle to his lips, and blew a long, clear blast that rang through the startled air, and died away among the distant hills. Immediately from every direction horns replied again. One sound which came earlier than the rest, was soon followed by the king's steward, for he it was who gave it. Now the steward was a man of middle age, as was the king, but unlike his royal master, was blessed with no qualities of person or character which were at all prepossessing. He was below the middle height, with an ungraceful stoop of the shoulder, a long and hard featured face, which wore at all times a sinister expression. His small grey eyes twinkled amid many wrinkles; his chin projected beyond the usual facial angle, so that his teeth, which were irregular, closed together like those of a trap. This formation of the jaw usually produces a continual and unpleasant smile, which in the steward's countenance was the index of deceit. The king, who was the reverse of all this, generous and unsuspecting, when his attendant approached addressed him, saying—

"How now, sir knight? We have challenged every mountain echo to summon here your tardy steps! What has befallen you that you limp so?" The steward placed his hand upon his breast, and bowing

with that humble air which always accompanies double dealing, replied—

"Indeed, your majesty, a slight mishap overtook me; occasion urged that I should leap the chasm which divides this hill from that, and as I sprung a treacherous stone received my steps, I stumbled and would have plunged within the deep abyss but that a friendly twig hung close within my reach and rescued me." Julien, who stood concealed, could see the steward's face as he spoke, and thought he read therein a world of villany.

"Are we so swift then that you could not keep the gate? We've summoned you this half hour!"

"Indeed, my liege, mine was a most unknighly feat, I blush to own; but I turned my foot and thereby wrenched my ankle—I can scarcely bear my weight upon it! By your gracious leave I'll rest awhile."

"Do so; but be advised," replied the king, "and do not rest too long in this wild place. Now that I look again, this is the very spot whereon 'tis said the fairies hold their revels; it is charmed ground, and, believed by all, that should a mortal rest his wearied limbs within this magic round, and trust his senses to the old soother sleep, he wakes no more to walk the ways of men; but tangled in a bewildering maze, he pines and pines, and dwindles to a shadow, while the workers of the spell make a sad slave of him. I have often heard it said how those poor enchanted shadows flit around the hunter's feet, as if they would implore his pity, then when the hunter turned to survey the thing it is gone, and he only sees the quiet sunshine sleeping where he stands! And so he goes on his way with a smile to think that his own shadow has played him such a trick. Heaven protect you, good sir knight! We would not rest one hour upon that bank to gain another kingdom to our crown!"

"I have heard as much," replied the steward. "But is it really so?"

"Said we not 'twas so believed? 'Tis most true! Have you so soon forgot the fate of the young Spanish prince who came on a visit to our kingdom, some score of years since, and how we invited him to join us in the hunt of the boar, and how we left him, as you know, seated on that bank, and that we have never heard of him since? You have a most treacherous memory to have forgotten all this; for now that our recollections run back, we remember well enough as you should, how the dashing young sprig of Spain at our own tournament unhorsed a certain knight known as Sir Aldingar, the king's steward! eh?" The royal hunter laughed heartily at the knight's confusion, and turning away was soon lost in the depths of the forest.

"Ha!" muttered the steward to himself, as he saw the king emerge into the thickets, "you may laugh now, your merriment won't last long—thanks to your virtuous queen! Now, by my soul, she shall pay dearly for the repulse she gave my suit. I'll to the old hermit at the foot of the dragon's rock, and with such a gold-thirsty agent there can be no fear of failure. Having duped the king with the notion that I am too lame to follow in the chase, I have the whole day before me; therefore will I use it." So saying, he arose and stole away as nimbly and stealthily as became his purpose. No sooner had he disappeared

than the little shepherd laid his crook aside, and with a fleet step struck into a nearer path and gained the hermit's hut at the foot of the dragon's rock, ere the wicked steward had passed one quarter of the way. Luckily the old anchorite had not yet risen from his rude pallet, and Julien, taking advantage of this, hastily seized the hermit's coarse mantle, and drawing the hood over his head, grasped an old iron-clasped volume, and seated himself on the stone bench a little beyond the door, then spreading the book open upon his knees, he seemed engrossed in the study of its contents. In a little while the stealthy steward arrived at the foot of the dragon's rock, and leaning on his spear addressed the disguised youth.

"Huou, of the dragon's rock, well met, a good morrow to you! Ay, ay, some cobweb of a pious chronicle has got entangled in his brain, and he is too deaf to hear me." So saying, he went and sat down on the stone beside the little shepherd, and looking on the page which he could not comprehend, addressed the disguised youth again.

"It is doubtless true, my good friend Huou, that late and early delving in dust of old thought brightens the spade of the understanding; but the polishing process is only that of wearing away." Still the youth made no reply, except to murmur in the tremulous, coarse voice of the hermit some of the mysterious sentences which the volume presented him. The steward at once to gain the old man's attention, and to whet his thirst for gold, drew from his girdle a heavy purse, and striking it on the yellow page of the old book, exclaimed—

"Tell me if you can dig anything like that from your mines of thought, eh, good Huou?" The weight of the purse, and the sudden stroke quite dislodged the book, and it fell down between the young shepherd's feet. Julien now imitating most perfectly the old man's manner, speech and voice, replied—

"Ah, Sir Aldingar, thou should'st know the miseries of an anchorite's life: should'st know what it is to chastise the flesh with long vigils and hunger."

"Thank Heaven, good Huou," replied the knight, "as I have a full store of such yellow lore as this, you may be sure I'll seek no other, especially by mortifying the flesh. No, no, gratification for every desire say I; and he who has gold, good, glittering gold, need sigh for no one thing in vain. The world was made to barter in."

"Ah, sir knight," replied the tremulous voice again, "thou art blessed far beyond thy fellows. I have no gold."

"But thou shalt have," answered he, quickly and warmly.

"I have gold?" ejaculated the other—"pray by what means?"

"By other means than praying," replied the knight.

"Ah, my good steward," cried the trembling voice, "thou speakest in riddles; what better means than praying shall win me gold? I am very poor, and would know."

"If thou wilt serve my purpose," said the other, eagerly, "this purse and thrice its value in good, round pieces shall be thine."

During this conference the disguised youth was

fearful lest the real hermit should awake in the mean time and discover them, therefore he was induced to hasten the conclusion of the steward's proposition. To effect this he replied—

"Good sir knight, my welfare is in thy hands: do with me as it pleaseth thee. What the steward of my king dictates I shall endeavor to fulfil even to the hazard of my own destruction."

"There spake the wisest anchorite in the kingdom," quoth Sir Aldingar: "take this purse, and when thou hast accomplished what I desire of thee it shall be trebled."

"Speak on, sir knight, I am all impatient: what is the duty?"

"Well then, give me thy attention," said the other, "but if thou should'st prove a traitor, I shall pay the balance of the account not in gold or silver, but in good, bright steel!"

As he spoke, he laid his hand upon the dagger in his belt.

"Fear not for old Huou!" replied the counterfeited voice.

"Then meet me an hour before sun down at the castle gate: what I shall there command thee to do will be of no great hazard, and the worst which may come of it will be that the king shall affect to be displeased, and may cast thee into prison, but it can amount only to a hearty jest, and in the night I will set thee again at liberty, with plenty of gold. What sayest thou, wilt come?"

"Thy will, good steward, shall be my law: I will meet thee an hour before sun down at the castle gate."

"It is well," quoth Sir Aldingar, "Huou, the anchorite, shall have gold for his service!" And so they parted.

## CHAPTER II.

WHEN Sir Aldingar had passed quietly out of sight, Julien hastily laid the hermit's cloak and book back where he had found them, and hurried away into the mountains. Arriving at the side of a little brook which gushed out from under a mossy rock, and sparkled and sang through a slope of tender grass, he sat down upon a little knoll at its side, and listened to its silvery laughter. He mused awhile upon the villany of the knight: sighed over the misfortunes of the poor Queen Elinor, and determined that the false steward should be baffled in his wicked designs, whatever they might prove to be.

Still he sat gazing down into the water, and scarcely observed the brush of the golden wing of a butterfly upon his cheek, which fluttered and circled around his head. But now feeling the weight, as it might be of a bird upon his shoulder, he turned and saw with delight that it was the hand of his dear little Viola. From the earliest hour of Julien's recollection this dainty maiden had been his companion. She had taught him the secret virtues of the flowers, the language of the bees and the birds, and to hear in the rippling waters the songs of the invisible sprites. Now he gazed into her little face and saw that tears were glistening in her azure eyes, striving to burst through the bars of the delicate lashes. She trembled

like a flower in the breeze, then suddenly fell upon the breast of the youth, and sobbed like a rose beaten by a sudden rain. It was in vain that Julien strove to soothe her disturbed spirit, he prest her tenderly to his breast, and smoothed with his tender hands her shining flaxen hair.

"What sorrow," sighed he, "hath seized my gentle Viola?" and still she made no answer, but sobbed aloud. Yet a little longer he smoothed her silken tresses, and breathed kind words into her ear. Suddenly she ceased to weep, and tossing back her hair looked up into the face of the youth, and exclaimed—

"Ah, dearest Julien, thou knowest how much I love thee, for often in thy dreams I have told thee all, though never until now have I said it to thy waking ear." Then replied the youth—

"And thou too, gentle Viola, knowest my love for thee. But wherefore dost thou grieve? What has befallen thee?"

"The same," replied the maiden, "which has befallen thee. Oh, my dear Julien, thou art environed with danger. Knowest thou not the two great laws of our people? Thou shalt aid the virtuous without reward, and love no mortal without the sanction of the fairy council. To disobey the first, and to be guilty of the latter robs us of all powers other than those purely human!"

So saying, she grasped the steward's heavy purse of gold which hung at Julien's belt, and taking out the coins hurled them one by one into the clear water. As she threw them in, the stream grew more and more turbid and discolored, till that which was before a transparent rivulet, singing its silvery song as it ran, now went growling and tumbling down its bed, dulled and inflated with a yellowish mud. She pointed to the water and sighed—

"Be this thy warning!" and then vanished.

Julien sat for a long time lost in amazement and speculation. He heard the birds sing, the bees hum, and the rustle of waters, yet gave them no heed. Leaving the brook-side, he wandered far away into the woods, strolling listlessly along, taking no note of what passed about him. The day was now already far past the meridian, and probably the youth would not again have remembered his engagement with the steward, had he not have stumbled suddenly upon the old anchorite at the foot of the dragon's rock. Huou, well nigh blind with age, was sitting where Julien had sat in the morning, and was poring over the same iron-clasped volume which the youth had pretended to read. In addition to the book, the old man held in his right hand, which rested on the yellow page, a large, rude, oaken cup, from which he ever and anon quaffed with a hearty good will. Julien looked around him for a moment on the ground, and stepping a few paces aside plucked a small blue flower, and, approaching the hermit from behind, dexterously expressed a drop from the crushed leaves into the cup, and then quietly retired to await its effect. Scarcely had he executed this than old Huou raised the mug to his lips and emptied it at a draught. Again he applied his bleared eyes to the ancient tome; but in a few minutes the cup dropped from his grasp; the book slid down between his knees, and the

anchorite nodded and slept. Julien, taking advantage of this, availed himself of the hermit's coarse cloak and hood, and hurried away to keep his appointment with the false steward. The sun hung just an hour high above the blue hills of the West, when the disguised youth met Sir Aldingar at the castle gate.

"Well met, good Huou," said the knight, "the queen desires to speak with you." This he said so loud that the burly old warden, who stood near by, overheard it; and the latter turning to one of his companions, whispered—

"What would the queen, I wonder, with the old parchment of the dragon's rock?" The knight, guessing the import of the whisper, adroitly gave the base coloring to the circumstance which he would have it take, by replying sharply and loudly to the warden.

"Beware, thou insinuating slave, a blot thrown upon the fair character of our queen shall be thy warrant for thy head!" The rebuke had at once the desired effect, it suggested to meddling brains what otherwise they would not have dreamed of. So, chuckling inwardly, he led the youth through the court-yard and thence into the castle. The steward taking advantage of their being now alone, gave Julien these instructions in a low whisper. "Mark me, Huou, and don't forget the gold! You are to be concealed in the queen's chamber, for what purpose let your own wits guess: suffice it that the queen desires it. The king being absent in the chase you have nought to fear, but if he should return too soon make you as if you urged the queen to intercede with his majesty for some boon; necessity will lend you the invention. But mark me, should the worst come to the worst, no word of this our compact to the king. The worst can work you no serious harm, for I carry the keys of the dungeon."

Julien trusting to his elfin power to become invisible at any moment, feared nothing either for himself or the queen, and only calculated on heaping confusion upon the perfidious knight. They had already traversed several dim halls and armored chambers, when they arrived at the end of the corridor leading out to a balcony which encircled the inner court of the castle. As they approached the place, Julien was startled with the clear, silvery laughter of a maiden, and gazing down into the yard beheld, amid a group of her playmates, the beautiful figure of the king's daughter. She had apparently counted her fifteenth year, and her form, which was faultlessly moulded, was only surpassed by the angel graces of her face. At the moment he beheld her she was holding a pet hawk upon her finger, as if she were about to fling it off in pursuit of some quarry. Alas, for poor Julien, his own breast held the nearest quarry, and the maiden's beauty, flying swifter than ever her hawk, lit upon his heart, and struck its wings useless in an instant. A heavy sigh burst from his bosom, and he suffered the knight to lead him away without thinking for whither he was going, or for what purpose. Having gained the queen's chamber, the knight, after ascertaining that no one was there, ushered the youth in, and bidding him to "remember," hastily withdrew. Julien, being now left to

himself, could think of nothing but the lovely figure which he had just seen. He lost all consciousness of his situation, and instead of being closed up in a dim chamber, he seemed to be standing at the end of the corridor, gazing down upon the radiant maiden. Still he heard her silvery laughter, saw her graceful attitude, and the hawk, with outspread wings, poised upon her tapering finger.

When the steward had thus far accomplished his scheme of revenge upon the queen, he sallied down to attend on the arrival of the king. In a little while the royal master returned, and after him many hunters, bearing to the castle some of the noblest game of the forest. After passing some light jest upon the knight for his morning's mishap, and expressing his pleasure to see that the fairies had not made a victim of him: the king inquired what news had transpired, and who had visited the castle. To all of which the knight replied that all things remained, to the best of his knowledge, as they had left them in the morning. He knew of no visitor to the castle: but on second thought corrected himself by excepting old Huou, of the dragon's rock.

"What, Huou?" cried the king, with surprise, "we thought his crippled limbs would not bear him so far from his miserable den."

"You were mistaken, my liege; he stood before the gate on the hill-side about an hour ago, and the queen espying him, bade me call him to her."

"Ah, did she so?" replied the king, "what was her will with old Huou?"

"Indeed, my liege, I knew not. I obeyed her majesty's orders, and conveyed him to her chamber."

"To her chamber?" echoed the king, "and wherefore there?"

"As I said before, I knew not; but there I left them alone together, and there doubtless are they yet."

The king, with a crimson shade upon his forehead, said he thought it a strange place to give audience to such a creature as Huou in, and followed by the treacherous knight, he went to convince his own eyes. The unfortunate queen but a moment before had entered her chamber: and Julien depending upon being invisible made no motion: the place being already darkened into twilight would have concealed him independent of his elfin qualities. The queen was just in the act of arranging the braids of her hair when her royal husband flung open the oaken door, and followed by Sir Aldingar, strode in.

"How now, my royal dame?" cried he. "What great secret have we with the old hermit Huou?"

"With the hermit, Huou?" echoed the queen.

"Aye, the same," replied the king. "He that you have hidden here in your chamber."

"Hidden in my chamber!" cried the queen overwhelmed with wonder.

"Aye, aye, said we not so?" replied his majesty.

"Oh, my good lord, you do but jest," cried the lady, with a smile.

"Heaven send it may prove so!" rejoined the steward, as he crossed the room, and laying his hand on Julien's shoulder, dragged him forth into the light. The king and queen both looked aghast: and Julien overwhelmed with disappointment and vexation at

being thus suddenly baffled and robbed of his elfin powers, struggled to release himself from the knight's grasp, and in doing so was stripped of the hermit's garb, so that he stood before them in all his beauty, to the utter astonishment of Sir Aldingar, as well as his royal master and mistress. The queen fainted and fell upon the floor: and the king, frenzied with this sudden evidence of his wife's infidelity, in the storm of his anger ordered them both to be thrown into dungeons! A dozen stout attendants obeyed Sir Aldingar's call, and rough hands seized the queen and the delicate, but unshrinking form of the youth, and straightway plunged them into dark, cold prisons!

All that night poor Julien sat in his cheerless cell lamenting the fate of the unhappy Elinor. How could it be, he wondered, that his power to become invisible, had so suddenly, and for the first time, failed him? Ah, luckless wight! it was now that he remembered when too late, the beautiful maiden with the hawk! Now he remembered what the little Viola had told him, how that to fall in love with a mortal was to lose all elfin qualities and to become human! Ah, yes, he remembered it all now, and wept for very vexation. Still he felt and knew how dearly, passionately, he loved the king's daughter.

On the following day the king appeared before his court pale and haggard, and bade his herald proclaim that whereas Sir Aldingar, the royal steward, had accused the queen of infidelity, it was decreed that ten days should be allowed for his unfortunate spouse to find a champion to confront her accuser in battle, and to assert by the prowess of his arm the innocence of the accused! That on the eleventh day, should no one appear to take up her cause, she, the queen, with her paramour, should be put to death at the stake! So decreed the king, and so it was proclaimed! Now the queen's daughter Annie, when she heard this thing was sorely troubled, and straightway importuned every knight in the castle to espouse the cause of her innocent mother; but Sir Aldingar, who had spread the general belief among all the retainers, of the queen's guilt, though disliked by nearly all present, was not likely to find among them an antagonist, especially as he was known to be dexterous in the use of arms. Eight days had already passed away, and still the queen and Julien pined in their prisons. The ninth night came, and the youth lay exhausted upon his hard bed. But when he fell asleep he dreamed that his beautiful Viola came to him with directions how to escape. She pointed out to him the stone slab which, if removed, would discover a secret and long-forgotten subterranean passage which led out under the castle, and finally opened into a large cavern, which was now occupied by the elfin workers of gold, whose king was his own uncle, and that from thence, by following a little stream which there took its rise, he would be enabled to make his escape. Julien flushed with new hopes awoke, and immediately busied himself in hunting for the stone slab. At last he discovered a little iron ring close up in the corner, and by giving a sudden jerk he brought the stone from its place, and found by reaching down with his foot that there were steps below. He hastily began to descend and arranging the stone in its place

after him, once more felt secure from the vengeance of the king. In a little while he came to the bottom of the steps, and finding himself in a low, narrow passage, continued to grope his way through the damp and the darkness for a length of time, which seemed to amount to hours. But his heart sank suddenly within him to find the passage come to a full stop! He passed his hands hurriedly over the wall which made the obstruction, and listened but could hear nothing but what seemed to be the dripping of water; then bit his lips and wept in the bitterness of his vexation. Now dropping his chin on his breast, he leaped against the wall, and well nigh gave himself up to despair. The noise of the dripping water grew more audible, and as he listened attentively it seemed to merge, by degrees, into the clink of numberless hammers, either very small or a great way off. For a moment his hope flamed up again, but soon sank as the sounds became indistinct; but he was startled suddenly, for a strange, red light gleamed around him, but from what source he knew not. The light died and appeared again, and a certain rattling overhead attracted his eyes upward, and to his astonishment and pleasure he saw from a narrow aperture a little ladder descending, and discovered a dozen merry goblin faces peering down upon him. No sooner had the ladder touched the ground than he mounted upon it, and squeezing himself through the opening which was clogged with rubbish, emerged into the cave amid the merry shouts and laughter of the little goblin troupe. As they led him through the cavern he saw numberless little smiths hammering away on their flaming anvils, some were filing, and others were polishing with various implements armor and ornaments, which were all made of pure gold. The little fellows who rescued Julien now led him into another and smaller, though more glittering cavern, and here he stood in the presence of their king, his uncle. The place was hung with all the finished articles of gold which were made in the other cavern; so that it was dazzling and beautiful to behold. The old king listened attentively to the story of his nephew, and being highly incensed at the perfidy of the steward, resolved to assist the youth in the downfall of Sir Aldingar and the restoration of Queen Elinor. Therefore he directed his attendants to equip Julien in a suit of enchanted armor from the halls of his ancestors, which, when brought, shone like the morning sun, the whole being of gold and thickly studded with diamonds. He was soon arrayed in this glittering suit, and his uncle ordered him to be furnished with the poisoned lance and falchion, with which his great, great grandsire had won those very caverns from the possession of a huge and powerful giant two hundred years before. Being thus arrayed he was led away, and coming to the banks of a little stream the goblins bade him follow it, with the assurance that a few minutes would bring him to the open air. He obeyed their directions, and when he came to the opening, which was barely large enough to permit him to pass through, he found that the sun was already up, and this was the tenth and last day of grace with the queen. As he stood upon the banks of the stream he recognized it as being the same whereby he had sat

when Viola threw the false steward's coins into the water. He remembered the dear little fairy with all the affection of a brother; but his soul leapt with a passion which he had never felt before, when he thought of the beautiful maiden who held the hawk. The brightness of his armor shed a glory through the shades of the forest as the morning sun shone upon it. As he passed, the very birds attracted by the light ceased to sing that they might gaze upon him. He had made perhaps the half of his way to the castle, when he heard the tramp of a horse, and very soon he saw coming toward him a maiden on a white palfrey. No sooner did she approach within the distance of a bow shot, than he recognized with a throbbing breast the beautiful daughter of the king. There was great sorrow depicted on her face, but a light broke through her countenance of grief as she beheld before her an armed and glittering knight; the which when Julien saw he fell upon his knee and cried—

"Fair lady, if thou seekest a champion, seek no further, for I thy champion would be!"

"Oh, good, sir knight," replied the maid, "there is not a retainer in the castle of the king who will espouse the cause of the injured queen; and it is to seek a defender of a virtuous mother's fame that makes me a silly maiden to venture thus alone into the deep forests; therefore, oh, generous knight, be thou her champion!"

"Oh, fairest of mortals," cried the enamored youth, "lead thou the way; my good sword shall vindicate her right!" The beautiful maiden with a strange sensation about the heart, turned the head of her palfrey toward the castle, where, followed by the golden knight, she soon arrived. The warden with a countenance filled with amazement and admiration readily admitted them; and the retainers all stood dumb with wonder and surprise. When they had gained the middle of the great court-yard, the golden knight, drawing his flaming falchion, and flinging his glove upon the ground, cried out in a loud, confident voice,

"What ho, Sir Aldingar, Julien, the Golden Knight, by his majesty's leave, asserts the innocence of his queen!" At this forth came the steward, dressed in a suit of heavy dark armor, and scarcely knowing what to make of his shining antagonist, and half believing him to be an apparition, drew his sword with considerable hesitation, and assumed an attitude of defence. The king, when he learned that his wife had found at length a champion, had her brought forth from the dungeon that she might see her fate decided.

Very soon poor Elinor came in supported by her maids, so pale and emaciated that the assemblers could scarcely recognize her. When Julien saw her pallid, woe-begone countenance, his blood boiled in his heart, and he longed to bury his sword in the breast of the false steward. He now aimed a blow at the knight, and the keenness of his falchion which Sir Aldingar warded, just shaved the iron nob or point from the false knight's shoulder. His antagonist aimed a deadly stroke with his great sword in return, but Julien stepping aside, the blade sank half its length into the earth. Having with a tremendous effort recovered his sword he raised it in air to make

a second blow, but, ere he could bring it down, the Golden Knight gave him a thrust in the throat, so that Sir Aldingar dropped his sword behind him, and then fell back upon it, while the blood gushed from his neck and mouth. At this, all present sent up a shout which told how well they were satisfied with the result. The false steward, when he felt death upon him, called for a confessor, and, one being at hand, his visor was removed, and he acknowledged in the presence of the king the innocence of the queen, and all his villiany to prove her otherwise. The king deeply repenting his credulity and harshness, embraced his royal spouse, begging her forgiveness; and then clasping the Golden Knight to his breast, promised to grant any boon which he might ask. Julien taking the hand of the beautiful princess

in his own, kneeled before her royal parents, and exclaimed—

“Most gracious liege, this is the boon that I would ask of thee!”

“Such thy boon shall be!” cried the king, and Julien pressed his lips to the delicate fingers of the maiden. As he did this, a little blue violet dropped at his feet, he took it up tenderly and saw that it seemed to have been just plucked from the ground, and that a drop of blood was at the root. A tear came into his eye as he thought of poor Viola, and he felt in that instant that his fairy nature had all departed from him, and that he was indeed now nothing more than human! But gazing into the face of his gentle Annie, he forget all of his regrets, and led her away into the hall.

## SAVING AT THE SPIGGOT.

BY HARRY SUNDERLAND.

SINCE our removal into Spring Garden, my wife's old and very agreeable neighbor, Mrs. Henley, has only paid her one or two formal visits. Withdrawn from her sphere and influence, the mania for spending money which raged for a couple of years, has subsided, and my wife sees her error quite as clearly as I do, and laments it even more bitterly. She is exceedingly anxious to save at every point in order to make up what has been lost, and in attempting to do so, has, in several instances, demonstrated with great clearness the folly of the man who was charged with saving at the spigot while he was letting out at the bung-hole.

We have usually employed one domestic to cook and do general housework, and hired a washerwoman and ironer every week. Our washings are pretty large—at least so my wife says, and she ought to know. After we moved into Spring Garden, my wife concluded to dispense with the ironer, and this saved sixty-two and a half cents a week. Of course she had to take her place, so our one servant had just about as much to do as she could get through with.

I expressed my objection to this, but my wife said that she would rather do it.

"But you are not strong, Anna," I urged, "and will find standing all day at the ironing-table much too fatiguing."

"I suppose I will be a little tired, but that is no matter. Getting tired won't hurt me."

"Over fatigue might, though," I returned.

"I will guard against that," she made answer.

"Still, Anna, I would rather pay the woman. You have enough to do in the family."

"A half, and eleven pence is a good deal to pay out every week, besides giving a woman a day's boarding, and might just as well be saved as not. So, Harry, you needn't say a word about it. I've made my mind up to do a share of the ironing, and you know very well, by this time, that if I will, I will, you may depend on't."

"And if you won't you won't, so there's an end on't," I returned, good humoredly. "Well, I suppose for me to object is useless; but I doubt if you save anything in the long run."

"Very well, doubt away, but I know, that if I save sixty or seventy cents a week, I will save thirty or thirty-five dollars a year. If I am not very smart at figures, I can at least calculate that."

Of course my wife had her way, and the very next week undertook to do half the ironing. When she got up on Tuesday morning, the ironing day, I saw by the expression of her face that she was not well.

"Does your head ache?" I asked.

"Yes, a little."

"More than a little, I apprehend, Anna. You do not look at all well. Of course you will not attempt ironing to-day."

"Certainly I will," she replied.

"You are very wrong, Anna. You might make yourself sick," I urged.

"Oh, no. I shall feel better after awhile. I told Hannah last week that I shouldn't want her any more. So I must do it, sick or well."

It was in July, and the day had opened breezeless and sultry. Even while sitting quite still at my desk, the perspiration was starting from every pore. About eleven o'clock, however, there was a change. The air began to move gently from the East, and by twelve was blowing freshly. The thermometer had already fallen several degrees. The change was delightful. New life seemed to rush through every vein.

At two o'clock I went home to dinner. By this time, the difference in the temperature since morning was at least twenty degrees. The sky was obscured by clouds, and the wind that was blowing steadily from the north east, penetrated my thin summer clothing, and actually produced a sensation of chilliness.

On arriving at home, I found my wife with flushed cheeks and a look of extreme fatigue, standing at the ironing-table, which was placed across the kitchen door, into which the cool wind was passing, and of course, striking full against her. She was dressed in a thin, loose wrapper, and her neck and a part of her bosom exposed to the cool air.

"Anna, you are very imprudent to stand in that draft, overheated as you are," I said, the moment I saw her.

"The air is delightful," she merely returned.

"But you will take cold," I urged.

"No danger. I'm not afraid."

"It might be the death of you. Not afraid to stand, in the overheated state in which you are, in a chilly east wind?"

"There—there, Harry!" my wife said a little impatiently. "Don't come here to worry me now. I'm so tired, that if it wasn't for this cool, bracing air, I couldn't stand."

"Are you almost done?" I asked.

"Yes, very nearly. It took that Hannah about all day to do what I have done this morning. I can iron two pieces to her one. I wouldn't have her again in the house."

I couldn't help thinking of the story I had heard about two laboring men, one an old hand at the business, and the other green. They were set to



work at some kind of excavation, and the new hand threw two shovels' full of earth to the old one's one; but in the long run, the old hand, who worked up to his strength, but without exhausting it, did twice the labor of the other. My inference, which proved to be correct, was, that Hannah did a fair and reasonable day's work, while my wife, working on the high-pressure principle, did a great deal too much—double what she could have done working day after day.

"Ain't you going to eat anything?" I asked, at dinner time, finding that my wife declined being helped to any dish on the table.

"I don't feel the slightest appetite," she returned.

"Try a piece of this lamb," I urged. "It is very nice."

But she shook her head, saying—

"I couldn't swallow a morsel of it."

Of course I did not eat with much appetite. In fact I hardly tasted the food I put into my mouth.

"It's the last time *she* does the ironing," I said to myself, as I walked slowly back to the office where I was engaged in writing. "I call this poor economy. Ten chances to one if she don't make herself sick; and there won't be much saving in that."

As evening approached, and my thoughts began to turn toward home, I felt uneasy. I expected to find my wife suffering from entire physical prostration. My fears were not idle. The reality, indeed, was worse than my fears. She was in bed, and suffering from a severe pain in her side, that was so much increased by breathing that she could hardly help crying out at every inspiration. Coughing or pressure caused intolerable pain.

Once before, my wife had been attacked with pleurisy, and I knew too well the alarming symptoms. In her overheated state, the cold air had caused a sudden check of perspiration, and inflammation of the pleura was the consequence.

I started immediately for our family physician, and was fortunate enough to find him in. He accompanied me home. On arriving, we found that all the symptoms had become much worse since I left. My poor wife screamed with nearly every breath.

Bleeding was instantly resorted to, which gave temporary relief. But, before ten o'clock the pain returned with great violence. I again went for the doctor, who repeated the bleeding, and then ordered leeches, fifty of which were applied. But the pain only abated in a partial degree. All night she suffered most cruelly, and was so bad in the morning that I had to go for the doctor again soon after daylight.

More blood was then taken by the lancet, and fifty more leeches applied to the chest before relief was obtained. Then I had the satisfaction to see her sink away into sleep, the first time she had closed her eyes since the attack.

She slept for a couple of hours, and then awoke

with a return of the pain in her side, to allay which leeching was again resorted to.

For five days this bleeding and leeching was kept up before the inflammation was sufficiently subdued to allow of revulsive treatment. Three large blisters were applied to her chest and arms.

It need hardly be said, that with such a disease and such treatment, my wife was reduced so low that a nurse had to be obtained for her. She was weak as an infant; for, added to the pain and the severe mode of attacking the disease resorted to by the physician, she took but little nourishment for many days. Nearly three weeks elapsed, from the time she was taken before she was well enough to come down stairs and take her usual place at the head of the table, and then she had so little strength left, that she could not do the most simple needle work. Months elapsed before her health was fairly restored—I will not say "fairly restored," either, for she has never been as she was.

And now let me calculate the amount of saving made by my wife in dispensing with a woman once a week to help do the ironing. The saving was exactly sixty-two and a half cents to a fraction. That was the creditor side of the account. The debtor side outbalanced it seriously, as far as the account was entered up, which never could be accurately done. Indeed no attempt to strike a clear balance was ever made.

The first and most imposing item was the doctor's bill, which was exactly twenty dollars. Then, five dollars were paid for leeching; and nine dollars to a nurse for three weeks' service. Here was thirty-four dollars of unmistakable expense. Beyond this was the loss of nearly two months time by my wife, to make up for which a seamstress had to be employed for several weeks at half a dollar a day. Instead of being able to get along with one domestic and a washwoman and ironer, two girls have had to be hired ever since. Taken all in all, it may be fairly concluded that for sixty-two and a half cents that my wife saved at the spigot on the occasion referred to, she let seventy or eighty dollars escape from the bung-hole.

As in duty bound, I made the circumstance the occasion of sundry appropriate hints. My wife saw her error plainly enough, and acknowledged it with expressions of regret for her folly; but many weeks did not elapse after she considered herself well enough to go about the house, before she suggested that one domestic would be enough in the family. But I vetoed the proposed reduction of help in such a determined manner, that I carried my point. Still the propensity to save a present half dollar at the risk of losing ten, is so strong, that if I did not constantly interfere, and almost command things to be done or left undone, we would suffer almost as much from my good wife's efforts to save as we did from her mania to spend, as related under the head of "Agreeable Neighbors."

## MABEL DELAFIELD.

BY MRS. S. J. HOWE.

"Why are you so sad, dear Mabel?"

"I feel as if this were the last evening we should ever spend together. Harry, a long, long time must elapse before we meet again.

"Pshaw!" said Mr. Delafield: "you are so desponding it is enough to discourage me, Mabel—a wife should always encourage her husband by a cheerful spirit."

"I would like to do so, dear Harry," and she laid one arm timidly around his neck, and looked earnestly in his face, "but indeed I cannot be cheerful to-night—my heart will have its way—I cannot control it. A sad and fearful presentiment tells me we shall part to-morrow forever."

"Presentiment! What folly."

"It may be folly, but if I loved you less the presentiment would not have fixed itself in my heart."

"Have done with this nonsense, Mabel—I cannot endure it—you have given me the vapors already," and Mr. Delafield left his seat, and walked with impatient steps backward and forward, muttering to himself about the folly and superstition of women.

Mrs. Delafield remained silent. She knew her husband's temper too well to attempt to disturb him, but her thoughts were sad and bitter. She thought of her apparently happy marriage season five years before—of how ardently her husband seemed to love her then, how careful he was to note her every want, and regard her slightest wish. But he was changed—his manner was cold and reserved—he had closed the sanctuary of his heart against her. When she spoke of it he listened unwillingly, and gave as excuses his many cares and anxieties. She knew that much of this was true, for the riches that were theirs at their union had taken "to themselves wings" and flown away: but she also knew, as only a woman can know, that she was not loved as she had been—as she desired to be loved. Then hope whispered gently that the future was not all dark, that when this burden of care of which he complained so much should have been lifted from his heart, all would again be well.

Delafield was leaning listlessly against the mantel-piece—his eyes fixed on the decaying fire, when his wife rose softly and laid her hand on his arm—

"Forgive me, Harry, if I have been dull and uninteresting. You know I would do anything to make you happy."

An unusual softness stole over the features of Mr. Delafield as he returned his wife's caress, and he said kindly—

"Brighter days may come to us yet, Mabel. Cheer up, and let us hope for the best."

Those few kind words were like the sunlight streaming through some prisoner's bars, carrying

glimpses of freedom and hope to his yearning soul. Dreams of future happiness stole over the heart of Mabel as she retired to rest that night, and she slept sweetly even though she knew that the coming morrow would part her from the one she loved so fervently. In her dreams she overleaped the months which were to separate them, and in the reunion forgot the past with all its doubts and dreamy fears. What a scene would this fair and beautiful world exhibit if hope were fixed!—if the melody of her voice were no longer heard, and the gleaming of her wings were banished forever!

The morrow came, and with it the dreaded parting—the sad and silent farewell. With high and ardent hopes Delafield started for the West—there he expected to regain the fortune he had lost—to fulfil his dreams of worldly ambition, and be satisfied.

Some weeks passed away, and then came a cold and careless letter to Mabel Delafield, telling of anticipated success, but not one allusion to the past, nor a hope of future happiness with her. He spoke not of returning nor of sending for her—and yet, even while the burning tears were streaming down her cheeks, she hoped on and dreamed of happier days. She "hoped against hope," and persuaded her heart into the belief that care and anxiety were preying on his mind, and for a little while had swallowed up affection—but again it would appear refined and purified by absence and trial.

Faithful to her own love she wrote a long and tender letter in return—she encouraged him to persevere in his business; assured him of her own unwavering affection, and looked joyfully forward to the time when they should be reunited, and forgot all past reverses in their crowning happiness. Months, long and wearisome months, rolled on, and no answer came to her kind and gentle letter. Then Mabel found the truth of those beautiful words, that "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and she thought that any certainty was better than suspense, and yet at that certainty there was no means of arriving. The reed was broken on which she had leaned, and unfortunately she had never been taught that there was a higher refuge—a home for the weary—a resting place for the broken heart.

A year passed heavily on, and no tidings came to Mrs. Delafield of her husband, and she gave him up as dead. Her heart told her that the grave alone could raise a barrier between her and the husband she had loved so tenderly. But there were those even among her dearest friends who thought very differently—who while they did everything that kindness could dictate for Mabel, hoped that Delafield would never return. Seven years passed away, and with them the dearest

and kindest of Mrs. Delafield's friends, and now she began to look around her for support—that support must be made by her own efforts.

The West offered a broader field for exertion than any other part of the country, and thither she determined to go. Her spirit had been chastened and purified by sorrow—the ashes of affection were cold on the altar place of her heart—they could never be again relumed, and in their place a flame had been kindled, pure and holy, indeed, because it was born of the spirit which pervades all things beautiful and good. She had learned to look forward to a rock that can never be broken—to “an inheritance that fadeth not away,” but sad and lonely she could not help but feel as she left the home of her happy childhood to seek a new one among strangers. Her life had been spent among those who knew her, and looked upon her faults with kindness—they knew that the errors she committed were not prompted by the heart—her faults were only like notes in the sunbeam.

After a comfortable journey, Mabel found herself in the hospitable city of L——, and there first felt how easily wounded is the stranger's heart. But Mabel had a way of stealing quietly into people's hearts before they knew it, and a warm circle of friends was soon formed around her, so that through their influence, and by their aid she opened a school, and soon had the pleasure of seeing it well filled with happy faces. A year passed by, and Mrs. Delafield was comparatively happy in doing her duty, and thereby preserving a good conscience.

One bright and sunny morning one of her favorite pupils brought a visitor, a little girl of seven summers. The child was more than usually beautiful, and Mrs. Delafield, attracted by her appearance, called her to her side. As she took the child's hand, and parted the luxuriant curls from the open brow, her eyes involuntarily wandered to a locket of gold which confined a hair necklace around the child's neck. A paleness like that of death came over her features, and she trembled in every limb, but by a strong effort of will she suppressed the shriek of surprise which arose to her lips, and said calmly as she could to her favorite—“A glass of water, dear Mary, I am quite sick.” The water was brought quickly, and putting aside the anxious children who crowded around her, she drew the stranger child toward her, and said kindly—“Allow me to look at your pretty locket.”

The child was pleased with the attention, and unclasp- ing it hastily laid it in her hands.

“Can it be possible?” thought Mabel, as she examined it: “this certainly was once my own!”

“Who gave you this locket, my child?” asked Mrs. Delafield, faintly.

“My father—dear, good father,” replied the child, in delight.

“What is your name?”

“Mabel Delafield.”

“Mabel Delafield!—why that is my name!” and Mabel gasped for breath, but she was determined to go on and solve the mystery if possible.

“How old are you, Mabel?”

“Seven years old in June—and this is June, I declare.”

“Have you always lived here?”

“Yes, I was born here.”

“And your name is Mabel Delafield?”

“Yes! is it a pretty name?—why do you ask?”

“Why it is strange!” and Mabel tried to speak carelessly, “that you should have my name.”

“You will love me now because I am your namesake,” said the child, as she put her face close to Mrs. Delafield's, and looked into her eyes earnestly.

There was something in that look that went to Mabel's soul, and reminded her of Delafield as he was wont to look on her in moments of tenderness. She pressed her lips on the forehead of the innocent child, and strove to speak in a steady voice.

“Can you tell me where your father lived before he came to this city?”

“In New York.”

Mabel groaned aloud, but, taking up the necklace, she clasped it on the child's neck, and said, scarcely thinking of what she spoke—“And the hair, whose soft, glossy hair is this? Is it your mother's?”

“Oh! no, it is a lady's who lives away in New York—she gave it to papa with this locket!”

“And her name—was what?” demanded Mabel, eagerly.

“Mabel Delafield too—that makes three Mabel Delafields,” and the child laughed merrily.

But poor Mabel did not hear the laugh—she only heard the words that had carried conviction of the unwelcome truth to her trusting heart. She had fainted, and a long time elapsed, notwithstanding the kind efforts of friends, before Mabel showed a sign of life. The school was dismissed; and the innocent little Mabel had no idea of the mischief she had unconsciously wrought.

And now, kind reader, let me transport you to a fine looking house in the same good city of ———. In the parlor sits Henry Delafield, intent on reading the morning paper. Near him, in fashionable attire, sits a lady young and beautiful, regarding him with an interest which nothing but love could create.

“Do lay aside that paper, Harry, and go with me: I have been waiting this half hour,” said the lady, somewhat impatiently.

“Where was it you wished to go, Emily?” asked Delafield, in an abstracted manner.

“To see this Mrs. Delafield about sending Mabel to school.”

“I thought you did send her this morning!”

“Oh! I let her go with Mary Palmer just to see how she'd like it, and told her we'd follow directly. I hear so much of this Mrs. Delafield's school that I think it would be better for us to send Mabel there. By the way, I think, Delafield's getting to be quite a common name.”

“So it is. Did you ever hear this lady's christian name?”

“No, I did not. But why do you ask?”

“Mere curiosity—that's all!” and Delafield shuddered inwardly.

“You surely don't think it can be your cousin Mabel, Harry. I do believe I should be jealous of her!”

“What nonsense, Emily. Do you think my cousin would be here and I not know it?”

"Such a thing might be—but I have half a mind to be jealous of her anyhow—you called her name so often in your dreams last night."

"Did I?" asked Delafield, much confused, but then recovering himself, he added, "but it was my own little Mabel I was calling, Emily: and here she comes now," and Mabel came running in out of breath, and exclaiming—

"Oh! papa, I found another Mabel Delafield!"

Both father and mother looked surprised, but summoning his courage, Delafield asked—

"Where did you find this woman, my child?"

"She is the lady that teaches school—I love her so much."

"I told you," said Mrs. Delafield, playfully, "that it might be your cousin Mabel, and I suspect it is—but what brought you home, Mabel the third?"

"Mrs. Delafield was so sick—she fainted—and papa! she thought this locket and hair so beautiful—she took it off my neck and looked at it for a long time."

Delafield was rooted to the spot—the mystery was solved—he knew that his deserted wife was near him—he alone guessed the connection between the fainting fit and the locket. But Delafield had gone too far in crime to permit this to crush him without a struggle, and, gathering up all his effrontery, he professed to believe that the lady in question was his cousin, who, for some inexplicable cause, had not warned him of her arrival.

We are always ready to be led by our own wishes, therefore Emily did not doubt the truth of Delafield, even though she thought it strange that he should evince so much feeling on the subject, but whatever her fears were they were soon calmed by the caresses of her husband. Life had been but as a summer's day to Emily; no cloud had darkened it, and the one now looming above the horizon might pass on without destroying its brightness. Thus thought Delafield as his wife and child sat beside him in unshaken confidence.

"Well," said Emily, "we must call on this cousin of yours, dear Harry, immediately: and why not now?"

"Is Mrs. Delafield papa's cousin?—say, mamma, may I not go too?"

"Be quiet, Mabel," said Delafield, and then turning to Emily: "I must first go myself. Mabel is very proud, and she must have some cause for acting in this way."

"Well! I don't like proud women, and I shall not like her, I am sure."

"Yes, you will," joined in little Mabel, "you can't help but loving her—everybody loves her."

"Sometime to-day," and Delafield rose and took his hat, "I shall call and see her." With a trembling heart, and a conscience that goaded him almost to madness, he left his happy and confiding wife, and walked on, on, he cared not whither: but at last, as if his steps were impelled by some secret form, he found himself in front of Mrs. Delafield's seminary. He ascended the steps, and rang the bell with a trembling hand—a servant obeyed the summons, and he asked—"Can I see Mrs. Delafield?"

"She is not well: but walk in, and I will see!"

While waiting for the servant's return the moments were as hours, for he felt that everything dear to him in life depended on this interview. The servant returned and required his name—his agitation was intense as he presented his card, but he observed—"I should have thought of this before."

Mrs. Delafield had, in some measure, regained her composure, and, though still pale and agitated, she was sitting up when the servant brought her the card, as her eyes fell upon the name she had dearly loved, she sprang convulsively to her feet, and exclaimed—"Harry Delafield!" and then ashamed of exposing her feelings to the servant, she sank into her chair, and said—"Ask him to walk up."

"Here! to your own room, madam?" inquired the servant.

"Yes, here—he is a relation—a particular friend."

As the servant left the room, she clasped her hands over her face, and said—"The bitterest enemy I ever had. Forsake me not now, my Heavenly Father, but direct me in this trial!" The door opened, but Mabel did not look up—she *felt* that Delafield stood before her as she said—

"Be seated, sir, and tell me the cause of this visit."

"Mabel—I know not—what to say."

"Then why come to disturb my peace? What do you desire?"

"Your forbearance—your forgiveness!"

"My forgiveness you have—my forbearance you do not deserve."

"You have ceased to love me, Mabel."

"Dare you upbraid me with not loving you?" and her form towered; her eyes dilated, and she looked on him for the first time—but his eyes refused to meet hers. "Harry Delafield! love is extinguished in my heart forever: but I can have compassion on your innocent child—on the unfortunate woman whom you call your wife. I would not have her suffer the misery—the wretchedness you have made me feel—but *you, you*—what do you not deserve?"

"Have mercy, Mabel—do not destroy their happiness—do not expose me to ruin."

"I know what you would ask, Delafield—you would ask me to bear my wrongs in silence—to bury them in the ashes of my love for the sake of others—that their happiness be not destroyed—but how can this be?—for whom does your wife take me?"

"For my cousin," and his lips quivered in agony.

For a minute Mabel was confounded by his impudence, and contempt sealed her lips, but recovering, she said—

"Let it be so, then—but remember it is for the sake of *them*—not for *your* sake that I withhold you from justice—and *we* must never meet again!"

"How can I explain that?"

"In any way you like—I will not contradict you. To your wife and child I will be a friend—to *you* as one dead—and now leave me—I would be alone, and may God forgive you as I do now!"

Overcome by her high-wrought feelings, she sank back in her chair and closed her eyes.

"Mabel! farewell!"

She did not speak: and he passed to the door, as he opened it, he said—"May Heaven bless you, Mabel. Will you not say farewell? One word?"

But Mabel moved not: and he went out thinking how strange it was that she who had once loved him so fondly should have changed so much.

When, after some time, the servant entered the apartment, Mabel was still sitting as Delafield left her, but the spirit had fled forever. She had laid her life as a sacrifice on another's shrine.

It was said that Mrs. Delafield died of disease of the heart, and no one thought of inquiring what produced the disease. Little did the unconscious Emily think as she gazed on that face for the first time, now cold and still in death, of the secret buried in that

bosom forever. She dreamed not of the sacrifice made for her and her child. And what were the feelings of Delafield as he gazed on the inanimate form which had so often rested in his own bosom. He thought of her never-tiring kindness—of her patience and gentle forbearance, and above all of the sacrifice she made of her own life. But there was a secret joy stole over his heart as he reflected that "the dead tell no tales"—that his danger was past. A few days more and Mabel Delafield was laid in the cold grave. The secret of her sudden death was wrapped in darkness until all secrets are brought to light, for "then is nothing hid that shall not be revealed."

## MORNING CALLS IN THE COUNTRY.

BY HETTY MABERRY.

"I NEVER mean to make another morning call as long as I live—that is, as long as I live in the country," said Mrs. Jones to her sister, who had come to spend the afternoon with her.

"Why?" said her sister

"Because the morning is not a suitable time for a country housewife to make calls, especially one who like me is obliged to be housekeeper, maid-of-all-work, tailoress, dress-maker and seamstress."

"Nor for one who lives in the city," said her sister, "who is obliged to attend to as many different things as you have mentioned."

"Certainly not, yet we try to imitate a custom convenient and agreeable to those who are at leisure, but inconvenient and preposterous to those situated as I am. By way of illustration I will relate a little of my experience relative to morning calls. You have heard me speak of Mrs. Eveleth and her daughters. They are all of them, both mother and daughters, well educated, intelligent and interesting. They are, moreover, without any exception, remarkably handsome, so that while the ear is charmed with listening to their conversation, the eye is pleased by the beauty of their countenances.

"They have friends in this place, with whom Mrs. Eveleth came to spend a few weeks last summer, accompanied by a married daughter. As soon as practicable, I made arrangements to make them a morning call. I say made arrangements, for there was a great deal to be done besides putting on a suitable dress. By a little extra exertion I so managed as to make the call, and a very pleasant one it was too. I found Mrs. Eveleth looking so young that, by a stranger, she might have readily been mistaken for her daughter's sister. She was, as usual, lively and witty, her wit sometimes stopping but just within the verge of good-natured sarcasm. Her daughter—Mrs. Manvers—was fair and delicate as a lily, and very graceful. She was expecting her husband, a gentleman I had then never seen, to join them in a few days.

"One uncommonly fine morning, having heard that Mr. Manvers had arrived, the thought passed through my mind that my friends might return my call. As household duties; however, pressed upon me thick and fast, I addressed myself to their performance with what celerity I was able, and thought no more of the anticipated call. After I had gone through with the usual routine of washing dishes, sweeping and dusting rooms—had finished doing the dairy work, and had gathered various kinds of vegetables, and prepared them for cooking, I commenced baking bread, cake and pies. All went off admirably, and my last

batch was in the oven; and my dinner, which was to be a 'boiled dish,' was in a good way.

"There were a few minutes to spare, so I went to the meal-room in order to sift flour for a future 'bake.' The sieve clattered, and the flour flew, and when at last I thought it was time to look into the oven to see how the pies were baking, I resembled in one respect the jolly miller of Mansfield. Quickly pouring the sifted flour into a tight vessel that it might be ready for use, I ran to the kitchen, and was hastening to take a peep into the oven, when happening to cast my eye through an open door, I saw Mrs. Eveleth sitting on the sofa. I found by the voices in conversation with a gentleman belonging to the family, that other persons were present, probably Mr. and Mrs. Manvers. I glanced at my bew powdered garments, and then thought of Mr. Manvers' black dress-coat. The usual dining-hour was near at hand, so I knew their call must necessarily be short. There was not a moment to spare, and my first impulse was to seize a clothes-brush that lay near, but the cloud raised by a single vigorous and energetic rub, showed me that any attempt in the way to make myself in a situation to meet my friends was entirely useless. I only wished that some pitying god or goddess, such as conveyed Angenor and Paris from the dangers of the battle-field, had been near, and, under cover of the mealy cloud that was floating round me, snatched me from the scene.

"The only alternative was to change my dress, and for this purpose I ran up the back stairs, but when I attempted to open the door communicating with my room, I found that it was fastened on the inside. There was only one way left. I must retrace my steps, pass through a back parlor, and then through the front entry right in the eye of Mr. Manvers (the door exactly opposite him having been left open) before I could reach the stairs.

"I think that after performing this feat, I might be trusted to lead a forlorn hope. Whether he recognized me as the same person after the metamorphosis in my dress had taken place or not, I do not know. I believe I looked tolerably decent, though I afterward found that in my haste my cap was a little awry, and that my collar was not pinned with mathematical exactness.

"The conversation, which turned on interesting topics, was well sustained, and enlivened by an occasional flash of wit from Mrs. Eveleth. The time passed rapidly and imperceptibly away, so that the fifteen minutes intended for their call was lengthened to twice that time.

"After their departure, I found that the fire had

gone out, and that the kettle had, of course, stopped boiling. The pies were also overbaked. These, however, were minor considerations, weighing only as a feather in the balance, compared to my march through the entry directly in the eye of Mr. Manvers, for though the flour put in motion by the brisk current of air encircled me as a halo, it was neither brilliant enough to blind nor to dazzle."

"If I were going to live in the country," said

Charlotte, "the first thing I should do would be to try to get up an anti-morning-call society."

"I have serious thoughts of attempting it myself," said Mrs. Jones. "As we follow the primitive custom of dining at twelve, those who are busiest usually have a few hours of leisure in the afternoon, a part of which might be conveniently devoted to keeping up a friendly intercourse with friends and acquaintances."

## LIZZY LAWSON.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

## CHAPTER I.

MARCH, with its gusts of snow and rain, its chill winds, and its fitful gleams of sunshine, had passed away, and April had come in, with smiles and tears to fill the swelling buds with life, to open the blossoms, and the fields with emerald beauty.

Lizzy Lawson had been all the morning among her flower-beds in the garden, listening sometimes to the blue birds and sparrows, sometimes pausing in her pleasant occupation to muse dreamily about things vague and dimly perceived in her mind, and sometimes caroling as gaily as the feathered warblers that showered white blossoms from the apple tree upon her head. At last, with a basket-ful of snow drops, white lilies, crocuses and jonquils, Lizzy sat down on the low stone-wall of the little garden, just where the rude pillows of the gate-way rose, half buried in an overshadowing tree, when a young man came up, and with a graceful bow and smile, asked for a glass of water.

The earnestness with which the stranger fixed his eyes upon Lizzy, caused the rose tint upon her cheek to deepen into a rich crimson. It was some moments before she could ask him to walk into the cottage of her mother, and be seated until she went to the spring.

"Is the spring far?" asked the stranger, still looking earnestly into the purely beautiful face of Lizzy Lawson.

"Oh—no, sir! It is but a little step. I will be back in a minute."

"I am sorry to trouble you," said the young man.

"It is no trouble, sir. None at all."

And Lizzy glanced from the room, while the eyes of the young man followed her admiringly. Why did her gentle heart, so full of truth and innocence, flutter like a bird in the hand? Why did her cheek burn? Why were her thoughts all in wild but pleasant confusion?

While Lizzy was gone, the young man occupied himself with looking about the room and noticing the various articles it contained. Everything was very plain, yet all was neat and clean. At length the flowers, that Lizzy had in her basket, attracted his

eye, and he felt a wish to have them; so when the maiden came in with her pitcher of cool water, and he had satisfied his thirst, he asked her about the garden which he could see through the door; if she were fond of flowers, and half a dozen other questions, which were answered with half timid modesty that was very beautiful to look upon. Then he said—

"I really feel like robbing you of these snow-drops, crocuses and lilies, their perfume is so sweet, and they are so pleasant to the eye. But it seems hardly fair to do so."

"They are yours in welcome," returned Lizzy, pleased, she knew not why, at the request, and she began gathering up the flowers she had thrown loosely upon the table—their perfume had already filled the room. They were soon arranged with much taste and tied into a little bouquet, which was presented to the stranger with a delicacy of manner that was truly charming. He bowed, while he looked earnestly into her face; thanked her for her kindness; bowed again, and then slowly retired.

Lizzy stood for at least five minutes in a thoughtful attitude, and then went up stairs to the chamber of her invalid mother.

"Who was that, Lizzy?" was asked, as soon as she came into the room.

"A gentleman who wanted a glass of water?" replied the maiden, looking for an instant into her mother's face, and then letting her eye wander about the chamber.

"He staid a good while, I thought."

"I had to go to the spring."

"What was he talking so long about, Lizzy?"

"He asked me about flowers—if we had many in the garden; and if I were fond of them. I had just brought in some jonquils, and lilies, and snow-drops, and he asked for them; so I tied them up into a little bunch and gave them to him. Wasn't that right, mother?"

"I suppose it was, dear. Did you know him?"

"No, ma'am. I never saw him before."

"A student from the college, I suppose."



"Very likely."

No more was said on the subject, but Lizzy could not get from her mind, the dark-eyed, polite, affable, and evidently admiring stranger. That night she dreamed that he came again; that she had a bouquet culled from the most beautiful spring flowers in her garden all ready for him; and that he kissed the hand from which he received it. She woke with a thrill of delight, and sighed, involuntarily, that all was but a dream.

At the same hour, on the next day, Lizzy came in from the garden, with a bunch of the sweetest blown flowers she could find, and while she sat arranging them into a tasteful bouquet, the form of the strange youth again darkened the door.

"I am sorry to be so troublesome," he said, with a respectful, yet half familiar smile, "but I have had a long walk this warm day, and the recollection of the cool, delicious water I received from your hand yesterday, was too vivid, and made the temptation to trespass again on your kindness, too strong to be resisted."

The eyes of Lizzy sunk beneath the ardent gaze of the young man, while a blush overspread her face.

"It is no trouble," she replied, while her voice slightly trembled.

And then she asked the young man to come in and sit down while she went to the spring. When she returned with her pitcher, he had her flowers in his hand, and said, as he looked at them admiringly and inhaled their perfume—

"These are very beautiful, and if I dared, I would again beg from you some flowers. My room has been fragrant since yesterday with those you gave me."

"Take them with pleasure," answered Lizzy, as she poured for him a glass of sparkling water. "I have many more in the garden."

"This is delicious," said the youth, as he drank from the brimming glass a deep draught of nature's own beverage—"I think I never tasted finer water."

This time the young man lingered longer; and made himself more at home with Lizzy. He told her that he lived at the South, and had a sister just her age, whom he loved very much. That he was a student at the college, and should remain only a few months longer, when he would complete his collegiate course and return home. He then made bold to inquire of Lizzy if her father and mother were living, and learned from her that her father had been dead some years, and that her mother was then sick, but would be about again, soon, she hoped.

"Lizzy, dear, was that the same person who called yesterday?" said Mrs. Lawson, when her daughter came up stairs.

"Yes, mother," replied the maiden.

"What brought him here again?"

"He asked for a glass of water, and I got it for him."

"But he staid a long time—longer than he did yesterday."

"I could not help that, you know, mother. He was very polite, and it would have been wrong for me to have treated him rudely."

Mrs. Lawson did not know, exactly, what to say.

"What was he talking about?" she asked, after musing for some moments.

"He talked about my pretty flowers, as he did before; and also spoke of his being a student at the college."

"I supposed as much."

Mrs. Lawson said no more, and Lizzy went down stairs again and busied herself about her daily duties. She sang at her work, as usual, but her voice was lower, and its expression tenderer than before.

## CHAPTER II.

RUFUS CAMERON, the young man alluded to in the preceding chapter, was the son of a wealthy planter, residing near Augusta, Georgia. He had been over two years at Yale College, and was now in his third and last year, after which he was to return home, and prosecute the study of law with the view of making it a regular profession. He was in his twenty-first year. The father of Rufus Cameron was the descendant of a Scotch family. He removed to the South when quite a young man, and married there. His wife had all that ardor of temperament which we find in a Southern climato, and was, in this respect, quite the opposite of her grave and somewhat phlegmatic husband. In their son the peculiar leading features of the parents' minds were happily blended, the one balancing and neutralizing the other, just enough to give energy and activity of character with ardor of purpose, well controlled by a cool judgment.

The young man, forewarned by his father, of the dangers that beset his path, especially in the promiscuous associations of college, had held himself considerably aloof from the main body of students, and remained contented with one or two intimate friends of the better class. In most cases, these had been longer at college than himself, and, closing their final terms at the institution, one after another, left him, during his last year, pretty much alone so far as intimate companionship was concerned. Many hours of close confinement and study made exercise essentially necessary for health, and to gain this, Cameron was in the habit of taking long walks, every day. In one of these, he had been induced, from excessive thirst, to go a short distance out of his way to ask for water at a little white cottage, to which his eye had often been attracted in his summer rambles, by the beautiful multiflora and honeysuckle, intertwined, that clambered over the porch, and hung like rich drapery about the windows. The cooling draught he sought, he had expected to receive from the hand of some aged crone, or tall, withered spinster. For the lovely vision that met his eye, he had not been at all prepared. No wonder that he saw but to admire, when his eyes first fell upon Lizzy Lawson, for she was a sweeter flower than any that grew in her garden which she so loved to tend. Her mother's sequestered cottage was in a little dell, half a mile from Hartford, and was hid from view by many tall trees, except from one or two points. Here Lizzy expanded into womanhood, unconscious of her own loveliness, but without receiving many of the inestimable

blessings of education. She was a wild wood flower, beautiful and fragrant.

On the day succeeding that on which young Cameron met Lizzy, the temptation to call upon her again was too strong to be resisted. He felt, the moment his eyes rested for the second time upon the maiden's face, that she had expected him, and he felt a pleasure, the source of which he did not pause to inquire. This time he sat longer, and ventured to introduce himself, and talk to Lizzy of his sister, who, he said, was just her age, and looked like her.

The warm Southern blood that ran through the young man's veins, was now too little tempered by the colder current of the North that had given his mind in all things else so calm a temperament. He thought of little beyond the fact, that Lizzy Lawson was the loveliest creature he had ever met—as innocent as lovely, and as confiding as innocent. He had no intimate friend at college; the one to whom he was most attached, having gone home, and his heart was yearning for companionship. Could he find so sweet, so pleasant, so true a companion as this pure maiden girl, who seemed, in springing up among the flowers, to have caught their beauty and fragrance? No, he felt that he could not. And more, he felt that she welcomed him as a friend, and looked for and expected his coming. He did not think of love; but was attracted toward Lizzy as a sweet, young friend, in whose company he felt peculiar pleasure.

Cameron mentioned to no one the discovery he had made. Daily he took his accustomed walk, and daily turned aside to pass a short time with the gentle young girl, from whose hand, he always received, at parting, some flowers reared, culled and arranged by her own fair self. Gradually, his walks were less extended, and the time passed with Lizzy more prolonged. He brought her books, which she eagerly read, for the sake of him who brought them. Her advantages had been few, but her mind was clear and strong, as her heart was guileless and loving. These books, and the conversation of the young man, gave her a clearer idea than she had yet had of her own deficiencies, and filled her with a desire for knowledge, in order that she might not be altogether inferior to one whose mind was so richly stored, and who had turned from all others, to pass many hours with her in her humble seclusion.

The mother of Lizzy, who, instead of getting better, continued gradually to grow worse, was by no means well satisfied with the daily visits of the young student. She had lived longer, had seen more of the world, and was wiser than her daughter. She knew that the latter had enjoyed but few advantages, and that she could not, therefore, be such a one as a highly educated man—as she naturally enough supposed men to be who graduated at colleges—would choose as his wife. Not being able to leave her chamber and come down stairs, Mrs. Lawson had no opportunity to meet Cameron, and judge for herself in regard to him. Such a meeting would have robbed her of some of her prejudices, and made her feel much easier in mind than she did. To all her objections, Lizzy never did more than reply, that she could not help the young man's visits; and, as he was very

polite and kind, and never acted with the least impropriety, she could not say anything to offend him, nor tell him not to come any more. Against this the mother hardly knew what to object. In her eyes, there was impropriety enough in the young man's coming as he did; but she could not make Lizzy see with her vision.

### CHAPTER III.

Nor many weeks elapsed, before young Cameron found himself so much enamored with this wild wood flower, that he could not resist the inclination he constantly felt, when in her company, to whisper in her ears words of tenderness and love. He was sincere in this. Lizzy heard in silence, and with deeply felt, but hidden emotion. As for her own heart, it was full of his image. And yet she loved with a trembling consciousness, that all the treasures of affection might be wasted. Cameron often spoke of his sister, and of his home and parents at the South—could she, a humble, uneducated girl, expect to be received by them? The thought troubled her.

Warm summer weather succeeded to the pleasant spring time, and Mrs. Lawson still remained an invalid in her chamber. Although she heard, almost daily, the voice of the young man below, she had not yet looked upon his face.

In August, the collegiate course of Rufus Cameron was to close. To this time, Lizzy looked forward with a shrinking heart. Then her lover would go away—then their almost daily sweet intercourse would cease—and hundreds of miles would interpose their almost impassable barriers between them. How soon would they meet again? Or, would they ever meet again? These were questions asked of her own heart so earnestly sometimes, that the very color would grow pale on her cheeks.

August came, and but a week stood between Lizzy and the long dreaded separation, and yet, though Cameron had talked of love—had told her how dear she was to him—he had never said a word about making her at any time his wife—had never asked her to become his bride—had never said that he would return, some day, and take her back with him to the sunny South.

The fact was, the young man, tenderly and sincerely as he loved Lizzy, could not disguise from himself that she was neither educated nor accomplished to a degree required to make her the companion of his sister, or the acceptable friend of those who moved in the circle where he would move on his return home; and, therefore, often as he had been on the eve of doing so, he had still refrained from committing himself by a direct offer of marriage. And yet his intentions were honorable, for he meant, sooner or later, to claim the hand of the pure-minded girl.

As we have said, but a week remained before the long dreaded day of separation. Cameron had come as usual, and he and Lizzy were seated in their old and much loved place, a little summer house in the garden, over which had clambered a fragrant clematis, or virgin's bower, its white blossoms now filling the air with perfume. The hand of the maiden

repeated in that of her lover. She was looking him earnestly in the face, and her eyes were full of tears.

"It will be so long before I see you again. Perhaps never," she had just said.

"We shall meet again very soon, I hope," replied Cameron, his eyes dropping to the ground, and his face becoming thoughtful—"very soon, I hope."

"How soon?" asked Lizzy, all the interest she felt in the question expressing itself in her voice and countenance.

"I cannot tell; but it must be very soon. I should be miserable if this separation were to prove a long one."

"You will write to me?"

"Oh, yes—often, very often. And I shall expect to hear from you almost every day."

"I will answer every letter you send me," said Lizzy, in a subdued, almost humble voice.

"Then I shall hear from you very frequently," and the young man lifted her hand and kissed it tenderly.

"Will you talk about me to the sister you love so much?" asked Lizzy.

"Yes, as I have talked to you of her."

"I am afraid she will not love the picture you draw of me, as much as I love the one you have so often drawn of her."

"Why not, Lizzy?"

"She will not believe that in a humble girl like me there can be anything to love."

"But I will tell her how pure and innocent and lovely you are, and she will believe me. I know she will believe me, and love you for my sake."

A faint sigh heaved gently the bosom of the beautiful girl.

This interview lasted for an hour, and yet nothing more definite than ardent expressions of love fell from the lips of the young man. He said nothing that the maiden's heart could rest upon in hope. He was going away, and had promised to write, and to come back soon, "but how soon, and for what?"

Day after day they continued to meet, even up to the one when their final parting took place. During this last, long conference of love, Cameron, from some cause or other, spoke of his sister's brilliant talents and high accomplishments with warm admiration. While he was doing so, Lizzy felt humbled and almost hopeless in view of her own deficiencies; and she also felt that there existed a disparity between her and Cameron that should not exist between a man and his wife.

At last the moment of separation came, yet nothing of what he intended in regard to Lizzy had passed the lover's lips. They parted, and not a word was uttered which the maiden could interpret into a promise; the fulfillment of which would make her the happiest of women. There was a long, lingering embrace, a kiss pressed ardently upon the sweet lips of the weeping girl, an earnest clasping of hands. Then the lover tore himself away, not daring to trust his voice in a tender "farewell." At the gate which led into the main road, he turned and looked back. Lizzy was in the door. He kissed to her his hand; but she did not return the sign, for her eyes were so blind with tears that she did not perceive it. A few steps further

and he might look back in vain. The cottage of Mrs. Lawson was no longer in sight.

#### CHAPTER IV.

BACK, once more, in his luxurious home at the South, and in daily association with his sister and her accomplished young friends, Rufus Cameron could not help drawing comparisons between them and the lovely girl from whom he had so recently parted; nor were these comparisons always satisfactory. The want of culture in Lizzy was more clearly apparent than ever. He saw, he felt, that, though pure and lovely as a mountain flower, she was yet inferior to those into whose company he was now thrown.

At first, the young man had sought the humble abode of Lizzy Lawson, because enamored of her singular beauty and the native grace and sweetness that surrounded her like an atmosphere. He thought of nothing beyond the pleasure of being in her company. As time passed on, and he continued his almost daily visits, it could not be concealed from him that he had, without intending it, won the maiden's heart. Honorable in his feelings, this discovery did not give him a great degree of pleasure; for he saw that it would require a sacrifice on his part, or produce unhappiness in the mind of the fond young girl. The result was one that he might have expected; but he was young and thoughtless, and before he knew what he was about, had drawn forth her affections. After that, he continued his visits, and, in his undecided state of mind, committed the still greater error of meeting her warm, though delicately expressed feelings, with an open manifestation of his own. It was not long before he felt and talked of love; and from that period, up to the time of their separation, they were lovers. But, as has been seen, he never spoke of what were his ultimate intentions. He never talked of marriage. Frequently he had been on the point of doing so, when a thought of the disparity between her and his sister, and those into whose company he must introduce her, caused him to hesitate and still delay what he felt must in justice be done to Lizzy, whose every affection was now his own. And he continued to hesitate, up to the hour of their separation, and parted from her, without uttering the words she so much desired to hear.

Immediately upon reaching home, Cameron wrote back to Lizzy a long and tender letter, in which he told her truly how great a void in his heart the separation from her had produced. In that letter he said more to give her mind something definite to rest upon than he had ever before done. It occurred in a passage which we will here give.

"How soon I will be able to return to you, I cannot now tell. I trust the time of separation may be brief, and that we will soon meet again, even if it be for a short space only. Having completed my college course, I must now devote a year at least, perhaps a longer time, to the study of law, before I can be admitted to the bar, and settle myself down for life. When this occurs, I fondly trust that all things will favor the hopes I have long entertained in regard to you, but dared not trust myself to speak."

This passage was read over and over again by Lizzy. The last sentence was transcribed upon her heart, and made its pulsations lighter. In writing back, she referred to it delicately, yet so pointedly that Cameron clearly saw she had understood him. By the time her answer came, he had been making the contrast already referred to, and he half repented having said anything that could be understood as a promise of marriage. The effect, however, was to make him resolve, that he would be true to the love she bore him, at any sacrifice.

The reader can easily see that the mind of the young man must sustain a severe conflict, and it did. What the result was, our narrative will show. About two months after his return to the South, he received, in one of Lizzy's letters, the intelligence that her mother had died. This he knew left her perfectly alone. Her mother was her only near relative. Nothing was said of what she intended to do; the letter only announced the affliction she had sustained. In a subsequent letter she mentioned that she had sold the little homestead, which had been left to her, and was, at the time, residing in Hartford, in the family of an old friend of her father's, where she expected to remain.

After this, there was a marked improvement in the tone and style of the letters which were received from Lizzy by Cameron. There was a deeper tone of feeling expressed, though in much fewer words, and in clearer language than she had before used; and there was a maturity of thought and an evidence of reading and observation unobtrusively apparent. She only wrote in reply to his letters. If the intervals were long in which he wrote to her, he heard from her at long intervals; if the intervals were short, he heard from her frequently. Thus the time passed on, until a year elapsed from the day of their parting, without a return of Cameron to the North, although he often spoke of making the intended visit. Then his letters came less frequently, were colder, and more formal. This Lizzy could not bear. There was an evidence of waning affection on his part, while her love had grown warmer and stronger. She did not conceal what she thought and felt, in writing, but plainly asked if what she feared were true. A month elapsed and then an answer came—a long, very long answer, in which the young man reviewed the whole history of their acquaintance, and the subsequent intimacy of a tender character that had existed between them. The conclusion was as follows:

"I have long felt, and am now painfully convinced, that a marriage between us cannot be a happy one, because of the difference in our education, habits of life, and associations. If you had possessed the advantages of those who move in the circle where I move, I know you would far outshine them all. But these you have never had. Such advantages, alas! were denied you in early life. If I were to bring you into the circle where I must move, it would not make you happy, and would subject me to constant irritations. Painful as it is to say what I am now saying, I am constrained to do it both for your own sake and mine. Hard as the task will be for both of us, let us try to forget each other. Let us be as strangers. It will be better in the end."

No answer was ever received by Cameron to this cruel letter. It was written about a year and a half after he left college. By this time, he had mingled a good deal in society, and was rather more a man of the world than he was when he first fell in love with Lizzy Lawson. That was a boyish folly, of which he had seen reason to repent. The silence with which his last letter had been received, troubled him for a long time. It left him perfectly ignorant of the effect produced. Had Lizzy written him warmly and indignantly in reply, and upbraided him for the wrong he had done to her, he would have been greatly relieved. This he could have borne cheerfully, as well deserved. But to know nothing of her state, left his mind free to imagine the worst consequences.

Nearly three years elapsed, without any, even the least, information about Lizzy reaching the ears of Cameron, who thought of her much oftener than was pleasant to his feelings. At the end of this time, he was married to the daughter of a Southern planter, who was not possessed of much beauty, nor was she very brilliantly endowed by nature. She had undergone a system of hot bed mental culture at a young ladies' seminary, and was accomplished up to the fashionable line beyond which few pass. Her father was a man of wealth, and the family to which she belonged, one of standing in the South. Altogether, she was considered an unexceptionable match for him, and the union gave great satisfaction both to his own and the relatives and friends of the young lady.

Lizzy Lawson, when she received the letter from Cameron that at once blasted all the hopes she had so long entertained of a union with him, was stricken almost to the earth for a time. But she, too, had grown older since the day of her parting with the young suitor, and her character had also gained strength. She was not what she was, when, like one of her own modest flowers, she gently expanded in the quiet seclusion of her mother's cottage. She had seen, and thought, and felt more; and was now a woman. If bound to the earth for a time, she had the strength to lift herself up, and she exerted that strength; though she suffered—deeply suffered. The image of her lover had been so firmly impressed upon her heart, that it could not be at once, nor easily obliterated. But she covered it over and shut it out from her eyes resolutely. Not always did she succeed in hiding it; but when the covering was, from any cause, removed, she restored it as quickly as possible. As time wore on, it became dimmer and dimmer, and at last became so indistinct as to be scarcely perceived, except when some mementos of the past breathed refreshingly upon it.

## CHAPTER V.

AFTER the marriage of Cameron, an excursion of a few weeks was taken, and the party proceeded as far North as Washington City. On its return, several days were spent at Charleston with relatives and friends, and two or three brilliant parties were given to the bride. At the first of these gay assemblages, as Cameron sat conversing with a friend, a young gentleman, the son of a distinguished member of the

highest branch of the National Legislature came up and said, addressing the friend of Cameron—

"Have you seen Miss Lawson?"

"No," was replied. "I have looked for her, but imagine she is not present."

"She received an invitation, I know. The Misses P—— are present."

"She ought to be here, then."

"Yes; I don't see how we are to do without her."

The young man was then introduced to Cameron. After conversing a short time, he turned away, saying as he did so—

"I must look again. She certainly must be here. There is Lucy P——. I will ask her."

"Who is this Miss Lawson?" inquired Cameron, as the young man walked away.

"A young lady who has been in our city about six months."

"She must be something of a belle."

"She is, although but a teacher in Gen. P——'s family. The general was making a tour at the North last summer, when his daughters fell in somewhere, with this Miss Lawson, who is a girl of brilliant accomplishments and great beauty; besides being a perfect lady. After much earnest persuasion, seconded by most liberal offers as to compensation, they induced her to return with them to the South, and undertake the education of their younger sisters, as well as give them instructions in music, French and Italian. She was engaged in teaching at the North, that being her only means of support. I believe she has no near relatives. The daughters of Gen. P——, with whom she is more like an older sister and loving companion than one who merely holds the place of an instructor, are much attached to her. She was at once introduced by them into the best society here, and is respected, admired, and beloved by all. She is, indeed, a brilliant woman. I hardly think the young ladies, who prevailed upon her to come South, will enjoy the advantages they now possess very long, for my young friend who has just left us is deeply in love with her, and I look every day to hear their engagement announced."

"He belongs to one of the best families at the South."

"Yes; and Henry I—— will prove an honorable representative of that family."

"You say this Miss Lawson is a woman of superior education and accomplishments?"

"Oh, yes. I have never met with a more interesting person. What heightens the charm that surrounds her, is a seeming unconsciousness of the power she possesses. She is modest and retiring, yet always yields with a natural grace that wins your heart at once, when an effort is made to draw her from the quiet nook where she is sure to retire if left to herself in company. I more than suspect that she is hidden away in these crowded rooms, somewhere. If so L—— will soon find her out."

"Do you know from what place at the North she came?" asked Cameron.

"I never heard."

The conversation about Miss Lawson was now changed. Cameron's curiosity was considerably

excited. The name, and the fact that this beautiful girl, who had won the tribute of affection from all hearts, was from the North, brought vividly before his mind the image of Lizzy Lawson.

"Where is Miss Lawson?" was asked of one of the daughters of Gen. P——, in his presence, some short time after he had first heard her name mentioned.

"We could not persuade her to come," replied the young lady.

"Was she not well?"

"She made no complaint of feeling sick; but appeared dull."

"Did she give any reason for remaining at home?"

"None, except that she did not feel like going into company. We were quite reluctant to leave her behind, but she seemed so earnest in her wish to remain at home, that we did not urge her very strongly to come with us."

The curiosity of Mr. Cameron was a good deal excited by the little he heard about this young lady from the North. On the next day he mentioned her name in the family of the friend at whose house he was staying, and found that she was known to them quite well, and held in high estimation. They spoke of her as possessing remarkable beauty, which was heightened by the sweetness of her temper, and the perfect ease and grace of her manner; a mind highly cultivated; and varied accomplishments.

At the second party given by the bride's friends, Cameron looked for the appearance of Miss Lawson with much interest, and some misgivings of heart. The thought that it was Lizzy, once or twice glanced across his mind; but that was impossible, and he forced it away. But for all this, he felt restless, and anxious to see the one so loved and admired by all.

"Where is Miss Lawson?" he heard asked of one and another, but no one had seen her.

"Is not your friend Miss Lawson here to-night?" said a lady to Anna P——.

"No, ma'am," was answered.

"Why not?"

"She did not wish to come? We urged her very hard, but she said that she did not feel like going into company."

"That's strange. She always seems happy in society, and makes every one happy around her."

"Yes; but she does not appear to be just herself at present. For a week we have noticed that she mingles less with the family; and that her face wears a sober expression."

"I am sorry. I wish you could have persuaded her to come out. It would have done her good."

"So we thought; but she declined attending this and the party at Mrs. O——'s in so earnest a manner, and at the same time, so decidedly, that we could say but little. When we came home from the last party, she asked a good many questions about the bride, and was interested in all we said about her. But she didn't seem to be herself."

Mr. Cameron heard this conversation, and it disturbed him.

"Can this be Lizzy Lawson?" he said, mentally. "But that is impossible," he quickly replied. "She

was good and beautiful, and worthy to be loved by all; but she had few educational advantages; while this person is represented as having a highly cultivated mind. No, it cannot be Lizzy. I must see her before I leave Charleston."

A third and last party was given. Cameron had not yet seen the admired of all admirers, but he had heard of her everywhere, and found that

"None knew her but to love her,  
Or named her, but to praise."

On the afternoon before this last party, the young lady to whom allusion has been made, sat, alone in her room. Her face was not only sober, but sad in its expression. Evidently she was in deep and somewhat painful thought, and in earnest debate upon some question. Suddenly her room door was opened, and two young ladies came in, saying, as they entered—

"Miss Lawson, you must go to the party to-night."

The sadness instantly fled from the face of the person addressed, and she answered with a gentle smile—

"I shall be happier at home."

"And we shall be happier to have you there; so you mustn't say a word more about staying away. You don't know how much you were missed at the last two parties. Every one was inquiring after you."

"It is pleasant to have so many friends," Miss Lawson said, with some feeling.

"But is it right to deprive them of your company, because you feel more inclined to remain at home than enter into the enjoyments of social intercourse?"

"I don't know that it is, but——"

She paused, and her countenance became sober.

"You are not happy, Miss Lawson," said the elder of the two young ladies, her voice becoming serious; "and you have not been happy for some time. We love you as our sister—may we not, as sisters, ask why a shadow has fallen upon your spirits?"

This was spoken with great tenderness; and it touched the heart of her to whom it was addressed. Her eyes fell to the floor, and she struggled for some time, and hard, with her feelings, before she gained sufficient control over them to trust herself to speak. She then said—

"A shadow has fallen upon my spirit, as you say; but I hope it will pass away soon, and leave all serene as before. It has come with the memory of earlier days."

"Let the light of our love dispel that shadow," was the earnestly spoke reply to this. "Think not of the past, if the thought brings gloom instead of gladness. Be happy in the present. Make an effort to throw off this shadow. Come! Say you will go with us to-night. You will be better for it."

Miss Lawson sat musing for some time. Then she said, as if speaking from a sudden resolution—

"You are right, Anna; I will go."

## CHAPTER VI.

RUFUS CAMERON was sitting by his young bride in the midst of a gay company on the evening of the third and last party that had been given to them in Charleston, when he heard some one say—

"There is Miss Lawson."

He turned quickly, and near him, leaning upon the arm of young L——, was the loveliest creature he had ever beheld. To him she was no stranger. Lizzy Lawson was before him. Body as well as mind had expanded since last he saw her, for now she was slightly taller in stature, and fuller in form. But the innocent sweetness of her face, that had first won his love, still remained, though elevated and purified by heart-trials that, for a time, were difficult to bear; and filled with speaking life by an influx of intelligence into the ultimate forms of expression. She was in earnest conversation with L—— when Cameron's eyes first rested upon her, and there was a beautiful play of thought over her face. The young man was speechless with painful surprise.

In a few moments the companion of Lizzy, said to her—

"Come! I must introduce you to Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, as this is your first attendance on the bridal parties."

And L—— led her forward and presented her to the persons he had named. Cameron was so confused that he could not speak; but Miss Lawson remained perfectly unembarrassed, and bowed and smiled with easy grace to the bride and groom. She could not have been more self-possessed, nor have acted differently, if Rufus Cameron had been a perfect stranger. No one dreamed that they had met before. The young man was half in doubt as to the identity of the maiden. He looked up, wondering, into her face, and met her calm eyes, resting in his own—but there was not the smallest sign of recognition.

When she turned away, leaning upon the arm of her companion, one of the finest looking men in the room, the heart of Cameron was laboring so heavily, that he could distinctly hear its pulsations.

And now her praise was upon every lip, and ringing into his ears from all sides. Even his bride talked of her wonderful beauty, and expressed a wish to meet her less formally to know her better.

As Miss Lawson sang with great taste, and had a voice that combined strength with sweetness, she was soon handed to the piano by some lover of music. Here she warbled a few well chosen songs, filling the rooms with most enchanting melody. It was more than four years since Cameron had heard that bewitching voice. If a momentary doubt as to the identity of the beautiful girl had crossed his mind, it was now dispelled. The voice had changed as little as the face; it was the same voice, but deeper and richer.

Next he saw her moving with unequalled grace in the dance; and next he was thrown directly into her society, and listened for nearly half an hour to a conversation carried on in a little circle that had gathered around him and his bride, in which Lizzy sustained her part in a way that filled him with admiration. During this time, although she often looked into his face, replied to his remarks, and even conversed with him, she never once, by look or tone, betrayed what was in her heart. If this had been their first meeting, she could not have treated him more like a stranger.

On the following day, Cameron returned home with his bride, far less happy than when he pressed upon

her glowing lips at the altar a kiss love. He felt that she was in every way inferior to the woman whose young and innocent heart he had so deeply wronged. Years before he had turned away from one whom he deemed unworthy of a place beside him in the social position he occupied, and now that one was loved, admired and courted by all who knew her, and would, without doubt, soon be lifted to a higher place than even he could have raised her to.

A few months after his meeting with Lizzy, the wife of Cameron received a letter from a friend in Charleston, filled with a description of the splendid parties which had followed the marriage of Mr. L—— to Miss Lawson. This she read aloud to her husband, but she little dreamed of what was in his mind as she lingered over the glowing account, and often paused to express her admiration of the bride. It was well for her happiness that she did not.

As the wife of L——, who has since become one of the most distinguished men of his state, she, who was once humble and uneducated, is now known as one of the most beautiful, intelligent and lovely-minded women in the brilliant circle where she moves; but, beyond her own little neighborhood, the name of Mrs. Cameron is not heard; and within it she is but little admired, and by but few beloved.

The remarkable change in Lizzy Lawson is easily

explained. She had felt, deeply, the disparity that existed between her and Cameron, and upon the death of her mother, sold the little homestead that remained to her, for which she received but a few hundred dollars, removed into the city, and, without hinting to her lover what was in her mind, entered, for a regular course of instruction, one of the best seminaries in the place. Love made her mind clear and strong. She acquired the various branches of knowledge, to which she applied herself, with wonderful facility. She said nothing of all this in her letters to Cameron, although he saw that she was improving, because she wished to surprise him when he returned to the North to see her, as he had promised to do.

But he never returned, and his letters at last came less frequent and more cold. Then, at his request, all intercourse ceased; and they were to each other as strangers. Not long after this, the money which Lizzy had obtained by the sale of her little property, was exhausted, and she sought for the means of a livelihood in teaching. Her beauty, intelligence, and goodness of heart, were the means of making her many friends, some of them warm and true; by these she was introduced into a refined and cultivated society, of which she was a bright ornament. Here she was met by the daughters of Gen. P——. The rest is known.

## AUNT HANNAH.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

"THERE is something I want you to tell me, aunt," said Eliza Herbert, a girl of fourteen, and she drew a stool close to her aunt's feet, and leaned her head in her lap, so that a whole cloud of nut-brown curls fell over her black silk apron.

"What is it?" said her aunt, passing her hand caressingly over the fair forehead upraised to hers.

"I am almost afraid to ask," said Eliza, "but I want you to tell me why you, who are so good and so handsome, and so accomplished, were never married."

A slight flush was, for a moment, perceptible on aunt Hannah's cheeks, which might have been occasioned by Eliza's compliment to her beauty and good qualities, or a consciousness of the ridicule which a certain class attach to the appellation of old maid. It might too have been caused by a blending of all these, or by certain memories which the question called up. She remained silent a few minutes, and then said—"I will tell you, Eliza—I never had an offer that exactly suited me."

"How strange," said Eliza, "when you are so easy to please, and are so keen-sighted to every body's virtues, and so blind to their faults. Now there is aunt Margaret, who is not half as pretty as you are, married to one of the best, the handsomest, and the most noble looking men in the world. Come, aunt, do tell me all about it, for I am tired of my piano, my worsted work, and my book."

"My life has been a very quiet, uneventful one," said aunt Hannah, "and would, I am afraid, make a dull story, but I will tell you about some dear friends of mine, if that will do."

"Oh, yes," said Eliza, "that will be the next best thing to hearing about yourself. There I hear mother coming, but that need make no difference."

"Eliza wants me to tell her a story, sister," said aunt Hannah, as Mrs. Herbert took her accustomed seat at the fireside, "and I have promised to tell her one about some old friends. It is an old story to you, so you can prompt me if I make any mistakes."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Herbert.

"One of my friends," said aunt Hannah, "whom I shall call Isabel, was the youngest of a large family of daughters. Her form was slight, her complexion and features delicate, and she might have been called interesting rather than handsome. Her sister, Kate, two years older, some people called better looking, though."

"Better looking?" said Mrs. Herbert, breaking in upon her, "she was the most beautiful girl in town, yet beauty was her least charm."

"I believe you exaggerate a little, sister," said aunt Hannah. "When Isabel was sixteen and Kate eighteen, one Leonard Frankland, a young merchant,

came to reside in the place. He soon became intimate with their brother, who used often to invite him home to take tea, or spend the evening. He was—that is, most persons thought him singularly handsome, and that his manners were peculiarly attractive. It was not long before it began to be whispered in the family, and among their more intimate acquaintances, that he was partial to Kate. Kate was not so blind as not to perceive it herself, and but for one thing it would have made her the happiest girl that ever lived. She from the first had seen that Isabel, though unconscious of it herself, had given her heart to the fascinating Frankland, so she made up her mind to sacrifice her own happiness for the sake of this dear sister. It was very hard for poor Kate, but she had more confidence in her own strength, both moral and physical, than she had in Isabel's; she felt that she would be able to rise from the blow, and ultimately to have the power of being tranquil, and even happy. But Isabel, so frail and so delicate, she knew that it would kill her to see the chosen of her heart forever lost to her."

"But if Leonard Frankland liked Kate best," said Eliza, "then there must have been a double sacrifice."

"He liked her best at first," said aunt Hannah, "yet there was a gentleness, a loss of self-reliance in the character of Isabel that needed only to be discovered by such a person as Leonard Frankland, to excite an interest which might soon ripen into love. I believe, indeed, that it is not uncommon for men who are remarkable for spirit and energy, to be better pleased with those whose more prominent traits are softness and delicacy, rather than those similar to their own."

"Kate affected more independence and vivacity than would have been natural to her, even had her heart been at ease; and she soon found that it began to have the effect she desired. Such unrestrained exuberance of spirits offended the taste of Frankland, and he often turned from the brilliant and sparkling Kate, to contemplate the serene loveliness of Isabel. If he could only have seen the anguish that lay concealed beneath the mask of smiles which she constantly wore—if he had known how difficult it sometimes was for her to prevent the gay notes of some lively song, as she appeared carelessly to warble them, from breaking into moans of agony—but he neither saw nor knew—he never knew, so well did she act her part, that he was ever otherwise than perfectly indifferent to her."

"And did Isabel know?" said Eliza.

"Never—it would have poisoned all her happiness, for she was tenderly attached to her sister."

"I am glad that she did not," said Eliza, "it would have been so selfish and ungenerous in her if she had, to have received Leonard Frankland's attention."



"Kate did not miscalculate her own strength; and when one evening Isabel folded her arms around her, and told her that she was the affianced bride of Leonard Frankland, she felt calm and satisfied. How indeed could she feel otherwise, when she knew that had she herself been Frankland's bride, she must have turned from the altar to stand beside a sister's grave. 'How,' thought she, 'could I ever have looked on my wedding-robe, without imagining it to be stained with the drops wrung from a broken heart.'"

"And were Frankland and Isabel happy," said Eliza, "after they were married?"

"Yes, as happy as it is possible to be in a life where we can drink of no cup that is not dashed with gall; and wear no flower that does not conceal the worm or the thorn."

"Are they still living, aunt?"

"Yes, and surrounded by a group of lovely and happy children."

"I hope that dear Kate was married to some body that she liked a great deal better than she ever did Leonard Frankland."

"That would have been impossible, so she never married."

"What? did such a lively, handsome girl as Kate, without a bit of starch about her, live an old maid?"

"She did."

"And what could she find to do to make her time pass pleasantly?"

"What does your aunt Hannah find to do?" said her mother.

"Oh, aunt Hannah is different from other single ladies. If she had been married I don't know what I should have done, for if I have a new dress to make she always assists me; if my music or drawing perplexes me, she knows how to put me right; and if I am sick, she nurses me. And then you know that when you and father want to go on a journey, she always keeps house for you, so that you never feel

uneasy about the children while you are absent. It was the luckiest thing in the world for us and aunt Margaret Waldron too, that aunt Hannah remained single."

"Then you are glad that your aunt never married," said Mrs. Herbert.

"I am sure I have reason to be," replied Eliza. "and so have you—haven't you, aunt?"

"Yes, reason to be glad and thankful too."

"I knew so, for there is no other station in the world that you would be so happy in yourself, or make others so happy."

"It is not the station that has made your aunt so happy," said Mrs. Herbert, "but because she early found out the true secret of happiness."

"And what is the secret, mother?"

"In whatsoever situation you are in, to be there with content."

"I would give almost anything to see Kate and her sister, and Leonard Frankland. I don't believe he was so handsome a man as uncle Waldron is—was he, aunt?"

"Yes, he was handsomer than your uncle Waldron is now, for Leonard Frankland was then in his youthful prime."

"I wish you would tell me who Kate really was," said Eliza.

Her mother smiled and looked significantly toward aunt Hannah.

Eliza sprang up from the stool at her aunt's feet, and threw her arms round her neck.

"Why how stupid I was not to guess it was you all the time," said she. "I might have known that there was not another person in the world besides dear aunt Hannah who would have acted so nobly and generously as Kate. And now I know too that Leonard Frankland and Isabel were uncle and aunt Waldron."

## MARGARET CLINTON.

BY MARY DAVENANT.

"WHAT time is it, Margaret?" said Mr. Clinton to his daughter, as he folded a letter he had been writing at a library table on the other side of the room, from that at which his wife and daughter were sitting.

Margaret laid down her book, and taking out her watch, replied—"It is half past eight, papa—time enough, I hope, for me to finish this book that I must return in the morning."

At the next instant Mr. Clinton took out his own watch to seal his letter, and before his daughter could read another page interrupted her again—"Ring the bell, my dear, and tell John to take this letter to the post at once." The bell was just behind Mr. Clinton's chair, and he could have touched it with a slight change in his position. "Now, Maggie," he continued, when the servant was dismissed with the desired directions, "bring in my slippers and find the book I was reading here last evening. It was a volume of Macauley, I think," he added, as his daughter returned with the slippers in her hand, and having assisted him in making the required change in his *chaise*, took down the volume from the book-case, and then resumed the perusal of her own.

"See what is the matter with my knitting, Margaret?" said her mother, a few moments afterward, protruding two large wooden kneedles between the book and her daughter's face. "It has all got wrong again, and I can't for my life tell how."

For about the sixth time that evening Margaret took the knitting from her mother's hands. This time the error was a serious one, and it required both patience and ingenuity to untwist the tangled web Mrs. Clinton had wrought. "I think it must be owing to this blunt needle that I cannot get on," she continued, as Margaret replaced it in her hands—"there is a better one I'm sure in one of the drawers of my dressing-table, or in the bureau, or wardrobe, or somewhere about. Just step up stairs, my dear, and look for it."

"And while you are there, Maggie," said her father, "you can run up to the book-case in the third story entry, and look for the volume of Select Speeches that contains Sheridan's speech on the impeachment of Warren Hastings—I want it to refer to."

Poor Margaret, with a despairing glance at her own interesting book, lighted her candle which was always at hand ready for similar excursions, and after a half hour's rummaging through her father's and mother's repositories, laid both the volume and the needle before them.

"What in the world kept you so long, child?" said Mr. Clinton. "I have got so sleepy that I shall not be able to read a word."

"And this needle is if anything worse than the

other," added his wife, despairingly—"where *did* you get it?"

"Far back in one of the wardrobe shelves."

"Well, in one of the bureau drawers, I know there is a better one—see if there is not."

Again Margaret traversed the long entries and stairs, and on her return after her fruitless search, found to her great joy both father and mother asleep in their respective arm-chairs, and incapable, for the present, of issuing any further orders.

My readers may probably suppose that Mr. and Mrs. Clinton were either very old, or infirm, or rheumatic; and that, probably, the only servant in the house had been despatched to the post-office. On the contrary, they were still in their prime, though the parents of a family all married and settled except our heroine, (for she is a heroine who performs almost incredible labors.) At that moment, too, three able-bodied maid servants, all younger than Margaret, were sitting in the comfortable kitchen. But for this part of the community Mrs. Clinton had a most consistent compassion. "She made it a principle," she said, "to spare them as much as possible, poor things"—not by her own efforts which would have been fair enough, but by tasking to the utmost her daughter's powers of endurance, which she seemed to think were infinite.

It was now nearly ten o'clock, and Margaret was again deeply absorbed in her book, when the door bell rang loudly, and a note was placed in her hands, on reading which her brow, hitherto calm and unclouded, assumed a sad and troubled aspect.

"What is that, Margaret?" asked her father, rubbing his eyes.

"Only a line from Caroline, begging I would come to Frank immediately."

"Has the rascal been in another frolic?"

"Yes, and it is cruel in Caroline to send for me. I told her the last time that I could not come again."

"And you would leave that poor, weak-nervous creature to manage a drunken man by herself?" said Mrs. Clinton, in astonishment. "I cannot believe it of you, Margaret—you must go to her."

"I cannot, mamma," said Margaret, firmly—"you do not know what I would have to go through there."

"Poor, dear Carry has to go through it—you never think of her."

"He is her husband, not mine. She has servants, and if she wants further aid should send for William or Harry, or my father, not for me."

"I would break the drunken rascal's bones for him if I went to him, and so would your brothers as Caroline knows well," said Mr. Clinton, indignantly. "He may kill himself as soon as he pleases with his drink—the sooner the better for me."

"In the meantime he may kill poor Carry, if no one goes to her," said Mrs. Clinton.

"Then go to her yourself, my dear," said her husband, drily.

"I! mercy on me, Mr. Clinton, what are you thinking of? I! with my poor nerves? I! that am more afraid of a drunken man than anything on earth except a crazy one?"

"And Frank is now both," said Margaret, "and as such I cannot encounter him."

"You must, Margaret—you must," said her mother. "I insist upon it—as your mother I command you—don't delay a moment. Take your wrapper, my dear, and John shall go with you. Not a word—not a word, but go at once!"—and poor Margaret, the victim of the caprices, the weaknesses, and even the sins of a whole family, was hurried off on her painful mission.

It is a homely but true saying, that "some people come into the world saddled and bridled, while others are born booted and spurred," and Margaret Clinton endowed as she was with a superior judgment, a gentle temper, a more self-sacrificing spirit, and a tenderer conscience than the rest of her family, had the misfortune, through a certain want of firmness, to occupy a place in the first class. On her very entrance into life she had met with a disappointment in her affections that had rendered her indifferent to the enjoyments the young and lovely are wont to derive from social amusements and the admiration of the world. Her attachment to one in every way worthy of her love, but whom her proud and wealthy family chose to consider her inferior, had been thwarted on most frivolous pretences, and Margaret had been forced to sacrifice the strongest feelings of her heart to her convictions of filial duty. She had resisted a subsequent effort of her parents to force upon her an alliance more acceptable to them, and her gratitude for their relinquishing their wishes in that case, had rendered her, if possible, more self-denying, more devoted to their slightest whims and wishes in all others.

Two younger sisters had grown up under her fostering care. Her own happiness was gone, but she gave up both body and mind to the promotion of theirs. They had married, one with the consent, the other in direct defiance of her parents—both the consent won and the opposition softened through the gentle influence of Margaret. The choice of Caroline, the younger, had been particularly unfortunate. Her family were well aware of the dissipated habits of the remarkably handsome man she had determined to marry, and opposed it with all their might. But Caroline's will was stronger than theirs; she resisted the commands of her parents, the counsels of her brothers, her sister's tears and entreaties, and concerted an elopement which fortunately was detected. As it was found that Caroline, though once prevented, would persist in her design; her father, to avoid this scandal, had the unworthy couple united in his presence, and then declared that he would disown them entirely. Through Margaret's influence Mr. Clinton had not carried this into effect; and Caroline, ever her mother's favorite, had continued apparently in the same favor with her parents as before her disobe-

dience. She had now been four years married; was the mother of three children; and as such the constant object of Mrs. Clinton's solicitude.

For the first year or two Caroline had concealed as much as possible her husband's derelictions from her family; but on one occasion Margaret having been present, she exercised so judicious a control over the drunken man, that from that time her aid had been constantly invoked, and but seldom in vain. Time and again had she left her comfortable home to confront the ravings of her brother-in-law, to calm the hysterical weakness of her sister, and to keep, as best she might, the helpless children from becoming the victims of their imbruted father. But the task was a revolting one, the contact with vice was too disgusting, and the unhappiness to herself that resulted from it, first lead her to question how far the system of self-sacrifice she was constantly pursuing had promoted the true interests of those around her.

"As far as I can see it my life has been one grand mistake," was the result of her mental communing; "I destroyed the happiness of the only man I loved by yielding at once to an opposition that time would have overcome; and he married a woman who makes him wretched. To stifle my own misery I then devoted my life to others; I have covered their weaknesses when I should have combated them; made my sisters indolent, my brothers selfish, and my parents exacting and unreasonable. And to do this I have crushed all the high aspirings of my own nature, forborne to cultivate my talents, and almost starved my soul, thus injuring myself and them. For the future I wish to act differently—my parents I will serve on my very knees, but the rest of my family may learn to do without me."

Such were Margaret's secret resolves, but what had been their results? It so chanced the first opportunity of testing them was with her eldest sister, Mrs. Walsingham, a complete woman of pleasure, whose four spoiled children were often in the way, and then were always turned over to Margaret.

"We are to have a large dinner to-morrow, Margaret, and I will send the children early in the morning to spend the day with you. Your Sarah can look after them; as Jane is such a handy creature when we have company that I can't spare her."

"I shall be engaged in the morning," replied Margaret, "and am afraid I shall not be able to see after the children—besides, without me they disturb my mother sadly."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Walsingham, "they will do her good. You spoil mamma, Margaret—she is better able to bear the noise of the children than I, who have a headache half the time. Our party will be very pleasant, and I want to keep as quiet as I can beforehand that I may enjoy it."

Her sister made some further opposition, which was overruled, and the children sent as usual on such occasions. Not a word was said about Margaret's joining the pleasant party, but a week afterward Mrs. Walsingham appeared at her father's with—

"Margaret you must come to tea to-night; there are some stupid relations of Mr. Walsingham's in town that we must have, and I want you to help me out."

Margaret declined, pleading occupation; and Mrs. Walsingham replied—"What has got into you, Margaret?—you have grown so disobliging. I should like to know what you have to do? If you had a house and husband and four children to look after you might talk of being busy."

Margaret smiled and shook her head; while Mrs. Clinton made some observation about her being very unsisterly not to be willing to help poor Julia, and finally insisted so strongly on her going that Margaret gave a conditional consent.

"If you will come hero to-morrow with the Kanises I will go to you."

Mrs. Walsingham laughed out right.

"I meet those forlornities?—that cross, old porcupine and her stupid daughter? No, no, Margaret, I should quarrel with both if I did come, for I never could endure either of them."

"They are poor and neglected; it is one of the few pleasures of their lives to come here, and mamma and I endure them frequently."

"Yes, my dear," said the sister, as she rose and adjusted her rich cachemere before a mirror; "you have a taste for sacrifices which I never possessed. So you must come and help me with my forlornities, while I leave you the full enjoyment of yours."

"A taste for sacrifices," thought Margaret, after the door closed behind her sister, and she was forced to listen to a long tirade from her mother about being "so unkind and disobliging." "It is a strange taste enough; but strange as it is, I must really have it, for I find it far easier to make a sacrifice quietly, than to struggle against it and be obliged to yield at last."

So after a few more struggles, Margaret gave up the effort as useless.

It was some eighteen months from the time we have spoken of, when Mrs. Walsingham might one morning have been seen hurrying down the street toward the house of her eldest brother, at a pace very different from the slow and matured tread usual to that fashionable lady. Her face too looked flushed and agitated; and it was evident something had occurred to disturb her equanimity.

"Are you engaged, William?" she asked, as she put her head inside the office-door, and saw her brother busy writing.

"Come in, Julia," he replied; "more of the old story, I suppose. Caroline left me but half an hour ago in no pleasant humor, and I see you have come in much the same frame of mind. I believe a bomb shell might have burst in the midst of us without causing half the commotion our quiet Margaret has occasioned, by doing as most women do when they have a good chance."

"And you encourage and uphold her in taking this foolish step, and have really persuaded my father to consent to it?"

"I have actually been guilty of that unpardonable sin. I promised Mr. Gordon my influence some time ago, and now hope to atone in some degree for the wicked part I before took against him, foolish boy that I then was. Margaret too has opened her heart to me, and irreparable as is her loss to us all, I advise

her to marry the man who has always possessed her affection."

"Always! William, what are you insinuating when the man has had a wife in the meantime? And this, I suppose, is an excuse for his addressing her with such improper haste; his poor wife scarcely cold in her grave—a pretty state of things indeed!" said Julia, indignantly. "Bring the case home to yourself—what would you think if it were my husband who was acting so?"

"If you were such a wife as Mrs. Gordon, I should think a year quite long enough to mourn you; she was a miserable, ill-tempered, silly woman, who it is notorious gained her husband by manœuvring, and then tormented him to the utmost. Besides Margaret will not marry for another year, so the *convenances* will be strictly observed."

"But it is such gross folly in her to leave her comfortable home, where she has nothing to do but to please herself, and undertake the charge of three children—at her age, too, when habits are fixed and hard to change. Ah! she will bitterly repent it," said Mrs. Walsingham, with an accent that betokened she hoped it would turn out so.

"Julia," said her brother, smiling, "it will surely be easier to take care of her own husband and children, than of all the husbands and wives and children in our family, as she has done for the last ten years. When was there sickness, or trouble, or any domestic discomfort in any of our households, that we have not turned to Margaret for our most efficient help?—and yet you say that pleasing herself is the sole business of her life."

"But what will papa and mamma do?—she has spoiled them both so entirely that they are incapable now of taking care of themselves."

"Another instance of her selfishness, I suppose," said Mr. Clinton. "But happily they are as unconscionable as yourself of their entire dependance on Margaret, and the sooner they and all the rest of us awake from it the better."

"I am sure she never did so much for me," said Mrs. Walsingham.

"Nor for Caroline, nor Harry's wife, nor my own Mary either, I suppose?"

"They have been rather *exigeante*, I allow."

"And they allow the same with regard to you—so all of us owe Margaret a hitherto unacknowledged debt, which we must now repay by permitting her to be happy in the way she prefers."

But this was a conclusion Mrs. Walsingham would by no means consent to. Margaret had so long given up all her own preferences, that now the common right of deciding what was best for her own happiness was considered a positive infringement upon the rights of others, and but for the support of her eldest brother she might again have been forced to yield to the clamor raised by her family.

It was but a short time before that Margaret had, by an apparent chance, been thrown with the lover of her early youth, who, within little more than a year, had been set free by the hand of death from a wife he could neither love nor respect. During his unfortunate marriage he had more than once looked

back with anguish upon the happiness his cruel fate seemed to have denied him; and now that he was again free, he determined upon a desperate effort to reverse her stern decree. Though still an inhabitant of the same town, he had scarcely seen Margaret since their bitter parting, and when they again met both were changed. The ardent, impetuous youth had become the earnest, thoughtful, subdued man, on whose broad and intellectual brow sorrow and vexation of spirit had set an impress even stronger than the hand of time. The blooming, beaming, beautiful face of Margaret was now pale and calm—the Hebe had changed into the Madonna—but to Horace Gordon's eyes the Madonna was the lovelier vision, and all the warm tide of his youthful love rushed back upon his heart as he gazed upon it. Margaret felt her own heart thrill beneath the gaze, and the glow that suffused her pale cheek told Horace that calm and passionless as she seemed, a spark of feeling for himself still lingered there, and that spark he soon found opportunity to fan into a flame, bright and pure as had glowed in her youthful bosom.

But amidst her new found happiness to whom could she turn for sympathy?—to none. In her joy as in her sorrow Margaret Clinton was alone. She whose ear and heart had ever been open to others, felt that theirs would now be closed to her—that ridicule and remonstrance were all that she would meet with when she gave them her confidence, and the event proved that she judged them rightly.

There is nothing harder to overcome than an unfounded prejudice, and this the whole Clinton family had cherished against Horace Gordon. It had been taken up in his youth when they considered his addressing Margaret an unwarrantable presumption; and now in his maturity when his worth and talents had won him the respect of all beside, they persisted in the same assertion, and not all the reasonings of her eldest brother, nor Margaret's own gentle pleadings could persuade them to view the matter in a different light. Had they based their opposition on the ground of the loss she would be to them, the flattering unction might have been some balm to the wounds that they inflicted; but Margaret had not the satisfaction of having a single acknowledgment of past sacrifices amid the terrifying toil of those in store for her as a wife and stepmother.

Still Margaret stood firm. Her parents had consented, reluctantly enough it must be owned; and as her engagement was to last a year, she hoped in the course of it to soften opposition, and to render her presence less necessary to those around her. But until her very wedding day things continued in the same strain. Her parents were as helpless, her family as exacting as before. Caroline's husband was more troublesome than ever; and Julia, and Fanny, and Mary had always some domestic comforts or discomforts that she was expected either to provide or to alleviate, so that few and far between were the hours in which she could enjoy her lover's society, or devote herself to gaining the affections of the little family of which she was so soon to assume the control.

"Poor Margaret! how she will miss all the quietness

and comfort she has enjoyed here," was Mrs. Clinton's moan, after the collation which followed the ceremony was over, the company dispersed, and the bride and bridegroom had departed on their bridal tour.

"Such an easy life as she has led with nothing in the world to trouble her," sighed Caroline, who thought the only trial of humanity was a drunken husband.

"She will know now what trouble really is," said Julia, "with three children to look after. Margaret has taken a most foolish step—but she will soon repent it, poor thing," and the changes were so rung upon the trials Margaret had in store, that Mrs. Clinton really wept over her daughter's imaginary sorrows before the trio separated.

From this time Margaret took her place beside her sisters in her mother's compassionate regards. For the difficulties of married life she had the most intense commiseration; but that a single woman should ever be either fatigued or annoyed never seemed to enter her mind. A house, a husband and children were the great cares of life; and now that Margaret was surrounded by all, she was amused by the sudden awakening of her mother's anxiety in her behalf.

It was rather a warm morning, some two years after Margaret's marriage, when she and her husband who had been paying some other visits, stopped as usual to see her parents, whose domestic circle was increased by the addition of Caroline, now a widow, and with her four children, an inmate of her father's house.

"My dear Margaret," exclaimed her mother, "how hot and tired you look!—sit here in this cool place, and put this footstool under your feet. Take off your bonnet and mantilla," she added, assisting her to remove them. "Stay, my love, you must have a fan—there were two here a little while ago, but some of the children must have taken them up stairs—wait a moment and I will bring you one," and unheeding Margaret's remonstrances, Mrs. Clinton ran up stairs with the activity of a girl; and during the whole of the visit she bustled about waiting upon her daughter as though she were a princess.

As they walked toward their home, Margaret observed to her husband—"Time's changes are most wonderful!—who would have thought a few years ago that mamma would ever be so young and active?"

"Circumstances change us even more than time," was his reply; "your marriage, Margaret, has been a real blessing to your family. Look how they have all improved since you left them to their own resources. Julia has become quite domestic and industrious. Fanny and Mary can sew, and shop, and nurse their children themselves. Your father can butter his own muffins, and put on his own slippers; and your mother's energies are now kept in constant exercise by Caroline and her children, and her faculties have developed accordingly."

"True," said Margaret. "Caroline, the other day, was giving me an instance of it, and says she has invented a new system of monemonics. Mamma has always been in the habit of leaving her spectacles, and keys, and knitting about, and I used to waste many an hour in wandering through the house in search of them. Now, when she has lost anything,

Carry proposed to ring the bell and send a servant in search of them. Mamma, who never could bear that, always says she will go herself, which Caroline lets her do. It is wonderful, she says, how her memory is improved by this exercise. But it is very selfish in Carry."

"There is but one member of your father's family who is not selfish," said Mr. Gordon, as they entered their own house, and a troupe of noisy children came rushing to meet them, almost tearing Margaret's deli-

cate dress to pieces with their boisterous affection. "And she," he added, after listening for a moment to the various demands his children were making upon her, "it is very evident was born to be imposed on."

"Ah, Horace," said his wife, as she placed her hand in his and pressed the golden ringlets of his youngest darling to her heart—"it is sweet to be imposed on by those we love."

"Spoken like a true woman!" exclaimed Horace, laughing—"spoken like a true woman!"



gay laugh, and those light words took effect; and he believed those lines to be the feelings of some heroine of her strong imaginings.

\* \* \* \* \*

The marriage day came, and Florence accompanied her father to the brilliant scene. Her nerved spirit operated as the wine cup in bringing to her more than her usual keenness of intellect. And she was the star of the evening, sparkling in her beauty and wit, and never was her proud father so conscious of the unusual talent and loveliness of that darling child.

He knew not that that evening hers was the brilliancy of the hectic, and like it was the presage to consumption—a consumption of the soul.

And there was Mary Hartly, her face beaming with smiles of happiness, standing beside the devoted and affectionate Legare. Soon as the ceremony was pronounced, Florence sealed a kiss on the young bride's brow, and gave her a bouquet, tokening a thousand wishes for their happiness. Nor were her air and words of affection assumed: she was one who would have scorned to breathe one word of love that came not from the innermost sanctuary of her soul: she loved the girl; loved her because she was lovely; and yet more, because she was beloved by him, whose very shadow she had gazed on with affection.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was the close of an Indian Summer day; the sun was gathering in its last rays, and the quiet of evening was approaching.

Florence, in deathly beauty, was reclining on an ottoman in her father's studio, and gazing earnestly on the beautiful, yet melancholy scene. It was a semblance of herself: those few soft days, when summer seemed to step back a moment, as if sorry it had departed, to seal its hurried farewell kiss, were the sure presage of the chilly blasts of winter; and that bloom upon her cheek, that hectic spot, the mockery of health,

Told, like an Indian Summer day,  
That life was hast'ning to decay.

It was a fitting season for youth and beauty to depart; and Florence felt that the "Angel of the Cove-

nant" was near. Her father sat beside her, and gazed intently upon her. There was a long silence; and then came a sound, as though an almost spent zephyr was touching the chords of an æolian.

"My father," said Florence, "I feel that I am dying: mine has been a disease that no physician could cure, no medicine heal: it is my soul's strong workings that have worn out this tabernacle of clay: the fire of the young affections burning upon the altar of the heart, and the sacrifice refused, often consumes that heart. 'Tis that which withers the rose ere half bloomed, which hurries down the sun, though scarcely risen, which brings many to an early grave, with the 'dew of youth' fresh upon them; and it is thus that I die. Forgive me, my more than father, my dearest, best friend, if I have erred in concealing from you that which has absorbed my being: but I have loved with all the intensity of which a woman's nature is capable: yes, while you have regarded Legare with the tenderness of a father, and he looked upon me with the affection of a brother; I have felt for him all the fire of an ardent love. And it has all been concealed; and let it still be—let not the tears which Charles and his sweet Mary shall shed over my grave, be embittered by the thought that it was their loves that brought me thus early there. And, as I die, dear father, let that mantle of your love, which has ever been wrapped around me, fall upon those dear ones, whom, with you, I love best on earth. Their affection, your beautiful art, and your trust in Heaven, must be your consolation when I am gone. And it will be a consolation, too, when I tell you that I grieve not at death, that I rejoice in the prospect of it. It is a gladdening thought to me that my spirit is about to escape from its earthly temple, that I am to become altogether spiritual, and so soon to be akin to those angelic spirits that 'adore and burn;' for the crucible of agony, through which my soul has past, has, I trust, refined it, and, I humbly dare to hope, fitted it for the society of Heaven. Seal one other kiss upon my brow, dear father, and I go."

That father impressed there one deep and agonizing embrace; and when he raised his face from hers she was as white and soulless as the statues around him: he was alone with the creations of his art.



## THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

BY F. E. F., AUTHOR OF A "MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE," "AARON'S ROD," &amp;c.

"Do, Fanny, have some fire made," said Mr. Taylor to his wife, "I am almost perished."

"Fire," she repeated.

"Yes, fire," said he. "I am sure it's cold enough. My teeth are fairly chattering."

"It's rather chilly," she replied. "But the grates are cleaned, and the summer blowers up. I can't have a fire made."

"Oh, nonsense," urged her husband. "What if the grates are cleaned? Do ring and order a fire."

But the young wife never stirred as she answered,

"It's out of the question, Charles. The chimnies are closed up."

"Pshaw," said he, impatiently. "What on earth did you have the chimnies closed for? Tom can take the filling out though, I suppose," he continued, as he moved toward the bell.

"No, indeed, he can't," interposed his wife quickly. "What are you thinking of?—he'll raise such a dust! And beside I can't have a fire made indeed. The paint is still fresh, and the white-wash scarce dried, and when things are once cleaned, fires make such a dirt."

"Then I do wish you would not have things cleaned till the necessity for fires is over," said her husband, somewhat vexed. "But you are always in such a hurry with your house-cleaning," he continued, pettishly. "I do hate the sight of a pail of water most devoutly. I am sure the house was clean enough before."

"Clean!" exclaimed his wife, "I don't know what you call clean! I am sure I was ashamed to have any one come in it looked so smoky and dirty. But you men seem to have no perception of dirt," she continued, almost contemptuously. "And it's not so cold either."

"What are you wrapped up in that great shawl then for?" answered her husband.

"Oh, it is rather chilly certainly. A heavy rain like this makes it cold of course. We are liable to such storms in mid summer," she replied.

"It's an absurdity to close up the grates at this season," muttered her husband.

"At this season, Charles! Why it's not cold. Only look at the peach blossoms," she continued, pointing to the tree in the garden in proof of her assertion.

"Well, I wish I was a peach blossom," he replied, "if they are insensible to the weather. Since I can't have a fire, however, I'll put on my overcoat."

"Do," she replied. And he left the room, and returned presently buttoned up to the chin, as if prepared to brave the elements on a pedestrian excursion. He thrust his hands in his pockets and walked up and down the room; while his wife, drawn up almost in

a knot, seated in a large chair and wrapped in a heavy shawl, seemed quite as suffering as himself.

"Now this is too ridiculous, Fanny. You may have been ashamed to have any one come in before things were cleaned, but I declare I should be a great deal more so to be caught just now. How you look in that great blanket! And I can't say I think this fustian coat particularly becoming or suitable for house wear," he said, stopping and looking at himself in the glass.

"No one will come in such weather," she replied, perfectly satisfied as to their being no chance of being caught; but scarcely had she spoken when there was a most decided ring at the bell, which betokened something more than an errand boy or postman, and a shuffling was heard in the hall as if an umbrella, &c., and presently in was ushered a stranger.

"Ah, Harrington!" exclaimed Mr. Taylor, receiving his guest with great cordiality, "when did you arrive?"

"Only this morning," replied the other, "and wishing to see you particularly, I thought I should find you at home such a stormy afternoon as this. Singular weather for May," he continued. "It's more like November."

"It is indeed," replied Mr. Taylor, somewhat embarrassed, and looking ruefully toward the empty grate. "Fanny, dear, I think you might manage that fire-place so we could have a fire."

But Fanny looked annoyed and hesitatingly said—  
"I'm afraid he'll only make it smoke." Whereupon Mr. Harrington protested with chattering teeth that he was not at all cold, and begged that no fire might be kindled on his account. There was no concealing the fact, however, for the whole party looked blue; and after a somewhat short and decidedly uncomfortable visit, Mr. Harrington took his departure.

"He did not stay long at any rate," said Fanny.

"No, indeed!" replied her husband, pettishly, "do you suppose he'd stay and shiver here when he could get away? Poor devil! I do believe he'd have got an angue fit in fifteen minutes more. I declare, Fanny, I was mortified."

"What on earth brought him here?" said Fanny, angry with the man for coming and being uncomfortable. "People have no right to visit in such weather! And what a quantity of dirt he has tracked in!" she continued, with infinite vexation, "my beautiful new matting will be quite spoiled. He might at least have wiped his feet at the door! Dear me! and the hall too! How his umbrella has dripped all over it," and then ringing the bell, she ordered the woman to bring brush and pail, and wipe out all traces of the offending stranger, which operation she

superintending herself, fretting the while, and feeling the whole a great hardship.

It was happily through at last, however; and as Mr Taylor sat opposite to his wife at the tea-table, somewhat thawed by his second cup, he said—

"Fanny, I must ask Harrington to dinner."

"Must you," she replied, with a sort of deprecating accent, that implied that if the necessity were not very urgent, she would rather dispense with the pleasure.

"Yes," he answered; "have you any objections?"

"No," she replied, reluctantly. "Only I must take down the silver, and it's all so nicely put away in whitening and beaver skin."

"Why can't Tom take it down?" inquired her husband.

"Because he can't," she replied. "I never let any one go to my pantries by myself. No—if you must have him, I must do it myself."

Mr. Taylor seemed annoyed at the idea of giving her what was apparently so much trouble, and yet more annoyed at not treating his friend with hospitality, and he said—

"I do not see why you cannot let one of the servants do it."

"Because I can't, Charles," she pursued, with a true woman's answer. "If you must have him, that's enough."

And so the subject dropped, though the husband had a sort of uncomfortable feeling that he was doing something selfish in being still on "hospitable thoughts intent," in spite of his wife's evident reluctance to it; while she on her part felt as if there was a world of trouble before her, and thought of all her lamps with their fresh wicks, &c.

In fact Fanny took things *hard*. Everything in housekeeping was a labor to her. She trusted nobody, she was satisfied with nothing. Servants were her "natural enemies;" flies her torments; moth her corroding evil; and all the minor ills of life, miseries.

She had been married about two years, and wanted to be, and thought she was, a very good housekeeper, and so she was, if having everything as bright and nice as labor and care could make it, is good housekeeping; but if the term is meant to go a little further and include *comfort*, and as much of happiness as depends upon domestic details, she wofully missed it. When her husband came home of an evening, wearied with the toils and cares of the day, and would gladly have refreshed himself with a little female gossip and lively chit-chat, she generally greeted him with a grave, anxious face, and a long story of some petty domestic annoyance, the history of some housemaid who *would* make up the third story before the second, or use the brooms and pails of either indiscriminately; and the man servant, who, spite of all she could *do* or say, had certain ways of his own of arranging his pantries, that were a source of bitter complaint.

"Well, dismiss them," said Mr. Taylor, impatiently.

"Where's the use," she answered, complainingly, "they are all as bad, one as another. I spent a week in going about making inquiries before I engaged Tom, and he had first rate recommendations—and yet you see what a torment he is. He is so obstinate," and then followed such a list of Tom's moral

delinquencies that the only wonder was that Mrs. Taylor was able to keep him for a day.

If Tom's story could have been heard, it would probably have been quite as earnest, and perhaps as reasonable; in which Mrs. Taylor would have figured as the most pertinacious and exacting of housekeepers, "interfering," as Tom thought, "with what did not concern her, for if he did his work well, he had a right to do it in the way he liked best." So no doubt a silent struggle was going on, on Tom's part, as well as his mistress—for human nature is not all on one side—nor perfection to be bought for any stipulated sum, let it be what it will, per month.

"Where is Mr. Harrington?" she asked, the next day, when her husband returned to dinner.

"He was engaged to day," he replied, "and I asked him for to-morrow."

"Oh, how provoking," she replied, "I thought you meant to bring him to-day."

"I did," he said. "But if the man would not come, I could not make him, you know. But what difference does it make?"

"A great deal," she answered, evidently much annoyed. "I have had the dinner-table set up stairs to-day, and wanted to get through with it."

"Well, and I wish you would have it so every day, Fanny," said her husband. "You know I hate the basement, particularly as you never will let me bring a stranger down there."

"Now, Charles," she said, imploringly, "how can you ask it? During the winter I am very willing; but in summer with the flies it is really out of the question."

"Then when we have strangers let them dine down there," persisted her husband.

"Oh, that will never do," she replied, "the room is nice enough for us when we are alone; but as to admitting company there, it's impossible."

"It's very hard," he replied, with some vexation, "that I am not able to ask a friend to dinner when I wish it."

"I am sure, Charles," she said, the tears starting to her eyes as she spoke, "I never object to your having your friends when you wish it. You are very unjust."

"If you don't object, Fanny, in so many words," he answered, pettishly, "there's always such a fuss made about it that it amounts to the same thing."

"Fuss!" she repeated, much hurt. "I don't know what you mean by fuss. I only want to know *when* you expect company, and that I am sure is reasonable enough."

"But I tell you I don't always know when myself," he replied, impatiently.

"Well, you need not be angry at my asking," she persisted.

"I am not angry," he replied, in a voice that rather contradicted his words.

Tears were now falling fast from his wife's pretty eyes, and half sorry, and half angry, he said—

"Now what is the matter, Fanny?"

"You are very unjust, and very unreasonable," she replied, weeping.

"Very unjust and very unreasonable, Fanny," he

repeated, in his turn both offended and hurt. "I really don't know what I have done or said to merit such reproaches as these."

"It's very hard," she continued, sobbing, "to be called fussy and unkind, because I try to keep things in something like decent order."

"I did not call you either fussy or unkind," he replied—

"Something very like it," she persisted, "you said——"

"I said," interrupted he, "that you made a fuss with having dinner up stairs and all that, when we have company, and that's all I said," he continued, decidedly, and with some temper, "for you do make a fuss. But I never said you were unkind, for that you never are."

Fanny, in the midst of her tears, saw that her husband was in earnest, and felt that she had better not push the matter any further, or he might be provoked to assert his will even more decisively, so, still bent upon having her own way, she dried her eyes and only said—

"If Mr. Harrington dines here to-morrow, you had better ask Mr. Morgan to meet him."

"I will," he replied, glad to turn the conversation. "Come, dinner is on table," and they sat down, both rather sorry for the discussion, and resolved to be agreeable and good humored for the rest of the day.

But when people's tempers have been ruffled and their spirits exhausted, it is not very easy always to recover their usual tone immediately; and Fanny, spite of her efforts, could not be gay, while she still heard the word "fussy" ringing in her ears; and Mr. Taylor did not forget at once that he had been called "unreasonable and unjust." So after several vain endeavors at conversation, she fell into a languid silence, and he threw himself upon the sofa in hopes of a nap until the evening papers came in.

No further allusion was made to Mr. Harrington or the basement room. Fortunately a friend or two came in during the evening, and it passed off tolerably cheerfully, though Fanny still went to bed with a weight at her heart, the exact cause of which she could hardly have told, while the long breath she drew at intervals sounded so like a sigh, that her husband felt each as a gentle reproach to himself.

Thus with youth, health, means sufficient, and not a serious care upon earth, our young housekeeper often contrived to feel as sad, and make her husband look as gloomy, as if some real misfortune was hanging over them.

"The Hazards are going to break up housekeeping," said some female gossip, one day, while dining with the Taylors.

"Indeed," said Fanny. "Why is that?"

"They are tired out," replied her friend.

"I am not surprised at it," said Mrs. Taylor—"there is no comfort in it."

"Not in keeping house as Mrs. Hazard does," replied the lady. "I never saw a house in such a condition."

"Ah!" exclaimed Fanny, to whose taste this bit of gossip was peculiarly suited. "How was it?"

"Oh, she attended to nothing," replied her friend.

"Everybody did just as they pleased. The servants cleaned when they liked, or left it alone. Mr. Hazard brought in company at all times, and if they had a good dinner, so much the better; and if they had not, they did not seem to think it a matter of any consequence. I never saw people who took things so easily. If any *contretems* happened, which of course they would with such housekeeping, she only laughed. And I really believe there was not a whole set of any thing in the house that matched."

"A charming way of living," said Mr. Taylor. "I wonder Hazard wants to break up."

"Well, it was a pleasant, easy sort of house too," continued their guest; "but Mr. Taylor," she added, smiling, "you can hardly expect us ladies to take the trouble to be good housekeepers if you admire such an establishment as Mr. Hazard's. It is really putting a premium upon bad housekeeping, and you would not find much comfort in that, I assure you."

"I should like to try it at any rate," he replied, with a mixture of truth and playfulness that jarred terribly upon his little wife's feelings. "For I must own," he continued, "that I am heartily sick of such good housekeeping. Indeed," he added, with an expression of earnestness that startled Fanny, "I am seriously thinking of giving up this house when the lease expires, and going to board ourselves."

"Oh, Charles!" she exclaimed, too breathless to say more.

"Why, Fanny," he replied, "it is more for your sake than my own that I would make the change. Your housekeeping is a source of perpetual torment to you, I am sure."

"There are occasionally some annoyances," she said.

"Occasionally!" he continued. "Why I am sure it has been nothing but one continued string of complaints ever since we were married. Precious little comfort have we had in housekeeping."

Fanny was fairly frightened. She turned pale, but tried to laugh as she said—

"And so you want me to keep house like Mrs. Hazard, and not have a whole set of china, nor a dozen glasses that will match?"

"Rather that," he replied, resolutely, "than slave yourself and torment me as you do with keeping everything so nice. If I must choose between happiness and order, I should certainly say happiness. Comfort seems out of the question in either case."

"It's to be hoped they are not incompatible," said the lady, laughing, but seeing that the conversation touched Mrs. Taylor deeply, and that her voice faltered, and she could with difficulty keep from tears, she changed the subject, and gave the history of some wedding, the lengthy details of which would at any other time have interested Fanny much. But now she could scarce listen with even decent attention. What her husband had said, had sunk deeply in her mind. "That he had had no comfort since he had been married," words that might well weigh heavily on any young wife's heart, and she pondered them in silence, and wept passionately over them when she was alone.

"I will go to Mrs. Ashland," she said to herself;

"her housekeeping seems to go by magic, and I will ask her how she manages."

And so she went the next morning to Mrs. Ashland, who was an old friend she had known from childhood, and to whom, not without tears, she laid open her whole heart and all her troubles.

"My dear child," said her friend, smiling kindly, "you are a very young housekeeper, that is all."

"Well, dear Mrs. Ashland," said Fanny, "tell me what I must do. How am I to manage? I want to make my husband happy; but at the same time, I should like to have something like order and comfort around me. Do tell me how you do."

"In the first place, Fanny," said Mrs. Ashland, "if you take my advice, you will never tell your husband of any of your petty domestic annoyances. He has his own business cares and troubles, and wants to be enlivened with cheerful conversation when he comes home; and from your own account it seems you pour into his weary ears all your little complaints, which sound like something quite serious to his already sagged and jaded spirit, when after all they are but the merest trifles, which it would be better for your own happiness if you dismissed from your own mind. But to treasure them up to repeat to your husband is really an act of more than folly."

"There is a good deal in that to be sure," replied the candid Fanny. "But when I feel so annoyed and provoked, as I am half the time, I cannot help letting him see it."

"But my dear," persisted her friend, "you must not feel so. With youth, health, means, and though last not least, a husband that you dearly love, what right have you to let trifles prey thus upon your happiness?"

"But your housekeeping goes on so quietly," urged

Fanny, "that it is very easy for you to say so—but if you had such plagues as I have——"

"And pray what plagues have you," said Mrs. Ashland, smiling, "that I have not? Servants who are of the same flesh and blood that you and I are, Fanny—is not that all? You surely cannot expect perfection out of human nature for seven or even ten dollars a month."

"But they are so ignorant and obstinate," replied Fanny. "If they would only *mind* I would not care for the rest."

"Perfect obedience is the most difficult of human virtues, Fanny," returned Mrs. Ashland. "Don't you think if we had the reverse of the medal we might hear complaints equally bitter, and perhaps equally just against mistresses?"

"Well," said Fanny, "perhaps so. But your house is always in perfect order—yet you take everything easily. How do you do it?"

"By not *exacting* too much," replied her friend. "By keeping a general superintendence, but not interfering too much with my servants. If they do their work faithfully and well, I let them do it in their own way. And above all, Fanny, take the little *contretemps* we must all meet with easily. We have real misfortunes and serious troubles enough to encounter through the journey of life, without creating them for ourselves in discontented tempers and unhappy households. The first object of good housekeeping is *comfort*, and comfort implies quiet and ease. But above all, my dear child, don't let little things loom into great ones. One must put up with much, and pass over much to get through the world happily."

Fanny took the advice; and has never regretted it.

## THE GOLDEN ARM.

### A LEGEND OF THE DANUBE AND THE OLDEN TIME.

On the North bank of the Danube, at its nearest proximity to the Bohmurwald Mountains, lie the ruins of an old castle, overgrown by moss and lichen. A gloomy forest of firs surrounds it, where the winds whistle through with strange and appalling sounds; the boatmen upon the dark, rolling river pass by in silence, for the legend connected with the spot is faithfully believed by them. There is a superstition also that some misfortune will follow those who look upon that castle after nightfall.

Once upon a time—goes the tale—there lived in the castle a rich baron, who had a very beautiful wife; she was slight in figure, with an abundance of light golden hair, that hung in bright waves to her feet; her eyes were so calm and pure in expression, that the guilty could never look upon them without feeling abashed; the remarkable paleness of her complexion was relieved by the deep crimson hue of her lips, and the glossy jet of her long eye-lashes; her dress was always of white, rose color, or delicate blue.

The baroness, though so lovely, had not been exempted from pain and misfortune. Hunting one day with her husband, she was thrown from her horse, and her left arm was so bruised by the fall that amputation was necessary. The baron was sorely distressed at the accident, and annoyed at his gentle lady's fortitude and endurance. She saw her husband's sorrow, and forbore from repining at her own loss.

The superstitious began to regard her with wonder and admiration, the more that her beauty did not fade, and that she was never known to utter an unkind word. Her influence over the baron was so great that he seemed to have overcome every evil feeling and passion of his nature. Before his marriage he had been cruel and avaricious, but now no one was more generous and noble. The gold that he had hoarded up he gave to a skilful workman to make for his wife a new arm, which she wore with ease, and she became known by the name of "the lady with the golden arm."

Stormy winter and sunny summer passed by, untouched by grief or care for the inmates of the castle, when, one day in early spring, as the baroness was listening to the songs of birds, (always so musical in their happy pairing time) she experienced a sudden dejection of spirits—a presentiment of coming sorrow. That night was a stormy one without, and sounds were heard, as if the spirits of the mountains were revelling in the darkness. Mournful wailings were blended with the roar of disturbed waters, the noise of which reached the inner chamber, where watched an anxious group around the couch of the sick baroness. The life of the lovely lady had departed before the birds had again warbled their morning songs; and

the baron looked out upon the now calm aspect of nature: but the scene looked desolate to him, and the clear sky and fresh looking earth wore to him a funeral pall.

Man cannot mourn forever, and the loneliness and solitude which the baron suffered had changed him to his former nature. Avarice had again taken possession of his soul, and he was absorbed in the love of gold. He became cruel, hard and cold. The pure angel of the mansion had fled, and he was left undisturbed in his pursuits. He once thought him of the golden arm that lay in the old vault, beneath the name of the departed baroness. The idea of securing it was at first spurned by him, but the desire of possessing it became gradually so strong that he scrupled no longer at the violation of the grave. In darkness and gloom, and with stealthy steps did the changed baron seek the tomb of his wife for the un mouldered arm. The worm had destroyed all but it and a jeweled ring, that sparkled with undiminished brilliancy. The baron placed his treasure, the arm of gold, among his stores of wealth. Riches such as few possessed were now his. He was a man of power and worldly greatness, but it was the acquisition of wealth that he alone desired; for no eye but his own ever rested upon the glittering hoards.

The midnight following the day that the golden arm had been purloined from its resting-place, the baron awoke with a perception of a depressing stillness in the air. It was a warm night in summer. Not a leaf moved, not an insect fanned its tiny wings. A single star shone in the dark blue sky through an open window, and its soft light was reflected from a wide mirror opposite—everything was silent and still—fearfully so. A form, shadowy and indistinctly defined, leaned motionless against the deep window. The baron's eyes were fixed upon it with horror in their extended pupils. He had not the power of removing his gaze, or of changing his attitude until the horizon became tinged with a hue of violet light, and with the coming day the terrors of the night were forgotten, or remembered as a dream.

The second night, at the same hour, the baron awoke, and the same appearance presented itself, but more palpably, and he soon recognized the form of his once loved wife; there was a look of severity upon her countenance, and a reproach expressed in her gentle eyes.

The bright sunbeams of the morning fell upon the wild and idiotic face of the baron. He wandered for a few years along the shore of the Danube, and his manner of death was unknown. His wealth passed into strange hands, all but the golden arm, which was never found. He sleeps, not in his ancestral vaults, but lies no one can tell where.

Thus, as evening closes, the boatmen voyaging  
down the Danube, tell this strange, wild legend.  
What minnesinger, in the olden time, first sang it,  
none can tell; but it has survived the decay of castles,  
the glory of knighthood, and the fall of empires. It  
tells its own moral. How that wealth, inordinately  
desired, and improperly used, brings not blessings,  
but curses, and mayhap involves the soul itself in  
eternal ruin. \* \*

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## THE SPANIARD'S REVENGE.

BY JOHN S. JENKINS.

ABOUT three leagues west of Cordova, in Moorish Spain, and on the northern bank of the Gaudalquivir, the main road to Seville is crossed by a small tributary stream, which, after plunging over many a tall rock, and dashing through many a dark chasm, among the frowning cliffs and deep ravines of the Sierra Morona, finds its way out into the smooth plains of Andalusia; and then, as if rejoicing, in very gladness of heart, at its escape from so much noise and bustle, it courses its way silently on across a wide, sandy bed, with pebbles of every shape and hue at the bottom, glistening and glancing ever so brightly in the sunlight; then further on, it almost loses itself amid the waving tussocks of grass that hang droopingly over its bosom; and then again, you hear it murmuring softly among the groves of acacia and sycamore. At some two hundred yards distance from the spot where the brook crosses the road, it sweeps around the base of a low hill or undulation, occupying, perhaps, twenty or thirty acres, and richly wooded with forest and fruit trees. Near the centre of the elevated ground, and in full view of the road, at the time to which the story relates, stood the country-house of Don Emanuel D'Alaya, formerly the most worthy corregidor of Cordova, but then retired from the cares of public life, rich in this world's goods, in vast stores of oil and wine, and flocks and herds without number; but blessed was he, more than all, in one fair daughter, his only child, whom, it were sooth to say, he loved "passing well."

A narrow, sandy carriage-way, skirted with dwarf brambles, led to the house, which was situated in the midst of a garden or grove, surrounded by a low parapet wall of dark brown stone. The gateway was partially overgrown with creepers of various kinds, whose long, delicate sprays were constantly dancing about whenever there was the least breeze to animate them; but within, the grounds presented the appearance of more careful thrift and management. The walks were tastefully arranged, and bordered with lilbert and juniper bushes, with the arbutus and the érape myrtle. There were whole thickets of oranges and olives, arbors buried beneath the most luxuriant foliage, and, here and there, charming flower-beds,

bright with the hues of the cactus, the rose of Japan, the clustering cistus, and red and white camolias. In the rear was a miniature forest of tall beeches and limes, with a gloomy cork tree occasionally interspersed among them, and, high above all, rose the tapering spires of the laurel. Beyond this, there stretched away, for long, long miles, an unbroken tract of country, to the very foot of the distant mountains, which lifted their heads to the clouds, crowned to the summit with cedar, ilex and pine.

The residence of Don Emanuel was of a mixed compound of Spanish and Moorish architecture. The main centre building was dark and sombre enough, but there had been a wing added on each side, of a more recent date, and more cheerful and elegant in appearance; and along the entire front there ran a light colonnade, as airy and as graceful as fancy could have designed. The ceiling of the portico was ornamented with stucco-work, and curious designs in arabesque, and studded with glazed bricks, on which were graven the arms of the noble house of D'Alaya. The broad avenue or walk, in front of the house, was paved with tessellated stone, and as it approached the porch it was increased in width, so as completely to encircle a fountain of the purest white marble, with a statue of Ganymede in the centre of the basin, sculptured of the same material, and represented as pouring out what appeared to be an endless libation.

Upon a low stool of sandal wood, in one of the balconies jutting out from the eastern wing, well nigh toward sunset of a lovely day in the early summer, was seated the Donna Maria Dolores, daughter and sole heiress of Don Emanuel D'Alaya; while from the adjoining apartment, occupied by her maidens, came the merry clink of the castanet, and the sound of happy voices that denoted the happier hearts forgetting everything like care or sorrow in the excitement of the dance. She was habited in a rich dress of green silk, from the looms of Grenada, woven in damascene, and passemented with silver. The sleeves were looped back at the elbow with clasps of emerald. The bodice was closely fitted to the shape of the wearer, and displayed the beauties of

her finely developed form to advantage. Her dress was quite low in the neck, though not more so than the fashions of the day warranted; but the voluptuous fullness of her bust and shoulders was half concealed by a broad collar and ruff of Flemish lace. Her hair was smoothly braided, and secured by narrow bands of gold and purple tissue interwoven with natural flowers. A string of pearls encircled her neck, from which was suspended, by a gold chain, a small cross of amethyst.

The Donna Maria was most certainly a beauty, albeit her complexion was many shades darker than those of our fair Northern ladies. Though her cheek was tinged with a hue of brown, it was smooth and clear, and the warm blood shone through it, shaded and subdued in color, but bright and healthful. Her eyes were dark as night, beaming full of deep and earnest passion, and flashing back with interest the rays of the declining sun. Her lips were large, pouting and luscious; and her voice musical and soft. As she sat there in a reclining position, with her head gently resting on her soft hand, her form appeared to be more full than was compatible with elegance, or ease of movement, but it was, nevertheless, lithe and active. There were few among the high-born *senoritas* of the province, who moved with a more queenly gait, or swept along more gracefully in the proud step of the fandango.

At the feet of the lady were the harp and gittern, with which she had been amusing herself. Ballad after ballad of the olden time had she sang, and then, as if tired of recounting the chivalric deeds and lofty heroism of her race, she dwelt in sweeter accents upon some simple tale of love. But after awhile she had wearied of all, and sank into a musing mood. Her thoughts were neither sad nor unpleasant, for often would a blush crimson her cheek that was not evidence of shame or sorrow. And yet she would sigh deeply, and suffered the noise and merriment near her to pass unchecked and unheeded. It was very evident that she was in love. Still it could not be that she had given her heart unsought. Oh, no!—she would not have shamed her pride of lineage, her Castilian blood, so much as to be won unwooed. It was scarce a twelvemonth since she had been riding homeward, with a few attendants, from the convent of the Holy Virgin, just without the walls of the city, when a wounded bird, after fluttering uneasily for a few seconds over her head, fell dead upon her bosom, its warm blood dyeing her white stomacher, and trickling down over her velvet riding-dress, and the gay trappings of the Andalusia poney on which she was mounted. To catch the poor stricken innocent in her hands and give utterance to her sympathy was in her woman's nature; and it was never known how many a bitter malediction she might have pronounced against the cruel murderer; for as she raised her tearful eyes they met the gaze of a young cavalier who had at that moment sprang from the thicket, and stood bowing before her with his broad-leaved sombrero in his hand, and his glossy raven hair falling in masses over a face delicately shaded by his well trimmed beard and curling mustachio.

He was in the early prime of manhood; he was

neither tall, nor short, but of the middle height; and his frame was firmly and compactly built. His carbine was slung over his shoulder by an embroidered belt of chamois leather, and at his side he wore a long, sharp-pointed hunting-knife, similar in many respects to, but much broader than, the ordinary Spanish *couteau de-chasse*. The first thought of the Donna Maria as she looked upon him, clad though he was in a hunting tunic of murray colored cloth of Cuenca, tightened at the waist, and descending to the tops of his Cordova boots, which bore the stains of long and dusty travel, was that he seemed most comely in person; and when he addressed her in deep, low tones, but eloquent and full of feeling, her heart began to beat quite anxiously, notwithstanding her efforts to appear unconcerned.

"A thousand pardons, fair *senora*," said he, "if I have frightened you!"

"Ah! *Senor Caballero*, it was indeed most cruel sport to deprive so innocent a thing of life."

"Nay, sweet lady, not half so cruel as that those bright eyes should look so frowningly; or that those rosy lips should utter such harsh rebuke."

The words were spoken half lightly and half in earnest, and though the language was not strange for that day, it brought a warm blush into the lady's countenance. The tone of her reply was softened, and they gradually engaged in conversation until he entreated and obtained permission to accompany her. His horse, which had been led by a servant while he pursued his search for game on foot, was now brought up. Grasping with one hand the cantle of his demipique, he vaulted lightly into the seat; and was soon laughing and chatting gaily with the Donna Maria as he rode at her side.

Don Alberto Nivada had barely attained to man's estate, and within a few months past had laid aside his students' cap and gown at the university of Hienares, and entered into the possession of the large inheritance which had descended to him from an illustrious ancestry. Both his parents were dead, and he was then returning from a visit to some relatives at Seville. These facts were soon communicated to his companion, and one would have supposed from the ease and familiarity with which they afterward conversed, that they were old and devoted friends. Such they could not well be already, but it was not long before they became even more than that, for they were promised and affianced lovers. Don Alberto often came and went, and came again, but to find his betrothed more beautiful and winning, and more rejoiced to welcome him. The father smiled most kindly upon his children, as he was wont to call them, and all went on brightly and hopefully.

It may be granted then that it was none other than Don Alberto who caused the Donna Maria to sigh so deeply as we have said while seated on the balcony. She had been impatiently waiting his arrival ever since the mid-day, although she had no earthly reason to anticipate his coming until near nightfall. A slight frown was perceptibly gathering on her brow, and her delicate fingers were contracting as if under the influence of some powerful excitement, when all at once she sprang to her feet, a glad smile wreathed



her fine lip, and her bosom swelled as though she had that instant discovered some newer and dearer joy.

"Ah! it is he!—Alberto!" she exclaimed, as the cloud of dust which had attracted her attention rolled away, and disclosed the form of a mounted cavalier in a silken jerkin and embroidered cloak, with his long white plume floating in the breeze, and the precious stones on the hilt of his toledo glowing with sunbeams. He approached at a rapid rate, and she was soon folded in his arms. A servant almost immediately presented himself with some iced orange water in a crystal glass, and a silver basket filled with choicé fruit and biscuit. After tasting the refreshments, Alberto seated himself by the side of his mistress; and thus they spent the evening hours by the light of the now moon and the smiling stars, talking as lovers always talk when blest as they were blest.

"And so, dear one," said he, as he rose to take leave for the night, and imprinted a kiss upon the cheek yet warm from its resting place on his bosom. "And so, dear one, the morrow shall bless our nuptials?"

"If the bishop of Cordova and the good saints so will it, Alberto."

"And we shall love each other always?"

"Always! Alberto."

"It is a holy and solemn rite that will unite us, not only so far as this world's interest and hopes are concerned, but in heart and in spirit now and forever. My heart's best and truest affection is thine, Maria, and it will cling to thee even beyond the grave; for that love would, indeed, be valueless which death could terminate."

The lady sighed, partly at the sad thought of the separation to which his words had reference, and partly, it may be feared, from perplexity and doubt as to what she could do to while away the tedious hours when no longer rejoicing in his presence. But she said nothing, and so they parted.

The morning saw them wedded. It was a bright, clear day, and joy and gladness beamed everywhere around them. There were troops of friends to wish them good cheer and happiness; the festive board was spread for all, whether of high or low degree; and even the poor market people as they trudged along at set of sun with the avails of their oil and butter, their fruits and vegetables, were regaled with choicé wine and figs, and oranges, and melons. Kind words were spoken that were not meant in jest, and blessings, both deep and heartfelt, were invoked for the young senora and her lord.

Years rolled by. In the course of time Don Emanuel was gathered to the resting-place of his fathers; Alberto and his bride were blessed with one sweet daughter, and almost fancied themselves supremely happy. Like other mortals they may have been mistaken in this; but it is none the less true that they were exceedingly miserable, when it became necessary for Don Alberto to proceed to Mexico with all speed, or run the hazard of losing the greater portion of his patrimony. Without making any unnecessary delay, he soon after set out for Cadiz, at that time the principal port of commerce with India and America;

while the senora, his wife, returned to their residence near Cordova, determined to seclude herself entirely from the world during the period of his absence. The separation, though it promised to be not long, was a severe blow to the Donna Maria. In a few months, however, she received the welcome information that the property her husband had gone to secure was all safely shipped on board of a vessel about to sail for Spain, and that he himself had embarked in a sloop of war, with the hope of making a much more expeditious passage. The hope was not realized. Weeks and months passed away; Don Alberto's gold and silver were deposited in his coffers; and then at length the tidings came that the ship in which he had risked what was far more precious than all, his own existence, had foundered at sea, as it was supposed, and not one of those on board had escaped.

Long and weary had the hours been to the Donna Maria ever since the departure of Don Alberto; but longer and more wearisome were they when his absence was believed to be perpetual. For many days her cheeks were pale with sorrow, and her eyes were red with weeping. She missed—oh! how much she missed—the bright smiles that never rested on her but in gladness, and the dear tones which she was used to fancy were so full of tenderness and truth. The hours of sunlight were very tedious, and the nights sad and lonely. It had ever been to her a sincere

"Delight to hear  
Her only child misapprehend uttered words;"

and often would she forget her brooding care in witnessing its sportive gambols and listening to its joyous prattle. But soon the thought would force itself upon her that her lot need not be such a solitary one, for the world was just the same as ever, and full of gaiety and pleasure. She was still young and beautiful, naye, even more beautiful than in the days of her maidenhood. Why then might not she enjoy life as others enjoyed it? Why might not she mingle in the crowd? Why should she be forever shut out from the innocent mirth and amusements which had so many charms for her in former years.

The Donna Maria was not unfaithful to her husband's memory. She never thought of him but with love. Still it must be confessed there were times when she strove to think of something else that would not cause her so much unhappiness. She began to feel that it was necessary she should seek for consolation away from the scenes around which she loved, but lost, appeared to linger. And then she determined to go into society more frequently, and see if her heart could not become lighter, and her spirits more buoyant and cheerful. At first she persisted in wearing her dark robes of mourning, but it was not long before a parti-colored riband appeared in her hair, and this was followed by an embroidered collar, and the last succeeded by one article of fashion after another, until almost within the year she shone out in all her resplendent loveliness, heightened by every charm and appliance of the toilet. The incense of flattery was very grateful to her. She was caressed and courted by all; and her peerless charms were toasted in many a cup of wine of Cyprus among the cavaliers

of Cordova. The fame of her beauty and her wealth brought many suitors to her feet, and when she accompanied a noble lady, her cousin, to the court at Madrid, all were in despair. But her star was yet in the ascendant, and not one of the proud and haughty madrilenas of the capital was more eagerly sought after than herself. In a few weeks after the young Duke D'Oriza offered her his hand and heart. She had been much gratified with his attentions, and the conquest was one well calculated to please her fancy; but she hesitated to signify her acceptance. She had doubts; she had misgivings. She once thought that those who had never wedded, not even death could sever; and now she hardly dared to think seriously upon the matter. Her confessor, the pious father Bartholomew, who was a distant kinsman of Don Alberto's, had attended her on the journey; and to him she determined to apply for counsel, half persuading herself at the time that she would follow his advice without hesitation or reluctance.

"Father!" said she, in a low and trembling voice, while her fingers were nervously pressed upon the gilt bars of the confessional —. "Father! doth our Holy church ever sanction with its blessing a second nuptials?"

"Good and learned men, daughter, doubt it much. And yet I cannot say such things do not happen, and that with the approval of our prelates. We may hope that Heaven's curse does not attend them."

A slight shudder convulsed the limbs of the lady, and she found it impossible to suppress the earnest sigh that escaped her.

"But why dost thou ask this question?" added the priest. "Hast thou ceased to remember thy former husband, and would'st thou wed another?"

"Oh! no; I have not failed to think of him—nor shall I do so—but, father—but is it not wrong to deny myself the pleasures and the felicity that may be in store for me?—is it not a sin to shut myself out from the world which, they tell me, I am fitted to adorn?"

"Flattery may well turn thy heart, daughter. But there are many innocent amusements of which thou can'st partake, and yet remain unwedded."

"And then the world may calumniate—may speak lightly of me."

"True, daughter; true it may. Still would I entreat thee to be faithful to Alberto's love. He was a man of captivating person, and of noble presence."

"Yes, father, was he—and kind and generous!"

"Why then would'st thou forget him?"

"No; not forget him—not forget, father."

"But there is still hope of his return; and—but I would not delude thee with vain fancies. Were Don Alberto living, we should have had tidings from him many months ago."

"Indeed we would, father!"

"Yet, daughter, thy time may be well spent in caring for the temporal and spiritual welfare of thy young daughter, the gentle Isabella."

"Have I not done this, father? Surely I have placed her with the holy sisterhood to whom thou did'st direct me."

"I complain not that thou hast neglected thy duty in this. But I would not have thee wed again!"

Perhaps there was too much of earnestness in the friar's tone, for the Donna Maria answered hastily—

"And could'st thou be jealous, father?"

"Daughter!" said he, gravely; "thou speakest but idly; I would forget the passions and the frailties of humanity. I cannot think that Alberto, who is now, I trust, in Heaven, would approve thy course."

"Truly, father, do I hope to meet him there. Oh! be sure it will rejoice me much!"

"Ah! daughter—but whose bride wilt thou be in that hour?—to what vows wilt thou cling?—those thou hast once uttered, or those thou mayest hereafter take? Say, my daughter?"

"Father, thou mightest well have said thou had'st none of the hopes and feelings that fill the world with gladness. Thou art cold and heartless—thou would'st deny me happiness, life, and everything!"

"No, lady, no! Thou hast a treasure I would bid thee guard with constant care, for it is holy and above all price—a husband's memory! Be true to thine own heart—be true to him—and it will cheer and solace, and comfort thee through all; yea, it will be a sweet and worthy joy to crown thy life with blessedness and peace!"

The priest was silent for a moment, but as the lady answered nothing, he added—

"Think of this thing seriously, my daughter. Thou must decide for thyself; I can say no more."

The fervent language to which she had listened was not altogether disregarded by the Donna Maria; but the current of her thoughts was speedily changed in the bustle and animation of the court; and when the duke again repeated his vows and protestations, and earnestly besought her not to reject his suit, she did not say him nay.

The shades of night were falling fast over the city of Madrid on the day succeeding that of the marriage of the duke and the Donna Maria; when a cavalier, whose features were almost concealed in the folds of the dark cloak slashed with gold lace, which he drew closely around him, hurried rapidly across the open plaza in front of the royal residence. He had barely passed the centre of the square, when his steps were arrested by a startled voice muttering near him—

"That step and gait!—how much resembling his!"

The cavalier turned on his heel, and discovered the form of a priest shrouded in hood and cassock. Then hastily putting his hand to his pouch, he drew forth a few maravedis, and offering them to the friar, said—

"Here are alms, father!—but stay me not; I am in haste, and have no need of benison, except it be to speed me on my way."

"Don Alberto!—now may all the saints defend me!"

"Ah! is it thou, my good Bartholomew?" exclaimed the cavalier, joyfully extending his hand. "What news of the Donna Maria?—and why art thou here?"

The answer of the priest to his rapid inquiries disclosed much that Don Alberto seemed most anxious to know, but much he would have died rather than to have heard. His own mysterious absence was soon explained. The vessel in which he had sailed was wrecked, but he and a number of his companions had been rescued by an English merchantman on its

way to the East Indies. Without being able to communicate the intelligence to his friends at home, he found himself thus unexpectedly borne away on a distant voyage. At Batavia he took shipping for Callao, from whence he travelled by land over the rough mountains and sandy deserts of Peru, and the grassy plains of the Brazils to Demerara, where he was so fortunate as to find a vessel bound direct to Terrol. He had arrived there in safety, and was now hastening homeward to relieve the fears and anxiety of his wife, which had caused him many hours of pain and wretchedness; merely pausing at Madrid to deliver some important papers entrusted to him for the prime minister. But when the terrible truth was forced upon him that her he loved so well was now another's bride, it was frightful to behold his agony. His proud heart struggled as if it would burst from his bosom, and the fierce workings of his countenance were perceptible in the sunlight of evening. He had been educated in good and virtuous precepts; he was honorable, generous, and high-souled—loving, trusting, and confiding—but he was also fierce and passionate when he felt that wrong had been done him; and his clenched hand was swayed to and fro like lightning as he called on Heaven to curse this unhallowed bridal.

"Nay, Alberto!" interrupted the priest. "She is the mother of thy child—curse her not."

"Father! leave me," said he, bitterly. "At the early dawn I may be found on the Calle Alcala. Seek me there, for I would speak with thee again."

The priest murmured his blessing and they separated.

It was past midnight; and the silver lamp hanging suspended from the ceiling shed its mellow light through the bed-chamber of the Donna Maria, mingling its rich perfumes with the fragrance of the choicest flowers from the Prado and the Delicias. The crimson damask hangings of the room, with their gold fringe and tassels, moved slightly in the breeze. The bed curtains were of the brightest orange, and draped away on either hand from the centre, where they hung attached to the bills of two doves carved in porphyry, and joined together with bands of myrtle. The tester was of blue satin, fluted and trimmed with a deep border of lace. All was still in the apartment, save the measured breathing of two sleepers—that of one soft and gentle as an angel's whisper, while the other was deep and heavy like that of strong and active manhood. The interior of the couch was thrown into the shade, and the form of a lovely woman was alone visible. Nothing could be more faultless than the symmetry of her limbs, whose exquisite proportions were revealed in the movements of an unquiet slumber. The round white arm thrown carelessly over the counterpane; the ripe lips, the blooming cheeks, and the dark ringlets escaping from her head-dress, formed a picture beautiful to look upon.

Thus slept the Donna Maria, dreaming of high thoughts and a high destiny; but little thinking that the eyes of one who had only too much right to survey those charms, were fastened upon her. The soft India matting on which Don Alberto placed his foot, as he thrust the tapestry aside and stepped into the chamber, gave back no sound. Slowly and

noiselessly he advanced to the bed, and as his eye rested on the wife from whom he had parted in such deep sorrow, a faint but sickly smile lighted up his countenance. For an instant he gazed sadly and earnestly upon her, and then muttered—

"So fair!—so beautiful!—and yet so false! But I will print one more kiss upon this smooth brow, where his, perhaps, have never lingered."

He leaned over her silently and pressed his lips upon her forehead; and then gentler feelings stole over him, and a tear glistened in his eye. He might have relented in all, for he was sorely moved; but as he raised his head her lips were opened in her dreams. Breathlessly he again bent forward to hear her speak, and as the whispered tones reached his ear he started as if a sudden pain convulsed him. The words were scarcely audible—they spoke of love; but the name of Alberto was not coupled with them. The intruder groaned in bitterness of heart; and his eye-balls shone like twin meteors. His hand was instantly carried beneath his cloak, and a few steps brought him to the further side of the couch. The curtains were parted quickly, and a bright line of light seemed to cleave the air. This was followed by the sharp cutting sound of a sword-thrust, and a low, half-stifled moan. The victim struggled not much, for Don Alberto held him motionless, as if endowed with a giant's strength. Once the lady rose half way from her pillow, as though in affright, but she sank back again quietly as if naught had happened.

When the morning broke, the Donna Maria sprang up lightly from her couch to inhale the fresh and balmy gale; but, as she did so, the glare of blood caught the eye, and her shrieks resounded wildly through the corridor. Horror-stricken was she at the dreadful disclosure, and for weeks she raved madly of Alberto and the duke. None knew whose hand had dealt the blow. The family of the duke made every exertion to discover the assassin; suspicion fell on a servant whom he had lately punished severely, and dismissed from his service; and the suspicion became certainty when it was known that he had suddenly disappeared. Efforts were made to ferret out his retreat, but without avail. Shortly after the Donna Maria was restored to health and consciousness, however, a billet was found one day upon her dressing-table, which simply contained these words:

*"The vengeance has been mine!—let repentance be thy task!"*

The characters were too well known for her to be mistaken, and yet she was not much surprised. She was sure the billet came through Father Bartholomew, though she never questioned him. The truth had flashed upon her long before, but she spoke not of it. And this last secret also remained unrevealed. No one knew she had received the billet, and no one ever saw or heard its contents. Bowed down with anguish, and completely subdued in spirit, she determined to take the veil; and ere the year had expired she sought a refuge from her sorrows in the convent, where she died. The daughter grew up in matchless grace and loveliness, and was mated happily and well; while the father perished, solitary and alone, a hermit on a far-off shore.

## REVERSES IN REAL LIFE.

BY HARDIE P. CHAMPLIN.

HAPPY Nest is the quaint term with which sister Lucia honors our humble dwelling. 'Tis truly a "happy nest" at present, though its inmates have "drank of sorrow's bitter cup."

The members of our family are five. A mild, loving mother, who moves silently about, with a peaceful smile resting upon her death-like countenance; good health is a stranger to her attenuated frame, yet she is cheerful, and encourages us all by her beautiful piety and firm reliance upon the goodness of our Heavenly Father.

Her eldest is a pale, quiet one, who is bereft of reason.

Viola is a sweet, energetic sister, who by her exertions comfortably supports the family, and bears the college expenses of a wild, harum-scarum boy, who has no particular qualifications to distinguish him from ordinary bipeds.

Lastly, and least of the birds in this nest, is our lovely little Lucia, who flutters gaily along life's pathway with a dimple in each rosy cheek, and a sparkle in her eyes, which brighten at sound of mirth and overflow in sympathy with another's woe.

Viola is a factory girl. She has received a liberal education, but finding that she could earn more by labor in the factory than teaching, she cheerfully passes twelve hours each day in a dingy, noisy apartment, in attending her loom. I have petitioned earnestly to be permitted to leave the university, and bear a portion at least of the duties which her generous self-sacrificing nature has imposed upon her, but she steadfastly refuses my prayer, and with a cheerful smile says that it is a source of delight to her to be enabled to be of use to those she loves so dearly.

Sweet sister! God will reward your unselfish excellence!

I long for the time to come when I can substantially repay your more than sisterly kindness. A heart overflowing with gratitude is now devoted to contribute to your happiness.

We were once the children of prosperity. Our father possessed much more than a competence, and was able to lavish the luxuries of life upon his family. By a series of misfortunes (which it is unnecessary to detail) he lost all, with the exception of our present home; he was so afflicted by care and anxiety for his losses, that he was seized with a brain fever, which terminated fatally. Sorrowfully we followed our good, beloved parent to the grave—

"To pay the last sad duties, and to hear  
Upon the silent dwelling's narrow lid  
The first earth thrown."

These trials pressed severely upon our delicate mother, who fell into a decline, and for months Viola watched by her sick bed with anxious solicitude.

Six years have passed since that trying time. Her health is improved. She saves her strength during the day that she may be able to welcome home the dear laborer at night.

Lucia is a tidy young housekeeper; she has always a delicious supper of bread and milk, of which we partake. Our mother asks such beautiful blessings, it seems as if a Heavenly spirit presided at our happy evening meal.

Poor darkened Mary bows her head at the family altar in mute imitation of the rest. She is but twenty-eight, yet her head is silvered as with the frosts of eighty winters. It is now ten years since a mournful tragedy was enacted, which ended in the overthrow of her reason.

At eighteen Mary was exceedingly beautiful, and a reigning belle. Among her admirers was one to whom nature and fortune had been very bountiful. Everett Earle passionately loved Mary, and she was not indifferent toward him. He was of grave, retiring manners, and a casual observer would scarce have suspected that under a calm demeanor there flowed a current of strong, impetuous feeling: yet most unhappily for that nobly gifted youth it was so! Mary, at times, half avowed the deep esteem which she felt for him; then again she would turn from his delightful conversation, and listen to the empty prattle of numerous frivolous butterflies, by which she was usually surrounded.

Young Earle became weary of this tantalizing game, and resolved to have an understanding. He requested a private interview, which was granted. Mary received him with a gay, saucy smile, and to his earnest protestations made light, unfeeling replies, and assured him that his pointed attentions were very tiresome; an uncontrollable smile of affection played about her mouth as she said these words. The unhappy man saw none of these favorable "signs;" an expression of deepest gloom shaded his countenance; a bitter look of disappointment shot from his fine hazel eyes. He listened without reply for some moments to her trifling conversation, which she continued, poor blind one, unconscious of the deep agony she was inflicting. Suddenly he arose, snatched her hand, and pressed a burning kiss upon it; then hurried precipitately from her presence. She caught a glimpse of his convulsed features; a remorseful conviction of the culpability of her trifling rushed over her. She sprang to the door in an ecstasy of grief and repentance, with the intention of recalling him. Too late, he was gone, with a heavy heart she returned to her seat and wept bitterly a long while. Being of an impulsive nature, she comforted herself with the reflection that the morrow would see him as devoted as ever by her side, when she would make reparation.

She was aroused from her reverie by the rustling of the rose-bushes against the window. She heard the voice of her lover, utter in despairing tones, his last words, "farewell, Mary, my first, my only love. I have placed my hopes of future happiness upon thee, my heart's best treasure; they are blasted, nothing but the grave for me." The poor stricken girl darted to the window. It was a moonlight eve; she saw her lover standing very near the window. Slowly he raised his right hand, which grasped a murderous pistol. He pressed it against his temple. In vain she strove to speak; with weak, trembling hands she clung motionless to the window seat, and in deadly terror watched his motions. A flash, a report, the fine features of that unhappy youth were convulsed by the strivings of the spirit in breaking its earthly bonds.

With flying feet Mary darted to the garden, in advance of our parents and a crowd of domestics, who were alarmed by the report, and her wild scream of agony. She reached the spot; life was extinct. He lay extended in all the perfection of manly beauty. A shower of rose-leaves were silently spreading themselves around him like a beautiful winding sheet. With a fearful cry she threw herself beside him. His pale face was upturned; a ghastly wound stared with dreadful distinctness upon the horrified spectators. Mary kissed his blood-stained lips; twined her fingers in his ringlets till they were dabbled with gore. Her tear-drops glittered like brilliants among his hair. In words of tenderest import she besought him to live—to live but for her sake. She shrieked, she raved, she denounced herself as an unpardonable murderess. She was with difficulty torn from the inanimate form so insensible to her endearing caresses.

It was necessary to hold her by force for hours to restrain her from self-destruction. Tired nature at length gave way, and she sank into a deep, dreamless slumber, from which she awoke in perfect consciousness. In a concise manner she related her interview with young Earle the preceding evening, and dwelt at length upon the awful consequences of her sinful trifling; then her eyes flashed wildly. She tore the light cap from her head. Her rich hair fell in long, heavy masses around her person; but, oh! it was the driven snow! Intense agony had changed its hue from raven to

"White in a single night."

With maniacal strength she twisted large tresses of her hair and cast them furiously away. She called for water, and when the glass was held to her foaming lips, she bit pieces from the side. Alas! I cannot dwell upon the heart-rending scene. No more peace—no more rest for her anguished spirit. The young man died through her means; she has fully expiated her unpremeditated crime, for since that morning the

"light of reason has never illumined her darkened soul."

She is perfectly harmless now; and in summer daily weaves chaplets of flowers, with which she crowns the lonely grave of the suicide. She impatiently rejects white roses, for it was their leaves which bathed in perfume the dead form of young Earle. At the report of fire-arms a shiver convulses her slight frame; an expression of anguish distorts her features. She will close her eyes for some moments, and then with a sad, vacant smile caress and softly murmur to her beloved blossoms. Her severe retribution is an impressive warning to all who heartlessly, or through thoughtlessness trifle with the feelings of another.

Viola has had an opportunity of changing her condition. Mr. L——, a handsome and accomplished young gentleman of wealth and high respectability, whose admiration of the faithful disinterestedness of Viola, led him to renew an acquaintance which had commenced in her palmier days. His excellent principles and winning manners could not fail to please; yet it was in vain that he urged his suit. "He would supply her place to the family," he said; "he had wealth, it should be at her command." Viola was too proud-spirited to accept these generous proposals. In friendly terms, though with gentle firmness, she declined his offers, and studiously concealed her sentiments. Mr. L—— forebore to press his suit when he saw it gave her pain; and with a melancholy brow took his leave, attributing her rejection to indifference. I fear he was in the wrong. I dared not scrutinize too deeply the feelings she so carefully veiled; but for months she was so wan and pale that we feared she had sealed her own unhappiness. She was outwardly cheerful, and unrepiningly continued her daily toil. Now, thank God, she is herself again. The bloom of health and contentment has returned to her cheek; and the smile comes readily to her lip at the joyous sallies of our buoyant Lucia.

Viola lost a husband in Mr. L——, but gained a firm friend. He married a short time since. She often meets his proud young bride, and is able to return her patronizing nods with a serene smile. Viola found a blessed comforter in our mother, who mourned over the drooping form of her darling, and prayed her not to sacrifice her earthly happiness for any false considerations of duty.

A few words of our pet Lucia, and then we will withdraw from public view. There is a sparkling joyousness about our youngest which takes our hearts perforce. Her sweet, ringing voice is always heard warbling some simple song, as with airy steps she pursues her domestic avocations. May God direct our beautiful, and keep her in the correct path through this, her earthly pilgrimage.

## THE TROTH FLIGHT

### A STORY OF LEE'S LEGION

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

*Continued from Page 34.*

#### CHAPTER IV.

'Who thundering comes on blackest steed.'—BYRON.

WE left our hero, completely surrounded by the enemy, without hope of succor. Before him was the van of the British army, behind him the captured troopers who had broken their parole and were thundering down to sabre him.

But his quick and fertile mind saw that one chance of escape yet remained. This was to plunge into the wood and endeavor to baffle pursuit in its labyrinthine recesses. Accordingly he struck his spurs into his steed, turned sharp to the right, and dashed down an old, and nearly overgrown bridle path, stooping his head as he flew along to avoid the branches. With a loud hurrah the British troopers entered the forest to cut him off, and were heard approaching in front, crashing through the underbrush.

Suddenly a ball whistled by his head, and glancing in the direction whence it came, he perceived a yager coolly wiping out his rifle, preparatory to reloading. The German stood right across our hero's way. Measuring the distance between the man and himself, Stanhope saw that his enemy would have time to reload and fire, before he could reach him, unless he quickened his pace. Driving his rowels deep into the flanks of his charger, therefore, he sped on like an arrow. The yager saw him coming, like the wild huntsman of his native Germany, and finding he would be cut down before he could finish reloading, dropped his rifle with a cry of terror, and plunged into the neighboring swamp.

Relieved of this danger, Stanhope breathed more freely; for he knew his horse to be so superior to the slight ponies of the British dragoons, that he had few fears of their intercepting him. In this confidence, however, he erred. He had galloped but a few paces, when he saw a trooper lying across the road as if a corpse; but recollecting that the man might be only pretending death, and might, as soon as he passed, kill him with a pistol shot, he drew up, and placing his sabre point at the back of the Englishman's neck, pricked it slightly. The man was, however, dead. This delay had nearly proved fatal to Stanhope; for, at this instant, he heard shout on shout, and immediately a dozen of the fifteen troopers broke through the underbrush into a little open space ahead. They were so near that our hero's only hope lay in abandoning the bridle path and plunging directly

into the thicket, even at the hazard of finding it impassable. There was not a minute to be lost, however, and accordingly he dashed into the forest depths.

"Now, my good steed," he said, "stand by me, and we may baffle them yet!"

On he plunged through brake and brier, now nearly knocked from his seat by the branches, now almost checked in his career by the apparently impenetrable brush. Nor were these his only dangers. Unable to follow him along his perilous path, for the slight frame of their horses forbade this, the troopers, every one of whom was within pistol-shot, discharged the contents of their holsters as he passed. Lying flat on his charger's neck, as well to avoid the branches as to escape the shot, our hero glanced along, the balls stripping the foliage from the trees around him, like summer hail. At length he gained the high road, and saw before him his comrades of the legion, coming down at full swing to rescue him if not too late. A cheer, that made the woods ring far and near welcomed him, and Leo himself, grasping the hand of Stanhope, exclaimed—

"Never was I so glad to see any one in my life. I thought you lost to a certainty, like my little bugler—poor boy!"

As the leader thus spoke, a stern frown gathered on his brow, and he ordered the captain of the British dragoons, who had been made a prisoner to be brought from the rear. The officer was led up, when Lee, calling on our hero to substantiate the testimony which had been already given, that the boy had been sabred while crying for quarter, thus spoke—

"Captain Miller, it is necessary that your friends should be taught that the Americans will no longer submit to such butchery. The laws of war should be respected. Prepare, sir, to die! Here is a pencil with which you may write any message you please to your friends. I am now about to retrace my steps to the main body, leaving Captain Armstrong behind here to watch the rear. When we descend this hill and get down into the valley, we shall find a blasted tree—you may see it from this spot—which shall be your gallows."

He spoke harshly, and in some excitement, a thing unusual to him; but the pale face of the murdered boy was before him. In vain Captain Miller strove to excuse himself, by saying that he had tried to save the lad's life, but that his troopers were intoxicated and could not be controlled; the sight of the dying child, whom they soon overtook, drove all pity from

to the heart of Lee, and the British officer was ordered to instant execution.

"In part, sir," said Lee, "you expiate the atrocities of your countrymen. We will see whether, hereafter, such scenes of butchery as that at the Waxhaws will be enacted again."

Fortunately, however, for Captain Miller, at this instant pistol-shots were heard from Capt. Armstrong, announcing that the British were upon him, and immediately after he was seen coming at a brisk pace over the brow of the hill. Of course the preparations for the execution were stopped; the captain was mounted and hurried off, under guard, to the main detachment of Colonel Williams in front; while the legionaries sprang into the saddle, and prepared to meet the advancing foe. Thus was the prisoner saved from his untimely death; but his peril was a warning to the enemy; and from that time the laws of war were ever respected by the British, and their butcheries of the Americans less frequent.

Lee drew off his legion in safety, and a few days afterward, having in the meantime baffled every attempt of Cornwallis to overtake him, joined Greene in Virginia, being the last man to cross the Dan in that ever memorable retreat. Our hero fought by his side, and only yielded to his superior's decisive command, in preceding Lee to the boat in which they were ferried over. They had scarcely touched the Virginia bank, when the masses of Cornwallis were seen crowding to the shore they had just left; but a deep and impassable river rolled between the pursuer and pursued, and saved the Americans!

## CHAPTER V.

"Oh! mornin' life, oh! mornin' love."

MOTHERWELL.

LITTLE did Alice know of the dangers her lover had escaped, or she would not have spent a happy hour through the whole long month of that retreat. But of a naturally sanguine disposition, she flattered her heart that, as Stanhope had escaped hitherto, he would continue invulnerable to the end. There were times, however, when her spirits deserted her, and she wept in anxiety over the fate of her lover. These occasional periods of despondency increased in frequency as time passed, and she received no message from Stanhope. He had promised to send her news of himself, by the first discharged militia man returning to her neighborhood; and whenever she saw such a one, her heart began to beat, expecting intelligence. But months elapsed, and not a line from her lover! Once she heard, from a fugitive from Guilford, of his deeds on that bloody day; but no message came, as promised, from himself. Had he forgotten her?

The spring passed and the summer was over. The American army had returned to the Carolinas, had fought the battle of Hobkirk Hill, had besieged Ninety Six, and was advancing on Eutaw. Yet not a word from Stanhope! This, at last, began to produce doubts, in Alice's mind, of her lover's fidelity. The whole upper country had now been redeemed from the enemy, and a messenger could have gone in perfect safety from the camp to Mr. Arden's. Alice

knew that her lover lived, and was unhurt, and this prolonged silence finally forced her to believe in his infidelity. Nor was it long before she heard that which convinced her of it.

Alice's mother had never entirely recovered from the shock, which her delicate frame had received, on the night of the attack. Accustomed not only to wealth, but to opulence, she had keenly felt their reduced circumstances, and this, preying on a sensitive mind, had already impaired her health, when the assault on their dwelling gave it a blow from which it never recovered. She rallied, indeed, for awhile in the spring, but as summer advanced, her system began to break up. Alice saw this with secret grief, for she strove to conceal all fears in the presence of her father. Her time was now devoted entirely to the care of the invalid. This, perhaps, was a blessing for her, since it distracted her thoughts in a measure from Stanhope.

One day, toward the close of summer, as Alice was sitting at the window, while the invalid enjoyed her afternoon nap, she saw a wounded soldier advancing on foot along the road. The garments of the man were ragged with age and soiled with travel. He carried a nearly empty knapsack on his back, and a musket across his shoulder; and at every step he limped, as if walking was painful to him. Approaching the casement he stopped, and, taking off his cap, requested a night's lodging. He had been wounded at Hobkirk's Hill, and after having partially recovered, had been discharged. He was now on his way home.

The color rose to Alice's face, in spite of her efforts to keep it down, when, after listening to the soldier's general news, she asked if he knew Lieutenant Stanhope.

"Yes, Miss," he replied, "and a braver officer never lived. I suppose he is a cousin, or some connexion of yours; and you may well be proud of him. A lucky fellow he is too, for they say he is going to marry one of the prettiest and wealthiest ladies on the Santee."

At these words Alice turned ashy white, and felt her limbs sinking under her. She had risen to converse with the soldier out of the window, but now sank to her seat and hastily clasped the sill for support. With that pride and presence of mind, however, which characterize her sex in such trying moments, she turned her head aside as if to look toward the invalid, and when she again faced the visitor, every trace of emotion had left her countenance, except that it was unnaturally pale, and around the mouth were perceptible those lines of suffering which always mark extreme, yet subdued mental anguish.

"I beg your pardon," she said, with innocent deception; "but my mother is sick. I see, however, she is still sleeping. Will you walk to the door—I will see you in the other room."

By this stratagem she gained time to compose her feelings still further; and when she again met the soldier he little divined how much she suffered.

"This marriage," she said, "I think it was of that we were talking—do you know the name of the lady whom Lieutenant Stanhope is to wed?"

"I do not, Miss, for though I heard, I have forgotten it. She is of one of the old families. He met her, it seems, on his expedition with Marion against the forts; and she fell in love with him at once. They do say the courting has been principally on her side."

"But are you sure that this is to be a marriage?" she asked, with a forced smile; "perhaps it is only one of those false rumors which continually arise on such subjects."

"Your cousin would be sorry, I fancy," said the soldier, archly, "to have this match otherwise than true; for a beauty and heiress do not fall to the lot of every one. He is assiduous in his attentions, and it is said has actually made a convert of her to republicanism, for the family has leaned to the royal side hitherto. General Greene himself, I was told, takes an interest in the match, believing it will indirectly aid the good cause."

Alice heard no more. To have remained, would have betrayed her secret, she, therefore, hastily arose, and making a half inaudible excuse that she must visit the invalid, hurried to the inner room, where she buried her face on the bed by the side of her sleeping parent, while she strove to compose herself. Alice was no weak, romantic girl, to break her heart at a lover's infidelity. Indignation took the place of tears. Yet it was a terrible doom for her nevertheless. The proud woman, who scorns her faithless lover, is less unhappy than she who will forgive his baseness, but is unhappy still. It is the destiny of the human heart to derive its acutest sorrows from betrayed confidence; and though to strong natures the blow may be palliated, it cannot be averted.

It was nearly half an hour before Alice raised her head, and then only at her mother's voice, who had woke, and was calling for her. She crossed unperceived to the side where her parent lay and answered in a calm tone. Oh! little did that invalid know of the hurricane which had swept over the soul of her child—of the fears verified, the hopes blighted forever, the treasure of her young affections rejected and betrayed.

On the first occasion, however, Alice whispered to the soldier to say nothing of Lieutenant Stanhope before her father, whose return she momentarily expected. The man seemed surprised, and could not help noticing that she looked agitated; but he suspected nothing of the truth, and promised obedience. Alice was not relieved until his departure on the following morning, nor then until her father said calmly,

"Pshaw! how careless I have been—I never thought to ask him about the lieutenant. I wonder he does not write to us. But I suppose he is too busy, or cannot find a trusty messenger. Well—well—can't blush so, Lucy—I suppose he will be coming back soon, covered with laurels. I think your mother is better this morning than she has been for a long time."

"Happy ignorance!" murmured Alice to herself. "Ah! they little know the truth. Nor shall they ever know it," she added, with a sigh. "My trial I will endure alone and in silence."

It is a frequent remark that misfortunes never come alone. Perhaps this is wisely intended by the Creator that the sharpness of one grief may take off the edge

of the other. Alice was soon compelled to devote all her thoughts to her mother, who now began to sink rapidly. In the agony with which she beheld her parent, day by day, drawing nearer to the grave, she partially forgot the infidelity of her lover. At last Mrs. Arden breathed her last, and was borne to the neighboring humble church-yard, instead of being laid, as her ancestry had been, in the splendid family vault on Cooper River. Alas! even in death, the distinctions of this world remain, and the poor and rich rarely sleep side by side.

Alice had not yet lost the first intensity of her grief, when she was startled by noticing a terrible change in her father. Ever since the burial of her mother he had sunk into a listless and despondent state. During the long illness of his wife, anxiety had kept Mr. Arden up, but now that she was no more, he fell into a condition of alarming depression. He did nothing but wander in and out of the house, now going into his wife's late chamber, then rushing from it with tears into the open air. The image of her, who had been his companion for nearly fifty years, was continually before him.

"I shall not be long behind," he said mournfully to his daughter one evening. "Often, in the night, I dream I hear her calling me to her side among the angels! If it were not for my dear Alice," he said taking her head fondly in his lap, "I would be content to die at once. But God will be your father. He tempests the wind to the shorn lamb."

On another occasion he said—

"When I am gone, Alice, you will find my will, with a letter to your mother's uncle, in the left secret drawer of my escutoire. The letter you will forward; for it may find you a protector. I tell you this now, because of late I have had many warnings that my race is nearly up, and often I lie down at night never expecting to wake again. Nay! weep not, darling. Our Father in Heaven bless you!"

As he spoke these words, he placed his hands on her head, and looked reverently to Heaven. In after life Alice never forgot that blessing; for it was the last her parent bestowed. His fears were verified that night. In the morning he was a corpse.

We shall not attempt to describe the feelings of our heroine, thus left alone in the world. Her father's will, when opened, revealed that she was almost penniless. But the accompanying letter having been despatched, an answer came, after a month, offering Alice a home. This she had no resource but to accept. Thus the orphan had become also a dependant; and was forced to hide her pride and sorrows among strangers.

## CHAPTER VI.

"'T was late, and the gay company was gone,  
And light lay soft on the deserted room  
From alabaster vases, and a scent  
Of orange leaves and sweet verbenas came  
Through the unshuttered window on the air."  
N. P. WILLIS.

The battle of Eutaw had been fought and won: the British had fallen back on Charleston; and Greene, advancing at the head of his victorious army, now occupied the lower country, and even threatened the



capital itself. In houses, where festivity had long been silenced, the voice of mirth was again heard, and light feet tripping to gay music made many a bold heart ache, that in battle had never even quickened a pulse.

The splendid mansion of Mr. Lechmere was blazing with lights and echoing to the sound of festivities; for a crowd of beautiful women and gallant soldiers were gathered there to celebrate the birth-day of his niece, the lovely Bertha. Mr. Lechmere had been a tory, when the king was in the ascendancy; had spoken both sides fair when the issue seemed doubtful; and now leaned decidedly to whig doctrines. It was even said by shrewd observers that this fete, nominally in honor of his niece, had been given principally with a view to conciliate the American general, and to show that the giver was not disaffected to the cause of Congress.

Bertha Lechmere, the divinity of the evening, was an heiress in her own right; besides being generally considered certain to succeed to her uncle's fine property. Though many lovely beings had been gathered in that aristocratic mansion, she was, as all confessed, the star of the evening. Tall in person, and with an air of great dignity, no one could mistake her pretensions to wealth and fashion. Her face was eminently beautiful, though perhaps it wore occasionally an air of haughty pride which detracted from its loveliness. On this evening, however, nothing of this was seen.

As was then the practice in polite society in America, each lady, in an assembly like the present, had her partner, who was expected to devote himself to her, not only for a single dance, but the whole evening. The partner of Bertha was our hero, and as she listened to his conversation, which, chiefly consisting of answers to her questions, turned principally on the incidents of the war which had fallen under his personal observation, the color went and came in her cheeks, and a soft light shone in her eyes, as if she had only been some humble village girl, listening affectionately to her lover's story of his "hair-breadth escapes."

Stanhope sat by her side, apparently as interested as herself. In fact, for the last two months, he had been tried by the sorest temptation that any lover can experience. He had not, as Alice believed, forgotten her. He had been far even from neglecting her as she supposed. One of his first acts, after the retreat of the army through North Carolina was effected, had been to despatch a letter to Alice by a discharged militia man. But the soldier had been captured by a predatory party of the British, and the missive never reached its destination. Ignorant of this, but wondering at Alice's silence, he had again despatched her a letter, but in this instance the bearer had lost the epistle during a drunken brawl in a tavern where he stopped all night. Four different times had he written

to Alice, but in every instance his letters had miscarried. The last time had been just before the battle of Eutaw. As the communications were now open between the upper and lower country, and as recruits from Alice's neighborhood were continually arriving at head-quarters, Stanhope, at last, became really angry at what he thought her wilful neglect, and began to yield to the very evident tokens of admiration with which Bertha Lechmere regarded him, and for possessing which he had long been the envy of his brother officers.

Stanhope and the heiress had become acquainted in the early part of the summer. From the first she had undisguisedly honored him with her regard. But, at this period, he was still true to Alice, and her fair rival made no progress in conquering his heart. This piqued Bertha, accustomed as she was to have every wish gratified, and to see her notice eagerly courted. She accordingly became more eager to subdue Stanhope to her train; and in the pursuit of the prize, the feeling which was at first only a passing whim, became a fixed sentiment. At last she had the gratification of seeing our hero, as she thought, begin to return her feelings; for, chafed at Alice's silence, and soothed by Bertha's evident admiration, Stanhope began to linger at the side of Miss Lechmere, instead of avoiding her as formerly.

"Do you see Stanhope?" said Lee to Greene. "Miss Lechmere has certainly made a conquest of him."

"I think I have heard somewhere of a former mistress, up in the back settlements," said Greene.

"It must have been a mistake," replied the partisan officer. "But, at any rate, there can be no mistaking things now. See how devotedly Miss Lechmere regards him!"

"She is certainly deeply enamored."

"Ay! and he too, or I know nothing of human nature. Remember, I am a younger man than you, general, and, as a bachelor, am better acquainted with love's tokens."

Greene smiled, and the conversation dropped; but often, during the evening, the eyes of the general wandered toward Stanhope.

The assembly was over and all the guests had departed, all, at least, but one, and he stood on the portico with Bertha.

"Farewell!" she said. "Shall I see you to-morrow?"

He looked into those beautiful eyes, and who could have resisted them?

"Certainly!" he said. "How could I refuse!"

That night Bertha hid her blushes on her pillow, as she thought of the events of the evening: and she murmured—

"He loves me—he loves me—so noble and brave, too!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

## THE TROTH FLIGHT.

A STORY OF LEE'S LEGION.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

*Concluded from Page 66.*

### CHAPTER VII.

"Now thus to perish, cried our chief,  
Would shame a cavalier." BALLAD.

THE difference between guilt and innocence is not that one is tempted, and the other not, but that one yields, while the other resists. Fallible as we all are, we know not how frequently, even the best of us, though finally rejecting the tempter, lend a not unwilling ear to his eloquence; how frequently we might fall, if a kind Providence did not interpose, and, by a train of events, that we almost regard as unfortunate at first, bring us back to right.

When our hero left Bertha, his brain was in a whirl of gratified vanity. He was not in love, he never could have truly loved a woman like Bertha; but there was much in her nevertheless to fascinate him for awhile. As he had lingered longer than the others, he now quickened his pace, hoping to overtake them; for though the country was generally considered quiet, still danger from foraging parties of the enemy, or even from wandering bodies of Tories was not impossible. After a sharp gallop of more than a mile, however, he gave up the thought of overtaking his friends, for the road was visible in the moonlight for a considerable distance, and no traces of horsemen were perceptible. At last, thinking he might reach them by a short cut through the woods, he turned aside into a bye-road, and galloped rapidly on.

"Hallo! who goes there?" suddenly exclaimed a voice.

Our hero made no answer, but sped on.

"Stand, or I fire!" cried the voice, and the words were accompanied by the clicking of a piece. As he did not rein in, but on the contrary drew his sword, a sharp report followed, and his bridle arm fell shattered by his side. At the same instant three or four horsemen appeared in the road, completely surrounding him.

Though surprised, wounded and outmatched, Stanhope did not feel disposed to give up without a further struggle. As the foremost trooper, for he could see his opponents were royal dragoons, advanced at him, he made a blow which disabled the man's sword-arm; and, at the same time, pressing his spurs against the flanks of his steed, and calling to him by name, he dashed against a second, hoping to ride him down with his heavier horse.

"Ho! Albert," he said, encouraging his steed, as if he had been a comrade, "have at them. One good push, and we are off."

"Cut him down," shouted the dragoons, in reply. "By heavens! he is but one to our four; and shall we allow him to escape?"

These words were spoken as Stanhope, dashing against the dragoon, bore him down, by the superior weight of his high-mettled, powerful horse, and, with a wild shout of defiance, shot, like an arrow, down the road.

Half a dozen pistols were discharged after the fugitive in less time than we have taken to describe this bold exploit; but fortunately none of the balls struck our hero, though his hat and coat were both perforated. Down the road went Stanhope at a thundering pace; and down the road came the British troopers, foaming in pursuit. Soon, one of the dragoons began to gain on the fugitive. Our hero was superbly mounted, and did not believe that any trooper in the royal army was a match for him in this respect; but he forgot that the British cavalry had begun to mount themselves from the gentlemen's stables of South Carolina. He was soon, however, convinced by the rapid sound of near approaching hoofs, that he would soon be overtaken. Casting an eye over his shoulder he measured his antagonist. The dragoon was a man of large and stalwart frame, at any time more than a match for Stanhope, but especially so now, when the latter was disabled in his bridle-rein. One hope, however, remained; it was in his pistols. Jerking one of these from its holster, he levelled and fired. But, at that instant, his horse, owing to the animal being without the guide of the bit, swerved partially; and the ball, in consequence, flew wide of its mark. Had not the trooper discharged both his own pistols when the chase began, it would have now been all over with our hero. But his suspense was only protracted, without his escape being secured. Nearer, nearer came the rapid hoofs of his pursuer, until Stanhope fancied he felt the hot breath of the Englishman's steed. With difficulty Stanhope now drew the pistol from the left holster, and aimed again at the dragoon. This time the ball was true to its mission. The burly trooper reeled in his saddle, clutched at the air, and tumbled to the earth, where he rolled over and over, gathering the sand in handfuls in his dying agonies.

"We are free now, thank God!" said Stanhope, restoring the pistol to its place. But even as he spoke, he pressed his spurs again into the bleeding sides of his steed, for close at hand was heard the gallop of the other pursuers, while now and then a faint hallo mingled with the sound.

The road, just before, took a turn, as Stanhope would know, and came out in front of a plantation. That once gained he believed he should be safe. What was his astonishment, therefore, on wheeling around the corner, and emerging into the open space, now flooded with moonlight, to see a strong foraging party of the enemy. He had rushed unconsciously into the lion's den, when believing he was flying from it. But it was now too late to retreat.

Indeed, little time was given him for thought. He had scarcely comprehended where he was, when he saw a pistol flash, a ball struck him, and he tumbled from his saddle insensible.

## CHAPTER VIII.

"No longer she wept, her tears were a'spent;  
Despair it had come, and it found her content:  
It found her content, but her cheek it grew pale;  
And she drooped like a lily broke down by the hail."

—AULD ROBIN GREY.

CLAD in deep weeds, the now orphan Alice alighted at her future home, which was that of Bertha Lechmere, on the day after the ball. As she looked up timidly at the imposing mansion, her heart sank within her, and a presentiment of deep unhappiness took possession of her; but checking this feeling, she advanced up the steps, crossed the hall, and, with a beating bosom, entered the parlor.

Bertha sat listlessly upon the sofa, reading "Evelina," a novel which had then just come out. Clad in a simple white dress, with her delicate foot cased in a silk stocking and becoming shoe, she looked, as she languidly rose, the very impersonation of aristocratic elegance and indifference. She had heard from her uncle that he was about to receive into his house, a distant connexion, and she knew that the expected guest was a remote cousin of her own: but she had never inquired whether Alice was young, or beautiful, for, in truth, her selfishness was so supreme that she thought of little but herself. Yet this was the woman who fancied she loved our hero.

Oh! what would our poor orphan have given for one beaming look of welcome, for one warm pressure of the hand. How she could have flown to that queenly bosom and wept out her sorrows there, if Bertha had given her encouragement: for, friendless and orphaned as she now was, her soul was consuming itself in the desire for sympathy. But Bertha, half rising from her seat, made a careless bow, and then sinking back on the sofa again, gazed, with an inquisitive stare, on the new comer.

"She looks as if she might have been beautiful, before her eyes were swollen with crying," soliloquized Bertha. "I dare say she is very underbred, though the Ardens were rich once, I believe:—however that was before her day, and she has been doubtless brought up in the woods."

Alice stood trembling during this heartless gaze, for she read what Bertha was thinking. She had not been asked to sit down, but she could support her tottering limbs no longer, so she moved to a chair.

"The servant will show you your room, Miss, if you are fatigued," said Bertha, cutting the leaves of her book with a beautiful mother-of-pearl paper knife,

"you look sad and fatigued. Pray let me ask you to ring the bell for yourself: you will find it over there by the mantle-piece. Uncle has gone out, and will not be back till evening." And she resumed her reading.

Such was the reception which the orphan girl met. Bitter were the tears poor Alice shed as she sat up stairs in her little room. Had she known where else to go, no matter how humble the roof, she would have left the house that evening; but alas! she had not a friend in the world, and there was no resource but to eat the bread of dependence in this proud and supercilious family.

Her meeting with Mr. Lechmere was little more cheering to her spirits. He had a rough manner, but he meant to be kind; while Bertha was as regardless of others feelings, as she was tenacious of her own.

"Glad to see you, Miss Arden—hope you will always consider this a home," said Mr. Lechmere, "I used to know your poor father—many a gay dinner we had in London when we were young men. There, you mustn't cry. Death will happen to the best of us. But ah! I had forgot," he added, suddenly, turning to Bertha, "there has been the deuce to play here, with one of your guests, Lieutenant Stanhope."

Bertha opened her large eyes inquiringly. Alice's heart, which had been beating wildly, stood still, and the minute before Mr. Lechmere answered, seemed an age to her.

"There's nothing serious the matter, though there might have been, only the lieutenant is wounded——"

"Wounded!" exclaimed Bertha, half starting up.

"Wounded!" gasped Alice to herself, clasping her hands in agony.

"Yes! he fell in with a foraging party of his majesty's troops, last evening, and received a pistol-shot, from the effects of which he will probably be confined to his room for several weeks. He was found lying senseless, toward morning; and borne to camp."

"And he is not dangerously hurt?" said Bertha, her cheek deathly pale.

"Not at all. The only inconvenience I can see about it," said her uncle, glancing at her jocosely, "is that you will get sadly out of practice in music, wanting your morning tutor."

Bertha blushed to the brows, and her eyes fell to the floor. Alice noted all these things. Her first emotion, on hearing that Stanhope's life was not in danger, had been one of gratitude, notwithstanding her desertion, and her resolution to forget him; her second was a feeling of indignation against him, for she now saw that what she had heard was true, and in Bertha found a rival. Tears, bitter tears of mortification, indignation, and other mingled, yet opposing feelings coursed down her cheeks. She could not help but weep, even if her secret had thereby been betrayed. But she knew that her tears would be attributed to another cause, and so she wept unrestrainedly.

"Oh! that I were dead," she exclaimed, when she flung herself on her bed that night. "But no! I recall the impious wish. It is to be my lot to suffer, and I must endure without complaining. But how can I

live here? How can I see Bertha preferred before me, she, who loves not as I loved, who never can love? How can I meet him, and hide my feelings? Yet I will do it, if I die. My heart may break in the struggle to forget him—to show to him how indifferent he is to me—but I will not let him suppose that I think of him any more than he does of me. Heartless man, he has deserted me for wealth, oh! I could hate him—yet no! I love him but too well still.”

A hysteric burst of tears followed this passionate and contradictory soliloquy; and, at last, perfectly exhausted by weeping, Alice fell asleep.

## CHAPTER IX.

“No blood, in riot,  
Tangled the tracery of her veined cheek,  
Nor seemed her exquisite repose the quiet  
Of one by suffering made sweet and weak.”

N. P. WILLIS.

ALL the misery of a residence at Lechmere Place, which Alice had foreboded, came to pass, and even more. Mr. Lechmere, having once welcomed her, and being engrossed with his own affairs, left her to herself, so that she was without the consolation even of his sympathy. Bertha was the same cold, impassive, and selfish creature as on the first day: and as Bertha was the real mistress of the house, Alice was condemned to continual slights; for servants ape the demeanor of their superiors, and even the slaves treated our heroine as a dependant.

There was nothing rude, in the ordinary sense of the term, in Bertha's demeanor to Alice. Bertha rarely did or said anything very violent: calm, lady-like, full of exquisite repose, she was in manner, what is best expressed by the word, “aristocratic.” Yet, in a thousand ways she made Alice feel her dependant condition. If Bertha was pettish, and since Stanhope's wound she *was* pettish, the enduring her humors was the task of Alice: if Bertha wished a rosette made, or a lace arranged, and Alice was particularly engaged at something else, the work was taken from the hands of the maid, and given to Alice. Our female readers can better understand than we describe, the innumerable annoyances to which Alice was subject.

Stanhope continued an invalid, even after the lapse of a month, which by no means increased Bertha's amiability. Perhaps there was nothing so cutting in all her demeanor, as the supercilious air, the constant assumption of superiority, with which she treated Alice. How such a cold and selfish creature could love, was, at first, a mystery to our heroine; but when she came to know Bertha better, she discovered that this love was only reflected vanity. Bertha loved the notoriety, which ensnaring Stanhope brought. He had the reputation of having always resisted female charms, and it flattered her to believe that she was the first to subdue him. She loved to look on herself, moreover, as the wife of a hero; as one of the princesses of the tales of chivalry which many in that age still read.

One morning, about six weeks after the arrival of Alice, Bertha and our heroine were sitting in the parlor, when the former reminded Alice of a rare

volume of Herrick's poems, which our heroine had in her possession, and which she had promised to loan Bertha. Alice hastened to bring the book.

Bertha, as on their first interview, was listlessly reclining on the sofa. She took the book languidly from Alice and began to turn over the leaves.

“Hey-day, what is this?” said Bertha, speedily—“some love-verses, I declare!”

All at once it flashed upon Alice that this was the copy of a poem, written by her, and addressed to Stanhope shortly after he left her. The poem she had long thought lost. She started up, and ran to the sofa, where a glimpse of the paper assured her of the truth of her conjecture. Covered with burning blushes, she asked for the poem.

“Nay! not so fast, child,” said Bertha. “Your blushes and your eagerness excite my curiosity. Some love-scraps are here.” And she held the manuscript beyond Alice's reach.

“Oh! *do* give it to me,” said the latter. “They are only some foolish verses, which I should be ashamed for you to see.”

Poor Alice was in an agony; for Bertha, springing up on the sofa, and holding the manuscript open at arm's length above her head, began to read—

“To H. S.,” she said, “well those are his initials, I presume; and you are the writer. This is too amusing. You in love—think of it!” And looking down, she laughed contemptuously.

“Now it is not fair. Indeed, Miss Lechmere, it is not. You have no right to read those verses.”

“No right—and pray, Miss, is not this strange language to use to me?” said Bertha, with a heightened color. “Indeed I shall read them, if only to prove to you I have a right.”

Alice burst into tears. To have her bosom's treasured secret thus exposed, and before this jeering, heartless woman was terrible! Besides, she knew that Bertha could not finish the poem and look at the bottom of the sheet, without discovering to whom the lines were addressed: and this she dreaded worse than death.

“I implore—I beg,” she began, with a last effort.

But it was in vain. Still holding the manuscript beyond Alice's reach Bertha began to read, in a mock, heroic strain, the unfortunate verses. They breathed the most devoted affection, spoke of the happy hours spent together, alluded to a present absence, and, in a half melancholy strain, dwelt on a possible alienation; for the poem had been written just at that period when the prolonged silence of Stanhope began to make Alice doubt, but before she had received any confirmation of his neglect. Bertha stopped occasionally to laugh, or exclaim, “now that is particularly amusing,” “quite lack-a-daisical,” “dear me, how sentimental,” and other terms of ridicule. But when she reached the bottom of the page, she suddenly broke off in the midst of a scornful laugh, her eyes sparkled angrily, she looked at Alice, and then again at the paper incredulously. Poor Alice, could feel all that was passing, although she saw nothing; for she had buried her face in her hands, and was weeping bitterly.

“To Lieutenant Henry Stanhope!” drawled out

Bertha, sneeringly. "Do I read aright. Are these verses addressed to him?"

Alice made no answer. Bertha springing from the sofa, and shaking her by the shoulder, said—

"Had you the impertinence, I say, to write these lines to that person? Speak, I command you. You beloved by him!—ridiculous!" and she laughed scornfully.

Alice could bear no more. Endurance was no longer a virtue. Stung to the quick she sprang up, snatched the paper from Bertha, and exclaimed passionately—

"Every word in that poem is true. I do love him—and he has sworn he loves me—we are betrothed."

"Betrothed!" shrieked Bertha, completely surprised out of her usual calm indifference. "It is a base falsehood." And, in her rage, she moved toward Alice, as if she could have struck her.

"*It is the truth!*" suddenly exclaimed a new voice, as the door flew open, and Stanhope himself entered unannounced. "It is the truth, madam: I am betrothed to this dear girl; and she shall be mine, before God and man, if she will forgive the past three months. Little did I know she was an orphan, or that her fair cousin," he spoke this with scornful emphasis, "loved her with such sisterly affection. But I have heard the whole of your conversation, and now know all—the true jewel, from the base one, my own Alice from Miss Lechmere."

He had already crossed the room, and thrown his arm around Alice; and with these last words he bowed contemptuously to Bertha. The latter heard his cutting words, and saw him standing there the protector of Alice; and felt that her true character was betrayed. She rallied herself, however, to look as disdainfully on him as he on her; but it was in vain; after a brief effort, her strength gave way, and she fell senseless to the floor.

## CHAPTER X.

"So now 'tis ended, like an old wife's story."

WEBSTER.

DURING the protracted illness of Stanhope, he had leisure to reflect on the events of the last few months; and the indignation which he had entertained against Alice for her silence, yielded to the dictates of justice and reason. Reflecting on the troubled state of the country, he found excuses for her conduct, which, in the glow of health and pride, he had overlooked. Besides sickness brought with it a thirst for sympathy, and in the hours of quiet and solitude which now hung so heavy on him, his affection for our heroine returned in all its force, and he yearned to be at her side again.

"Surely she is incapable of breaking her troth," he said. "So pure and true as she always was—oh! I have been acting under a miserable delusion. She cannot have received my letters. Who knows what perils have prevented her writing to me? I saved her from one, perhaps others have overtaken her. In the rapid marches and countermarches of the army, her letters might easily miscarry. Ah! I have wronged thee, sweetest Alice: thou art worth a dozen such as

themselves, and I love creatures who love themselves, and I love display infinitely more than any human being."

Stanhope arose from his sick-bed, full of the determination to obtain a furlough, and seek in person some intelligence of Alice. "If she rejects me, I will give up my troth-pledge; but not till then will I abandon the hope of her."

He determined, however, before he set out, to call on Bertha, and show her, by his demeanor, that he abandoned all pretensions to her hand—pretensions which he severely blamed himself for having entertained, even for an instant.

What was his surprise, on entering the hall of Lechmere Place, to see the light form of Alice tripping into the parlor. He caught but a glimpse of the graceful figure, for the door closed instantly upon it, yet he felt he could not be mistaken, and that it must be Alice. But how came she here? Stanhope had heard nothing of the arrival of the poor dependant, and was, therefore, bewildered at this vision. The sudden surprise acting on a brain still weak from illness made him dizzy, and he was forced to lean against the balustrade to recover strength and composure. While here he became a listener to the conversation between Bertha and Alice. He heard the stinging sarcasm of the former and the sobs of the latter, and his soul burned with indignation against Bertha. The poem convinced him that Alice still loved him. The instant he became assured of this fact, he could no longer control himself, but burst into the parlor as we have seen.

"And you have suffered all this, dear Alice?" he said, "and I knew nothing of it. But I take blame to myself. It was my own foolish pride that made me distrust you. I should have known that only with life could you forget me."

"Nay!" replied Alice, smiling through her tears. "How do you know I did not forget you? How do you know but that I too was about transferring my troth-plight to another?"

"I know by the sincerity of your brow—by the frank look with which you now regard me—by the purity, strength and faith of a true woman's nature, which I see that you possess. Ah! Alice, if our sex were but as good as yours."

We will not intrude further on the sacred privacy of the lovers. Suffice it that all was explained. Alice told the tale of her parents' illness and decease with many tears, but hurried over that portion of her history which related to the indignities she had suffered at Lechmere Place. Stanhope, however, guessed them all, and, that Alice might be spared them in future, earnestly solicited that she would name an early day to be his. But to this she would, by no means, consent. On the contrary she expressed her resolution to obtain a safe-conduct and go to Charleston, where she could obtain a livelihood by teaching music, for the present.

To this determination she adhered, notwithstanding all that her lover could urge. Even Mr. Lechmere, who seemed really hurt to learn her design, failed, at first, to turn her purpose. Bertha, of course, said nothing; indeed she scarcely spoke to Alice; and as

for Stanhope, she could not brook his sight, so deeply was her vanity hurt by finding a poor dependant preferred to herself. When she spoke of our hero, which was but seldom, it was in the most sarcastic terms. These exhibitions of her malice and spite were disregarded by Stanhope, who was secretly rejoiced to find that her pretended affection for him had originated only in selfish vanity.

Mr. Lechmere had never known how Bertha had treated Alice, and was much shocked when he learned the truth. From that hour he evidently imbibed a strong affection for our heroine. He forbore to struggle, after some resistance, against her design of going to Charleston, but managed to protract it by one excuse and another, and finally acted in so generous a manner when she did depart, that there was no necessity of putting her scheme of teaching music in prac-

tice—if, indeed, she could have found pupils in the distracted state of affairs.

When Alice was married, however, Mr. Lechmere gave her away; and all Charleston rung with the magnificence of his present to the bride. The wedding did not take place until after the British had evacuated South Carolina. A year afterward Mr. Lechmere died. By his will he left five thousand pounds to Bertha, and the rest of his immense estate to our heroine.

Married to his long loved Alice, and in possession of a princely fortune in her right, fate made amends to Stanhope for the fatigues and dangers he had endured in the war. And Alice, too, was happy—words cannot tell how happy.

Reader!—there is more fact than fiction in our simple narrative.

## THE FANCY FAIR.

BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

Two leading members of a certain church, the minister of which was not too well paid, met one day, when the following conversation took place.

"I saw something this morning, Jones, that made me feel rather bad," said one of them.

"What was that, Mr. Smith?"

"I was standing by a stall in the market-house, and had just paid for a peck of some of the most delicious peaches I have tasted this year, when I heard a little voice say—

"Buy us some peaches, papa, won't you? We haven't had peaches but once."

"No, dear!" was replied to this, in a low, and it struck me, almost sad tone. 'I can't buy any to-day.' The voice was familiar, and caused me to turn my head quickly. There stood Mr. Henry and his little son. They did not see me, and I was glad of it."

"Peaches but once!"

"Yes, think of that, Mr. Jones; and this delicious fruit so abundant and so cheap. I bought a basket, immediately, of the best I could find, and had them sent to his house."

"That was kind in you, Mr. Smith. I am glad you did so. The fact is, Mr. Henry's salary is too small. Four hundred dollars, and he with such a family! It is disgraceful to the congregation. A little self-denial on the part of a few of the members better off than the rest, would enable them to add to his income all that is needed for his comfortable maintenance."

"Yes; and they ought to practice such self-denial: until they do, their religion isn't worth a copper."

"Isn't it possible by some extra exertion to get a couple of hundred dollars added to his salary? There is ability enough in the congregation."

"We tried that, you are aware, a year ago, but met with no encouragement. Every one said he was tired, already, for one charitable purpose or another, to a greater extent than he could really afford. When this is alleged, whether you believe it or not, there is an end of the matter. You have nothing more to say."

"No, of course not. This paying more for charitable purposes, already, than people can afford, is a very convenient and very common excuse. I have heard it a hundred times, and may be, used it myself."

"There is a way in which we might get two or three hundred dollars added to Mr. Henry's salary."

"How?"

"By means of a fair. People who feel as if giving a shilling for another's benefit was going to ruin them, spend dollars, uselessly, to gratify themselves, without dreaming that they can't afford it. Our neighbors of

the church over the way held a fair about a month ago, and cleared two hundred and fifty dollars; and we can do the same. If the people won't give willingly, we must cheat them into giving."

"A fair. A fair," was answered in a musing tone. "I confess I don't like fairs, and never did. But then—"

"Nor do I like them. But then, as you say——"

"Money must be raised somehow——"

"Yes; there is no getting away from that. It is worse to starve our minister than to hold a fair."

"I rather think it is. But can we get up a fair?"

"Easily enough. The women must be set to work, you know. There are three or four maiden ladies in our congregation, who haven't much to do besides distributing tracts and visiting the sick; and as the new tracts come only at intervals, and there are no sick to visit just now, they will take hold of a suggestion like this, eagerly. Never fear its being carried out if once set on foot."

"Will you put the ball in motion?"

"If you will permit me to use your name as approving the measure."

"You are welcome to do that; although I really disapprove the thing from principle."

"Very well. I'll soon see what can be done."

Smith forthwith called upon one or two of the ladies just mentioned, and after relating the incident of the peaches, and dwelling upon the insufficiency of the minister's income, closed by saying that it was the duty of the ladies of the congregation to get up a fair in order to increase Mr. Henry's salary.

The manner in which Mr. Smith brought the subject to these ladies' attention, left no room for them to gainsay his assertion as to their duty. They assented to his declaration, and forthwith, in a small meeting of influential female members, it was unanimously determined to hold a fair for the purpose of "increasing the funds of the church." The real object, it was thought best not to declare, as that might cause the minister to feel unpleasant; and would, moreover, betray to those out of the church, the fact that they paid him an insufficient salary.

And now began the busy note of preparation. Committees of two or three ladies, each, entered upon the duty assigned them, that of begging from those who could not, in justice to themselves and families, give another dollar toward church purposes, something for the fair. Who could deny the polite, smiling, importunate ladies? None! Mr. Baker, who positively refused some time before, to give another dollar toward replenishing the exhausted treasury of the church, although told that a quarter's salary was due and unpaid to the minister, handed

over five dollars for the fair without feeling that he had made a terrible sacrifice, or that he was in danger of ruin. Mr. Staytape, the merchant tailor, who, like Mr. Baker, had said more than once—"not another dollar," made liberal contributions of fine remnants of fancy cassimores, broadcloths, figured silk vestings and velvet, for pin-cushions, needle-cases, ottoman covers, and the dear knows what all, without making a single wry face. And so the ball which Mr. Smith had set in motion was sent rolling from hand to hand. All the men were made to give something, either in money or raw material, and all the women were set to work in the manufacture of articles that would sell at the fair. There was quite an excitement in the congregation. But, as there always is and always will be, no matter what is doing, there were some fault finders in Mr. Henry's congregation. Some who did not approve of fairs, and, although they gave, for appearance sake, grumbled about it afterward.

"Why not make a direct contribution to the funds of the church at once? Why go in this round about way to get what is wanted?" they said. But they did not understand as much about this as Messrs. Jones and Smith.

A few days before the time at which the fair was to begin, the gentlemen, last mentioned, happening to meet, one of them said to the other.

"I saw Mr. Henry this morning, and would you believe it, he is warm in his disapproval of this fair."

"Indeed! What does he say?"

"That such schemes for raising money are unworthy of the Christian character. 'Let men give freely,' he says, 'of what they have to give; but don't play off games like these upon them, in order to obtain the money they are not willing to bestow. They never do any real good; but always much harm.'"

"He will think differently, perhaps, when we take him two or three hundred dollars as the proceeds of the fair, and say it is for him."

"I rather think so. Still, I must confess that I am and always have been partly of his way of thinking. A fair is only an ingenious mode of extorting money from those who would not voluntarily give it for the purpose to which the proceeds are to be applied. But what are we to do? Mr. Henry is not adequately supported, although his congregation are fully able, and without inconvenience, to double his salary. They will not give anything more by direct contribution, and, therefore, I don't see that the crime of levying an indirect tax upon them is a very serious one."

"Nor do I," replied Mr. Jones.

The fair at length opened with a fine display of articles, few of which were classed among those called useful. Five-dollar dolls, dollar-pin cushions and pyramids of sugar candy were plentifully scattered about on the tables of the fair venders, who sought to effect sales with a tact and perseverance rarely to be met with in the most accomplished of women.

"Where is Mr. Henry? I haven't seen him here at all, yet?" asked one lady of another, toward the evening of the first day.

"I believe he doesn't approve of fairs," was replied.

"Why not?"

"Dear knows! He would find it hard to answer your question himself."

From one to another the whisper passed that the minister was opposed to fairs. This intelligence rather dampened the ardor with which some were entering into the business on hand. Others doubted the truth of what was said, and confidently looked for the minister in the evening. But he did not make his appearance. Nor, in fact, at any time during the fair, much to the surprise of some and the mortification of others.

At the close of the third and last day of the fair, notwithstanding all manner of expedients had been used to force people to buy articles that were of no use to themselves, nor to those to whom it was suggested they might present them—or, to buy even useful articles at double what they were worth—it was decided that what remained should be disposed of by raffle.

"Take a chance in this splendid doll? Only twenty-five cents a chance!" met you on one side—and

"Come; I know you'll take a chance in this raffle; its my whole table. Tickets fifty cents, and every one a prize," met you on the other. And so it went throughout the room. People who wouldn't pay five, ten or twenty dollars for an article, were willing to risk twenty-five or fifty cents, or even a dollar, in the hope of getting it for that small sum. Did this differ anything from gambling? We will not say.

"Three hundred dollars, clear of all expenses," said Mr. Smith to Mr. Jones, on the next day.

"Indeed? So much! Really, I had no expectation that so large a sum would be realized! I rather think our minister will reverse his opinion on the subject of fairs when this handsome sum is paid over to him."

"There will certainly be some reasons presented to his mind in favor of doing so."

"Three hundred dollars! Our lady friends have done well, haven't they?"

"They have indeed. We must set them going again next year, for the same purpose."

"Oh, yes. A good thing, like this, must not be permitted to die out."

There was, belonging to the congregation of Mr. Henry, a poor widow named Heiner. She was very poor. Ill health, and but poor ability to get along in the world at best, made her income very small; inadequate in fact for the supplying of her real wants. She had two children, Henry, her eldest boy, who was apprenticed to a very good master, and was now in his twenty-first year; and Emma, an invalid daughter, the entire burden of whose support fell upon Mrs. Heiner. Henry was industrious and stood well with his master. He had about ten months' to serve before he would be free. To the expiration of his minority, for the sake of his mother and sister, he looked forward with great anxiety. It was his intention to devote all his earnings to their support.

Occasionally, this young man could get overwork from his master. Of this privilege he always availed



himself eagerly, and gave what he earned to his mother. It so happened that, from sickness, the poor widow got so far behind hand with her rent, that her landlord became alarmed for his money, and threatened to seize and sell all she had unless she paid him the whole, or a considerable portion of what she owed him. She did not tell her son about her indebtedness for rent, for she knew his inability to aid her, and did not wish to distress him.

Young Heiner, about this time, had been favored with more than his usual supply of overwork, and had accumulated ten dollars. His wish was to save about fifteen dollars, and with this to buy his mother a warm and comfortable cloak as a Christmas present.

On the second evening of the fair, the young man, who had heard a good deal said about it, was induced to go. He had never seen a fair, and his curiosity, excited by hearing others talk about this one, became strong enough to tempt him to part with a shilling, the regular admission fee. So he went. He did not dream of the danger he was to encounter there. Heiner was a fine looking young man, and his master did him the justice to dress him in respectable clothing; so that, though still an apprentice, he made as good an appearance as almost any one at the fair.

The gay scene within, quite dazzled and bewildered the young man. He had never witnessed any thing so brilliant. He moved down the centre of the room, looking first upon one side and then upon the other at the rich display of beautiful articles, and still more beautiful saleswomen. While thus passing leisurely along, a bright hand was laid upon his arm. He turned quickly. A pair of bright eyes were looking bewitchingly upon him; and he saw a pair of rosy lips, parted in a winning smile, while a low, sweet voice said—

"Come! You must buy something from my table."

A moment only passed, before Heiner found himself standing before a table, upon which was a handsome wax doll, sundry pin-cushions, ladies worked collars, and nick-nackeries of all imaginable kinds, while the young siren who had drawn him to the spot, was urging him to buy something. To him she was a perfect stranger. He had never even seen her before.

"Now I am sure you have got some little cousin or niece, whose gratitude for a present like this will cause her to name you in her prayers every night," she said, holding before him the beautiful doll. "It is only three dollars. Say you will take it."

What could the poor young man do? He had been but little into company; was unused to the ways of the world; and especially unprepared to meet an encounter like this, and come off victorious. He blushed—hesitated—tried to stammer out some excuse for not making the purchase. But the young lady read his character at a glance, and said—

"Oh, yes, but you must take it," and forthwith began to wrap it up very carelessly in paper.

"There," she said, when this had been done. "It is given away at that price." And she handed Heiner the doll.

Slowly he drew forth the purse that contained his

little treasure, selected therefrom three dollars, paid it to the smiling girl, and taking his purchase, retired hastily from the room, blushing at the thought of being seen with such an article in his hand. The moment he reached the street he threw the doll fiercely down upon the pavement, and hurried away muttering to himself—

"Fool! Fool! Fool!"

Three dollars was a good deal of money for Heiner to lose, and he felt its loss more than the loss of thousands is felt by some.

On the next day much was said in the shop about the fair by customers, and among other things, it was stated, that there was to be a raffle at night, and that among the things to be raffled for were a number of valuable articles. A marble-top centre-table, worth twenty-five dollars, was mentioned among other things, the chances in which were only one dollar. There was also a large mahogany rocking-chair, the chances in which were the same; besides a good many other things.

Heiner had seven dollars left. The hope of not only getting back the three dollars he had lost, but of adding materially to his little treasure by means of the proposed raffle, began to fill his thoughts, and finally possessed his mind entirely. In imagination, he already had in possession at least fifty dollars worth of articles, which could easily be sold for thirty or forty dollars, and thus make him comparatively rich. He could hardly wait until evening came, so impatient was he to realize the little fortune that lay within his reach.

With his seven dollars in his pocket, the infatuated young man hastened to the fair. First he secured by the payment of a dollar, a chance in the centre-table; then one in the handsome chair, and so on in the various little lotteries that were established for pious purposes by fair and pious young Christians, until he had adventured upon this uncertain sea his whole treasure.

It was now that anxieties and fears began to arise in his mind. Should the result prove disastrous to his hopes? The thought made his heart sink trembling in his bosom. For two hours all was suspense. Then the various articles were raffled—some by drawing numbers as in a lottery, and others by throwing the dice.

At twelve o'clock Heiner went home wretched. He had gambled and lost all!

Three days passed before he could venture to visit his mother. Of the deep extremity she was in he knew nothing. But he felt so miserable about the loss of the little treasure he had accumulated, that he did not wish to see her, lest she should notice his unhappiness and inquire the cause.

"You look very much troubled, mother; what is the matter?" he asked of his parent, when he at length ventured to see her, and observed that she was unusually depressed in spirits.

"All my things have been seized, Henry," she replied, giving way to tears, "and are to be sold in a week. I owe twenty-five dollars for rent, and our landlord says that he must and will have it. He called day before yesterday, and said if I would pay

him ten dollars, would you wait longer for the rest. But I had not a dollar to give him."

"Mother! Why did you not tell me this before?" exclaimed her son, rising from his seat and wringing his hands as he paced the floor with agitated steps.

"It would have done no good," she replied, mournfully, "and would only have distressed you. I hoped that he would have borne longer with me, but I was mistaken."

"Yes, it would have done good," returned Henry. "I had ten dollars saved toward buying you a cloak for a Christmas present. But——"

The young man could not utter the words that were upon his tongue.

"Where is the money now, Henry?" eagerly asked Mrs. Heiner.

"Gone!" was the sad reply.

"Gone? Where?"

Henry related, without concealment or extenuation, all that had occurred at the fair. When he had finished his mother burst into tears and wept bitterly. The young man had no words of consolation to offer her. He sat silent, with his eyes upon the floor, feeling little less wretched than a condemned criminal. Suddenly he started up, and rushed from the house ere his mother could speak a word to prevent his going away.

To the house of the minister the young man bent his steps. He found Mr. Henry at home, who received him kindly. After he had been seated a few moments, the minister, who had been observing him closely, said—

"What is the matter, Henry? You look in trouble."

"And so I am, sir, in very great trouble. My mother has got behind hand with her rent, and the landlord has seized her things and is going to sell them all. If she could only pay him ten dollars, he would wait longer for the balance; but she hasn't a single dollar to pay. Oh! sir; do you not know of some kind person who would lend her ten dollars? I could pay it back in two or three months by doing overwork. I would let the money lie in Mr. Martin's hands, as fast as I earned it, and he would pay it over."

"Do you frequently earn money by overwork?" asked Mr. Henry.

"Yes, sir. I do all the overwork I can get."

"What use do you make of what you earn in this way? Do you spend it for yourself?"

"Oh, no, sir! I spend it for mother and sister."

One question after another, asked by the minister, elicited from the young man a full confession of what had occurred a few evenings previous.

"And so, my poor young friend," said Mr. Henry, after he clearly comprehended all, "they have sent you home from their vanity fair a ruined gamester! But your mother's things must not be sold. I happen to have twenty dollars in the house. Ten I will loan to you. You will repay it to me as fast as you can. And let this be a warning to you, never to risk a dollar so long as you live, in any game of chance, whether it be at a furo-bank, or in a so called charitable fair. The principle is the same, and the evil as heinous in the sight of Heaven."

The young man thanked the minister with tears

in his eyes. As soon as he received the money, he hurried away to make glad the heart of his poor mother.

Heiner had not left the house of Mr. Henry over ten minutes, when Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith, accompanied by another leading member of the church, called in to see the minister.

"We have some pleasant news for you," said Mr. Smith, after they had been seated a few minutes.

"Have you, indeed? A pleasant task have they who bring pleasant news."

"We are commissioned, by the managers of the fair that has been held in our church, to pay you over the entire proceeds, which amount to three hundred and six dollars, to your salary for this year. Here they are."

And Mr. Smith extended a small roll of bank notes.

But Mr. Henry drew back, while his face became very serious.

"No, gentlemen," he said, firmly, "I cannot receive a dollar of it."

"Why not?" was asked, in profound surprise.

"If the members of my congregation think my salary inadequate to my support, let them increase it by regular contributions made for that purpose, and let it come as a free will offering. But with extortion and wrong, such as ever attend your fairs, I will have nothing to do. You bring me, in your hand, the price of honor, delicacy, justice and truth, and do you think I will accept of it? No! I would as lief touch fire! At your fair a young man, who had not the firmness to resist indelicate importunity, paid three dollars for a doll, which in anger he broke upon the pavement the moment he got into the street. He was an apprentice, who could only get small sums of money at a time, by overwork. In this way he had accumulated ten dollars, with which large sum, for him, he was going to buy his poor mother a cloak for a Christmas present. He was tempted to go to the fair by hearing so much said about it by those who visited his master's shop, and there he was robbed of three dollars—I call it so—you must excuse my plain way of speaking. But this was not all. He next heard about your beautiful gambling operations, and in the hope of winning back what he had already lost, went and risked the seven that remained in chances in contre-tables, rocking-chairs, and I don't know what all. He lost! When next he saw his mother, judge of his surprise and anguish of mind, to discover that she owed rent of which he knew nothing, and that her landlord had seized her things and was about selling them. Ten dollars the man had offered to take on account, and give a longer time for the remainder; but he had lost his ten dollars at the fair—he was a ruined gamester, and you made him such. In his extremity he came to me to ask if I would not get somebody to lend his mother ten dollars, he pledging himself to pay it back by his overwork."

"I will do it," said each of the three men.

"I have already set his heart at rest," replied the minister.

"You didn't lend it to him," said Mr. Smith.

"Yes. I happened to have twenty dollars by me, and I divided it with him."

His visitors were mute with surprise and mortification. At length one of them said—

"You certainly will not persist in refusing to take the money we have brought you. The thing is done now, and cannot be undone. The money is for you, and we cannot appropriate it to any other purpose."

"Not a dollar of it will I accept," was firmly answered. "You had better seek out all the instances of wrong done by the practical working of your fair, like that which I have mentioned, and make restitution. Certainly that poor young man ought not to be doomed to work late at night for two or three months to make up what he has lost, when his poor mother so badly needs all he can earn."

It was in vain to talk to Mr. Henry. He would not have a dollar of what had been cleared at the fair. His refusal to do so made quite a stir in his

church. But like a rock in the ocean, he stood firm, although the waves dashed angrily about his feet. A day or two after he had loaned young Heiner ten dollars, that young man called upon him and returned the money with many sincere thanks. Some unknown friend, he said, had sent his mother money enough to pay all her back rent, and enable him to replace the small sum he had borrowed.

The exact disposition of the three hundred dollars, Mr. Henry never knew. A portion of it, doubtless, went into the funds of the church and helped to make up the increase of salary that it was voted him, a few months later. But he did not know this, nor think it his business to inquire. As for fairs, very little was ever said about them in his congregation. The subject was rather an unpleasant one.

## THE VILLAGE PASTOR.

BY MRS. NANNIE SMITH.

Am! who is it that does not love the good old village pastor, with his silvery locks and his pale, care-worn brow? Time has traced upon that brow many furrows, but it has not yet dimmed the lustre of his eye, quenched the brightness of his intellect, nor crushed his noble spirit. And yet sorrows like mountains have weighed upon his existence!

No ambitious dreams can tempt or lure him from the little flock that has so long looked up to him for guidance and instruction. No, he is content to dwell in an humble sphere, and teach an honorable and devout flock. Though many fascinating temptations are held out to him, to take a wider field of labor, where worldly honors lie thickly scattered round, yet the love of his little flock, and a knowledge of the frailty of humanity prevent him from yielding to their alluring charms; knowing that worldly honors, like the deadly Upas tree, that blasts everything that comes within its sphere, often take possession of the immortal mind, and root out its longings and aspirations for celestial glory.

It was a bright summer evening! The sun was sinking to repose in the far-off West, tipping the trees and hills and spire of our village church with a rosy tinge. Not a cloud dimmed the deep blue Heavens; not a harsh sound floated on the air; and not a breeze stirred the surrounding rich green foliage. The laborer had ceased to toil, and sat beside his loving wife, watching the gamboling of his darling little ones upon the green lawn in front of his dwelling; and as I listened to their ringing shouts and merry laughter, my heart seemed full of tender emotions, for the days of childhood came rushing back to my mind. After advancing some little distance, I sat myself down to muse on the bright, the sunny, happy days of youth, which this lovely scene brought to mind, when no sorrow hung in life's serene and peaceful sky. But scarce had I seated myself upon the green sward, before a sound of melody greeted my ear, as if breathed by angel lips, that aroused me from my reverie. I listened, and again the gushing music of a rich, soft voice, from the direction of the old parsonage, that lay to my right amid a cluster of trees a short distance off, came lightly floating on the air. I started up, and bent my steps thitherward, hoping, by screening myself by the shrubbery, to get nearer the fair minstrel without being observed. As I approached this little earthly Paradise, a simplicity and neatness which ever characterized the parsonage, struck my mind forcibly; and, with the poet, I exclaimed involuntarily to myself—

"If there is peace to be found in the world,  
A heart that is humble might hope for it here."

It was indeed a charming spot. A neat, white cottage

lay there nestled amid roses, woodbines, honeysuckles and hyacinths—fit dwelling-place, methought, for innocence and loveliness. I drank deep of that melody: but, alas! too soon it ceased. It was the vesper hymn chaunted by a fair girl of scarce sixteen summers to her father. Now all was silent—the music had ceased, and the fairy looking being that had awakened those notes that melted on the soul so feelingly had departed; and yet I did not leave that spot; for I felt as if chained to it by some magic spell. Then thought, deep thought, took possession of my mind, and I found myself wandering over the history of that good village pastor, whom I had been taught to revere from my days of childhood. From his earliest manhood he had been "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." Though comfortably situated as far as it regards the common necessities of life, and living in the hearts of all who knew him; for, truly, "none knew him but to love him"—yet he had seen his children, one after another, drop to earth as the leaves from the trees beneath an autumn sky. And at last she that had been his partner and solace in sorrow, sickened and died also. This seemed to fill his cup of bitterness to overflowing; yet he did not hide the hand that laid upon him "the chastening rod." He would say, "the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away: blessed be the name of the Lord." All that bound him now to earth, by kindred ties, was a daughter, over whom he still watched with the most tender solicitude. With what care did he train her budding and expanding mind, fearing that he would scarce be able to catch the fragrance from that frail flower, ere death would come and nip it too. Truly he trained her up in the way she should go, for she seemed to hover round the poor and distressed of the village like a ministering angel, soothing the afflicted and broken-hearted; and administering to every want of her aged parent. Who could blame him for thinking her his earthly treasure? None, for such an one is valued above rubies. I had been musing upon the incidents of this history for some time, when a sound fell upon my ear like the voice of supplication, at which I started up half frightened from the spot where I had lingered so long in abstracted thought. For ere this the sun had sunk to sleep, and "gray twilight" had dissolved into the sable folds of night; and myriads of bright stars, and the silvery moon gemmed the brow of Heaven. A light now broke upon my vision through a small window fronting me, as the voice of the pastor, (for it was he) in words of adoration, fell pleasingly on the entranced senses; and I now approached nearer where I could command a view of the inmates. Reader, I would not have thee think me an eye-dropper, and I would ask thee to forgive me for the

act; for an irresistible power impelled me forward. I drew near to the small window, and beheld through it, by the aid of the solitary but brilliant taper that lighted up the apartment, a scene that angels delight to behold, and mortals witness with awe profound! On the little stand, in the centre of the room, lay an open Bible, near which two figures knelt in humble and devout prayer to the keeper of spirits, and the dispenser of blessings. What a striking contrast was here presented! A young girl, with her small white hands clasped—her blooming cheeks and rosy lips—her fair brow, upon which time had set no signet of care, her soft blue eyes upturned to Heaven—her golden tresses falling carelessly over her fair shoulders, and her gently heaving bosom, as it gave utterance to the silent, yet eloquent appeals to her father and God, encircled by a simple robe of white muslin, which fell in graceful folds round her kneeling form, seemed all the mind could picture of loveliness and

goodness. Then, the old man, with his white and flowing locks—his pale, furrowed brow—his trembling hands clasped, and his deep, sonorous voice of burning eloquence melting on the evening air in untold sweetness, struck the beholder with unutterable beauty and sublimity. Oh, what a picture of loveliness was here presented! What a contrast! what an example to mankind! age and youth, where purity and innocence seemed to dwell, mingling the voice of supplication together! As I gazed upon the scene my heart softened and seemed to melt within me. The prayer ceased, and all again was silent.

I now turned away from this hallowed spot a better being, and silently retraced my footsteps, saying to myself, surely there is a truth in the religion of Jesus-Christ, and if those who seem purity and innocence itself need repentance, how will it be at the day of reckoning with the sinful!

How will it?

## JEALOUSY'S VICTIM.

BY ANGELINE E. ALEXANDER.

### CHAPTER I.

What is this life without the light of love?

At the tender age of two years, Florence Elwyn was bequeathed by a dying mother to a father's love. As is generally the case, the affections of the husband and father centered in the little being who remained as the last tie which bound him to earth, guarding her like some cherished flower which neither the air nor sunshine might too rudely visit. At seventeen the light-hearted child had grown into a being of rare loveliness, while to her striking beauty was added the charm of a sweet disposition and filial devotedness. But, alas! a strange world is this—in which heart-breaking grief stalks abroad, eager for his prey, and marks as his victims the sweetest of earth's flowers. Is there no remedy? Alas, none! Youth, beauty, innocence, possess no charm of occult power with which to ward off the fatal spells. Just as Florence Elwyn was budding into womanhood her father was suddenly attacked with a malignant fever, which in a few days terminated his existence, and she was a lone orphan. When Florence partially recovered from this severe shock, it was to feel most keenly the desolation of her situation. She knew of no relatives. She was young and unprotected, alone in the wide world, and as she threw herself beside her father's grave and wept in passionate despair, how fervently did she pray that the damp earth would unclothe and receive her to his cold embrace. An early and long tried friend of Mr. Elwyn attended to the settlement of the estate, and in the most pressing and affectionate manner solicited Florence to make his house her future home. Mr. Ellison had for years been on terms of the closest friendship with her beloved parent, and his only child Anne Ellison, the playmate of her childhood, was her own most intimate friend. Her father's property, although not so ample as was supposed, was fully sufficient to support her handsomely and relieve all fear of dependence, so the sorrowful girl accepted with gratitude the kind offer, and became a member of his family, while the sympathies and kind attentions of his wife and daughter tended to lessen somewhat the excess of her grief. She dwelt in great retirement in the bosom of the Ellison family, and two years elapsed ere they could prevail on her to accompany them in their occasional visits through the neighborhood. But although Florence Elwyn had secluded herself from society, yet she had been seen and admired.

Frederick Ashton was the last member of a family noted for its wealth and respectability. Having no particular tie upon his affections, and ample means to gratify his wishes, he had spent several years in

travelling through Europe as well as his own country. During a tour through the Southwestern states fortuitous circumstances detained him sometime at B—, the dwelling place of Florence Elwyn, and charmed by the picturesque views in the vicinity he still lingered, long after the necessity for delay ceased to exist. His person was commanding, and the fire of his soul shone in the depths of his dark eyes, emitting sparks of intellect; but a close observer might have detected a shade of disappointment, or a little suspicion of mankind in his handsome features. His mind was of the kind to grapple with the world. The brilliancy of his genius, and the soundness of his principles well calculated him to rule over mind in general, while to his gifted understanding was added a taste rich by nature, and highly cultivated by study and travel. Such was the man in whose bosom Florence Elwyn had awakened an interest hitherto unknown. At first the story of her early sorrows touched his heart, then followed the desire to gain her acquaintance. Frequent intercourse deepened his impressions, and love came upon him ere he was aware. What were the feelings of the object of his love? Florence Elwyn was the tenderly cherished idol of a father's love upon which she leaned, and when death with ruthless hand tore away her prop, the sense of loneliness that filled her sad heart was almost insupportable. She had a soul too full of poetry, drinking it in from every lovely thing around her. The shadowy glen, the rippling streamlet, and the dark forest were to her beauty and incense. Imaginative and susceptible, she had always lived in a world of her own creation, and in her heart there was an undefinable yearning for some one to guide its impulses, share its communings, and cling to for support. Such an one she found in Frederick Ashton. The correctness of his judgment would direct her, in the deep tenderness of his heart she would find kindred sympathy, and the strength and decision of his character would prove a sure defence against life's storms. To her mind he presented an embodiment of the noblest and loftiest principles which adorn and sublimate human nature. Her love was like

A dream of poetry that may not be  
Written or told—exceedingly beautiful.

Under the influence of this sweet vision the joy blossoms of her innocent heart, that had once withered away at the touch of sorrow, now revived and became redolent with a thousand perfumes. In the quiet of the summer twilight they would stray forth to gaze upon the beautiful scenery and listen to the low whispering anthem of the forest trees. Then would Frederick Ashton recall the classic enthusiasm of his early days, until Florence, fascinated into a

forgetfulness of herself, became a partaker in a conversation to which at first she was only a timid listener. She loved poetry, and he was an admirable reciter. He had imbibed the poetry of nature from the rushing mountain streams and beautiful lakes of the North, and loved to repeat his verse to an ear so rapt as hers. She was a daughter of the sunny South, where the gush of warm affections flow out pure from the heart, unrestrained by the chilling breath of a colder climate, and as she listened to those thrilling strains a rapture would steal over her, stirring her heart with vague and mysterious feelings. How she loved to watch the pale moon leading on the starry host of Heaven, until the fairy-like landscape dreamily melted away, and the soft summer air floated by like angels' whispers, while with a soul boating in unison with this harmony, and a crowd of holy feelings round her heart, she would stroll silently along forgetting earth in thoughts too ecstatic to be clothed in words. Thus she loved. Frederick Ashton had mingled a great deal with society, and had met with heartlessness as well among woman-kind as the other sex, which had created a great disgust of them, and an utter dread and abhorrence of coquetry. He imagined his wealth and station in society to be the desideratum at which the fair ones aimed to carry out successfully their schemes of flirtation. If a pretty woman smiled on him or received him graciously, he was sure it was the concealment of a plan to jilt him. So strong was his prejudice upon this point, that it amounted almost to monomania, and so completely had he encased himself in this coat of mail, to render his heart impervious to the arrows that were constantly flashing from the brilliant eyes, or quivering on the dimpled cheeks of the fair beings with whom he associated. But a change had come over him. His hitherto watchful heart had been betrayed into loving the sweet and gentle Florence before he was aware of danger. He admired the blended fervor, delicacy, and ethereality of her mind, and he loved her for her gentle dependence and trusting confidence. He thought her as near perfection as it was possible for human nature to approach; and yet he persuaded his better judgment that it was necessary to study her nature and character more thoroughly ere he confessed his love. How little does man know of the depth and tenderness of woman's affection! He may think that she is influenced by sinister motives; that his fortune or worldly fame perhaps attracted her. Deluded mortal! does he imagine that the love of a true woman can be bought with such gilded trifles as these? He bestows upon her numberless, pleasing attentions, that are so gratifying to a woman when coming from the man she loves. He yields a constant deference to her wishes, that is as delicate as it is flattering, and is so fully appreciated by a refined mind. All this he thinks he may do with impunity, while, as he calls it, he is studying her character. If he should happen to find some discord with the perfect harmony of his ideas, or perchance a rival present herself, in one fairer, richer, or more accomplished, his pursuit is at an end, and those delicate attentions are transferred to another. Judging from his own heart he supposes that should the forsaken one feel a little at first, time,

change of scene, or perhaps a new lover, will soon heal the wound and leave no scar. Thus do men, who are far from intending wrong, often reason with themselves. They know not that every look, every tone of the beloved one is engraven upon woman's heart, guarded as a sacred treasure, and yielded up only at the behest of death.

## CHAPTER II.

She wove a tale with all a demon's art  
Should bear to mock the secret of her heart;  
She formed a plot that o'er her fair young brow  
Should call of pain and shame the crimson glow.

"It shall never be," exclaimed a haughty girl, as she pushed aside the embroidery frame over which she was bending, and rising up, commenced walking the floor with a quick, irregular step, then suddenly pausing before the person whom she addressed, her eyes sparkling with ungovernable rage—"it shall never be. I repeat it—Frederick Ashton shall never marry Florence Elwyn."

"And pray, how will you prevent it, Kate?" asked the young man, who bore so striking a resemblance to the first speaker, that it were an easy matter to decide the relationship that existed between them. "Everything seems to be going on very prosperously—indeed I should not be astonished if they are already engaged—and an angel he'll get for a wife."

"Fool!" muttered the angry woman, contemptuously, "are you too caught by that baby face, whining voice and affected manners?"

"Pretty language for a sister to address to a brother," replied the young man, while a cold smile of disdain played around his mouth. "Ah, Kate, you had better take Florence Elwyn for a pattern if you ever expect to get such a man as Frederick Ashton, or indeed any other."

"The artful creature! well does she know how to play her part. She feigns a sweet pensive look, and onlists sympathy in behalf of her early sorrows; but it is not the loss of a dead father she mourns, these are only the arts she employs to secure the living lover."

"Shame on you, Kate!" exclaimed her brother, indignantly, "to judge of any woman by such a cold heartless piece of artificiality as yourself."

"Have I not seen it all?" she replied, in a voice that passion rendered tremulous. "Frederick Ashton would have been mine had he not fell into the snare of that designing creature. But it is not too late—I'll have him yet."

"A very maidenly assertion, upon my word," said her brother, ironically. "But," resumed he, in a more natural tone, "that were easier said than done."

"I shall need your assistance," continued his sister, "to that will be added my own discriminating judgment and unfailing resources of invention, and I have no fear for the end."

Her brother regarded her with a look of withering scorn, "say your artful maliciousness, and you'll come nearer the truth. However," he added, gaily, "I am ready to enter into any measures that will be

likely to make me the proud and happy husband of Florence Elwyn. What do you intend to do?"

"I have no settled plan as yet," replied Kate, without taking any notice of the former part of his observation. "I intend to watch narrowly the course of events, and make them subservient to my purpose. What I expect of you is to follow closely where I lead or direct."

Catharine Mailand had been the schoolmate of Florence Elwyn; but so un congenial were their natures, that as they grew up nothing more than the civilities of society were kept up between them. Catharine Mailand was vain, haughty, cold-hearted, and revengeful in disposition, indeed there was scarcely a redeeming trait in her character; but possessing an uncommon share of vivacity, together with considerable personal attractions, her great moral defects were concealed when in society. She loved Frederick Ashton as much as she was capable of loving any one. The gentle Florence Elwyn had ever been the object of her envy, and now that she was likely to prove a rival, the most implacable hatred took possession of her breast. Robert Mailand, the brother of Catharine, differed but little from his sister, except that a bad man seldom possesses in the same proportion the expertness to devise mischief, and those qualities of mean artfulness that characterize a bad woman. As we have seen he loved Florence Elwyn, and hesitated not at the means employed to obtain her, thinking that if he could break off the intimacy between her and Frederick Ashton, there would be no obstacle to his happiness. According to the instructions of his sister he set about cultivating an intimate acquaintance with Frederick Ashton, endeavoring to find out his peculiarities. Ashton found in Mailand an agreeable and pleasing companion, and very soon the two were on quite intimate terms. One day, when out on a shooting party, Ashton's gun suddenly burst, severely wounding him. During the insensibility occasioned by the severe pain and loss of blood, Mailand had him conveyed to his own residence, as affording earlier assistance from its being nearer the place of the accident than the hotel where he boarded. On examination the wound proved to be a very dangerous one, and the fever that ensued reduced him so low that his life was despaired of; but a strong constitution baffled the disease, and he was pronounced convalescent. The only solace he had while lingering on his bed of pain was the thought of his gentle Florence. "How," he thought, "could her sweet voice have assuaged his sufferings, and from her dear hand the nauseous drugs would have lost half their bitterness. But this was impossible—so he must be resigned." He had fully determined that immediately on his restoration to health he would offer to her his heart and hand. During his protracted sickness he was attended in the most faithful manner by Robert Mailand. His apparently disinterested kindness completely won upon the generous nature of Frederick Ashton, and he regarded him as his best friend, for whom he would have made any sacrifice. Propped up by pillows, Ashton was now able to sit up for a short time, and once more to taste the sweets of returning health; but latterly he had

discovered an air of abstraction about his friend that sorely grieved him. He watched him closely, and when Mailand thought he was not observed, he would sit in deep dejection, while heavy sighs heaved his breast, then drawing from his bosom a beautifully wrought golden locket, he would gaze on it until the tears seemed ready to start, and, fondly kissing it, would carefully lay it away in its hiding-place. Ashton respected his feelings, and would not for worlds have had his friend know that he had been a witness of his weakness. It was true then that Mailand loved; and perhaps some heartless creature had dared to trifle with the affections of such a noble and generous soul. Ashton was almost tempted to curse the folly of man for loving, and the heartlessness of woman for trifling. At length one morning, from a dreamy reverie, he happened to open his eyes very suddenly, and beside him sat his friend, the locket lying in his hand, and he regarding it with a look of great sadness. Before he could recover his wonted presence of mind, Mailand lifted his eyes and met those of Ashton fixed on him. In evident confusion he closed his hand upon the locket—but it was too late, his secret was discovered. The thought occurred to Frederick to rally his friend upon his attachment, perhaps he might win his confidence, and by sharing his grief might lessen its poignancy. At all events he determined to broach the subject, fully persuaded that if he understood the case he could be of service.

"Nay, Mailand," said he, good humoredly, "do not be so selfish. Allow me a glimpse of the pretty face that you hold in your covetous grasp; for pretty I know it must be if you admire it."

"And as false as fair," returned Mailand, bitterly, and relapsing into his former dejected mood, seemed to prelude all attempts at further conversation. But Ashton was not to be diverted: having the welfare of his friend at heart, he determined to persevere.

"Mailand," said Ashton, with manly frankness, "excuse me if I have aroused from their repose thoughts of an unpleasant nature. Such was not my intention, neither do I desire to pry into the secrets of your heart from motives of vain curiosity; but having unknown to you, and unintentionally on my part, observed many things that led me to suspect the state of your affections, I thought that a repose of confidence might enable me to be of some service, which it would be my greatest happiness to render."

"Heaven be praised for granting me such a friend," exclaimed Mailand, as he cordially grasped Ashton's extended hand, "but, alas! you can be of no use to me, therefore it is unnecessary to trouble you with—"

"If nothing else will be gained," replied Frederick, who resumed the conversation, unfinished as Mailand had left it, "rest assured your heart will feel lighter when its burden of grief is divided with your friend."

"Impossible! naught on earth can heal the wounds of a crushed spirit, or restore happiness to the heart from whence hope hath forever departed. It began in our early youth," continued Mailand, reluctantly, "was the charm of my boyish days, and the hope of my manhood. Need I tell you how I loved," exclaimed he, fervently, as glowing with his subject he forgot his former embarrassment, and seemed now as



anxious to dwell upon the theme as before he had been reluctant. "It filled my whole soul—it became my animating principle—it gave vigor to my intellect—fervor to my devotions—energy to my whole character. And it was returned with the purity and sweetness of a young heart's first love. She was a confiding and innocent young creature—too guileless to conceal her attachment for me, and too pure-minded to deny the sweet familiarities of the innocent. Her lovely head found its resting-place upon my breast, while my hand was allowed to roam at pleasure through its rich garniture of tresses. I might look into the depths of those soft violet orbs, and drink my fill of the intoxicating delight, or if my gaze became too impassioned, and in rebuke the lovely lids drooped softly over them, my pardon was sure to be sealed upon the rippling, pouting lips. Thus we grew up and were betrothed. But why dwell upon those moments of ineffable bliss?—for years they were the light of my existence, now they are gone never to return. A change came over my beloved, and when I sought to know the cause and revive the recollections of by-gone hours, she coldly repulsed me, telling me that I must forget as she had the fancies of her girlish days, and when I reminded her of the solemn engagement between us, of which Heaven was witness, she answered with a scornful smile that I could not expect her to fulfil, or even remember engagements that were made when she was a mere child. At length she refused to see me, and I am left to bear the anguish that is devouring me as best I may."

Mailand paused overcome by his feelings, while Ashton was deeply moved at the recital of his wrongs.

"Am I acquainted with her?" asked he, in a soothing tone.

"Yes—no—that is—I mean—let us speak no more about it," said Mailand, exceedingly agitated, and evidently from different emotions than those which had just before held their sway over him.

"What ails you, Mailand?" said Frederick, astonished at his singularity of speech and manner. "What am I to gather from your strange answers?"

"Seek not to question me further," replied Mailand. "Too much has already been said; but, thank Heaven, I have not gone too far," he continued, in an under tone, as if thinking aloud. "I have been careful. He knows not who it is."

"What can you mean? Of whom have you been speaking? Tell me her name," wildly demanded Ashton, while a strange presentiment crept around his heart.

"Alas! you know not what you ask," said Mailand, fixing his eyes sadly upon him. "Would that I had said nothing; but who could have foreseen this. No, no, you could not bear it."

"I can bear anything but this torturing suspense—speak quickly," almost gasped Ashton, a death-like pallor spreading over his countenance.

Mailand returned no answer; but slowly unclasping the fingers that seemed to cling with fond tenacity to the locket, he extended his hand to Ashton. A look was sufficient. In their sweet placidity, as pure and sinless as an angel's, the lovely features of Florence Elwyn met his wild gaze. An agonizing cry escaped

from his bursting heart as he sank back upon the pillow. It was the struggle of a mighty spirit. While it was going on a gleam of fiendish triumph shot across the countenance of the wretch who sat beside him, and instantly passing away, left upon it its former woeful expression. In a short time Frederick Ashton arose. His face was deadly pale, and the mental suffering of years seemed to have passed over him in those few moments.

"My friend," said he, in a voice so calm and composed, that it quite startled Mailand, "how deeply I have wronged you your suffering heart can best tell, and yet your generous spirit has returned good for evil, and cherished with your kindness the serpent who had coiled itself around your hopes of happiness, and poisoned them with its venom. Say that you forgive me, and the rest of my life shall prove how utterly I deplore the ignorance that unconsciously led me to injure you. But rest assured, nothing has passed between the lady and myself that need, for an instant, disturb your peace. The love for her that I now confess to you, has never been breathed into her ear. Excuse me if I advert to unpleasant circumstances. I once noticed in her possession a counterpart of the locket you have just showed me, and so careful was she of it that I could scarce gain a glimpse, for it was, she said, painted for her father, by an eminent artist, who, ere a copy of it could be taken, went unexpectedly to Europe, and has resided there ever since."

"That copy is the one I now have, and at the time of our betrothal was exchanged for my likeness. A few months since she returned mine requesting her own; but I could not part with it."

"What could be her object in thus resorting to falsehood and deception?"

"You are reputed wealthy, my dear sir, and beside an attractive exterior you are talented and well educated. Having seen much of the world has given ease to your manner, and variety to your information. You are just the sort of man with whom a lady of taste and refinement loves to swell her train of admirers. Your attentions flattered Florence, and when contrasted with you her betrothed appeared to disadvantage; but I doubt not that in time the spell would have broken, and my heart been gladdened by a return of her former trusting affection."

"And could you love such a vain trifler? Oh! be careful, Mailand, how you throw away the sacred affections of a manly heart upon one who has proved herself so utterly unworthy of you."

"Speak not so, Frederick—she is now young and thoughtless—time and judicious counsel will correct the errors of her unformed character, and make her all that I could wish."

Ashton dropped the subject, for it was painful to both.

Was it possible, thought Frederick when alone, that he could have been so deceived? And yet the evidences were clear. In all his intercourse with society he had never met with one apparently so innocent, pure-minded: and yet this fair exterior, this semblance of innocence covered a false, and to his strict ideas of purity in the female sex, an almost impure heart.

That delicate waist had been encircled by the arm of a lover, and those loving eyes reflected his image. In this there might perhaps be no impropriety, for he was her betrothed; but Frederick remembered that her eyes had fallen beneath his look of respectful admiration, that she had walked alone with him, and her arm trembled as it rested in his. She had listened too with an air of quiet happiness to his conversation, and though she said but little in reply, yet that little was uttered in low, sweet tones that spoke of tenderness, and made his heart thrill with delight. All this was done while in the sight of Heaven she was the betrothed of another. And for what object? Money, a station in society, and the love of flirtation: Contempt for her dissimulation, and rage at having been made the dupe of an artful girl, made him at first almost furious; but after a while these emotions subsided, and thoughts of the sweet moments he had spent with the only one he had ever loved rose up before him with beauty and freshness. Must he awake from the blissful dream in which the last few months had sped away so quickly? Alas! he felt it was indeed only a dream, and already was he awake to its fallacy.

His course was at once decided. As he had made no profession of attachment to Florence Elwyn, it was unnecessary that he should see her, or offer any explanation of his conduct. His having been so long and intimately associated with the injured Mailand, would be likely to suggest to her guilty heart the true cause. As soon as he was able he intended to leave B—, and endeavor to forget the unhappy incidents of his sojourn there. But in this he was disappointed. The conflicting emotions that had agitated him in his weak state induced a return of the fever, and many weeks elapsed before he was restored to his former state of convalescence. At times, during his sickness, he imagined that the form of a female moved noiselessly about his room; but he closed his eyes resolutely upon the vision, determining that never again should false woman find a communication to his heart. Mailand's attentions were redoubled, and by careful nursing he was once more able to sit up; and to his great relief he perceived that his friend wore a more cheerful air than formerly. Clad in Mailand's elegantly embroidered robe de chambre, his feet covered by slippers elaborately wrought, and resting upon a cushion of the same beautiful style, Ashton would sit for hours and converse with his friend, while he could not but admire his delicate taste and compliment him thereon. Mailand disclaimed all merit to praise, remarking that the articles he admired were the taste and work of his sister, whose delight it was to contribute to her brother's comfort. Frederick now discovered to whom he was indebted for the many delicacies that he constantly received. At length he was able to leave his room; and one fine morning he strolled into the library, and taking up a book, threw himself upon a sofa to examine its pages. He was aroused from his reading by the voices of Mailand and his sister in the next room. The library opened into this apartment, so that he could not retire without discovering to them that he had overheard their conversation, which was of such a nature as to make this intrusion mortifying and painful to their feelings.

The only alternative was to remain. He then learned that an informality existed in the will of their deceased father, in consequence of which Catharine was left dependent upon her brother. This it appeared had been known to Mailand for sometime, and he had kept it carefully concealed from his sister, who had but just discovered it. She had now determined to leave her brother, and live upon the interest of a small legacy that had been left her by a maiden aunt. It was in vain her brother remonstrated and besought her in the most tender manner to give up her plans. She was affectionate but firm, telling him that it would have been her delight to have superintended his domestic affairs; but as his house would soon have a wife to preside over it, her services would not be needed, and that her spirit could not brook having her dependence thrown up to her by Florence Elwyn, even though she were her brother's wife. She expected to leave in a few days, having accepted the invitation of an intimate friend at a distance to pay her a visit, and intended to remain with her until she made some arrangement for the future. Mailand would not listen to her leaving him so soon, urging as a reason that it would look strange for her to leave so suddenly, and while Ashton was still his guest. At the mention of this Catharine burst into tears. By the most tender entreaties Mailand finally managed to draw from her the true cause of her desire to leave him so suddenly. It appeared that a consorcial world had been unadverting upon Ashton's protracted stay at her brother's, and magnified the little acts of kindness that humanity had prompted toward an invalid, into serious attempts to secure his affections. Servants had been bribed to say that she spent the greater part of her time with him, singing to him, playing for him, and endeavoring in various ways to entrap him. In her distress she hinted that even more than this had been said, that she was unwilling to repeat. She appealed to her brother as to the falsity of these accusations, and how cruelly she had been belied. Mailand was at first silent from astonishment; but at length he succeeded in consoling his sister, agreeing with her that the best plan they could pursue was for her to leave immediately, the invitation from their friend being a good excuse, and the future was to be left to further consideration. After deciding upon this course they left the apartment together. Frederick Ashton's feelings may be more easily conceived than described. That he should be the cause of bringing sorrow and reproach upon an innocent girl was bitter anguish to his noble soul. It was true Miss Mailand had played and sung for him, and by her wit and vivacity in conversation made many an hour pass less heavily; but in this she only followed the dictates of her benevolent nature, and her great affection for her brother, of which he had seen many proofs, prompted her to be kind to his friend, and in return for her kindness she was to reap an abundant harvest of unmitigated anguish, aggravated by an accompaniment of domestic trouble. From being, as was generally supposed, an equal heir with her brother, she was suddenly reduced to comparative dependence, obliged to minister to the whims of a haughty sister-in-law, or cast herself upon an unfeeling world with a character

which the foul breath of calumny had tainted. As a high-minded and honorable man, there was but one course to pursue, which was to make her his wife, and thereby restore her to her former independence, and remove the reproach that had fallen upon her in consequence of him. Propinquity and artfulness have made many a marriage; and Frederick Ashton like many another was compelled to resign himself to the lot in which he had become entangled. Without allowing himself to dwell upon his hard fate, he offered his hand to Catharine Mailand, which, after the proper hesitation, was accepted. As Frederick was very desirous to leave B——, an early day was fixed for the wedding ceremony, which was quietly performed, and immediately after he quitted the village with his bride.

### CHAPTER III.

"Alas! the love of woman! it is known  
To be a lovely and a fearful thing;  
For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,  
And if 'tis lost, life hath no more to bring  
To them but mockeries of the past alone."

"I WANT you to be my bridesmaid, Anne," said Florence Elwyn, as she entered the room where her friend was seated.

"Your bridesmaid!" exclaimed Anne, in unfeigned astonishment. "What do you mean?"

"I mean," replied Florence, in a cold tone, "that I am to be married to Mr. Hastings the early part of next month."—

"To Mr. Hastings!" interrupted her friend. "Florence I shall be vexed with you if you continue to jest in this way."

"Anne," said Florence Elwyn, in a solemn tone that could not fail to carry conviction. "I assure you that I am engaged to Mr. Hastings, and ere another month passes away will be his wife. Believe me or not as you please."

"I am compelled to believe you," replied Anne. "But at first the announcement was so sudden and unexpected that I could scarce credit it. You have been so indifferent to the many gentlemen who visit you, and so absorbed in the various studies you were pursuing that I feared your heart would never unlock its rare treasures. I knew that you possessed deep tenderness of feeling; but I doubted if one could be found who could cause it to spring forth. I did think at one time that you were interested in Frederick Ashton; but I was mistaken. That passed away, and the voice of adulation and lover's vows you have ever treated as empty air. You cannot then be surprised that I was startled at what you have just told me. But, dearest Florence," continued Anne, in a gentle, yet earnest tone, as she approached her friend and passed an arm round her waist, "forgive me if I am frank with you, in a little while it will be too late. Have you reflected seriously upon this matter—remember Mr. Hastings is many years your senior, and will probably expect you to forget the young, fresh feelings of your heart and be like him. Are you prepared to admit him into the sanctuary of your soul, and yield your entire affections to him alone? Think of the holiness, the responsibilities, the trials of a married life, and assume not rashly these duties. Nothing less

than the entire yielding up of your heart to the one whom you have chosen will support you under them. Florence, dearest, do you love Mr. Hastings?" said Anne, fervently, gazing into her friend's face with affectionate tenderness, as though she expected to read there the answer. Florence Elwyn averted her head. She dared not encounter her friend's earnest look. A violent agitation convulsed her delicate frame. Her lips quivered, and the breath from them came in quick and irregular gasps, while the tumultuous heavings of her breast, and the wild throbbings of her heart were fearful.

"Forbear, Anne," said she, in a voice that anguish had rendered tremulous and unnatural, "seek not to tear away the torturing mask with which I endeavor to hide a weary heart, whose griefs are insupportable and beyond alleviation. And yet why do I shrink from confiding in you? You shall know all," she exclaimed, suddenly, yielding to that recklessness of despair which realizes the utter annihilation of hope, and cares not to keep the secret of the heart longer buried. "I knew not, sought not Frederick Ashton—he was your father's guest. He solicited my acquaintance—caused me to forget my timidity—taught me the passionate delight of love. This was not done in words, it was not done in actions. It was—I know not how, but each knew that the other loved. Then came that unfortunate accident, and the illness that followed. Oh! what I suffered, and the sleepless nights I have passed praying for his restoration! Delicacy forbade any show of anxiety, and it was only occasionally that I heard from him. After a relapse he was at length pronounced convalescent, and I might hope soon to see him. With what emotions of rapture did I anticipate his visit. I would once more walk by his side, listen to his voice, gather instruction from his conversation. How tardily the hours moved on—time could not keep pace with my wild thoughts. At night I would long for morning, and in the morning I would think to-day he will be here; but day after day I expected him in vain—he came not. The anguish I endured who can imagine? I shudder when I think of it. My judgment would no longer receive the slight excuses with which I endeavored to account for his conduct. I blamed myself as being the cause of his estrangement, and yet I know not in what I had offended. My nights were spent in pacing my chamber, torturing my mind to discover, if possible, the tidings of his marriage. It fell like lightning upon my heart, withering and consuming all its bright hopes. Oh! you of calmer soul dream not of this fierce, wild love that mocks at all control, save that of pride. All this time I was obliged to wear a smiling face to conceal the heart deep woe that was consuming me, and I succeeded. None ever dreamed, not even you, of the wild wishes, burning anguish, hidden, idolizing love, that lived on, hopeless still. But I became an altered being, with scarce a vestige of my former self left—I had grown old and wise prematurely. My first thought was to prove my power by a wealthy and honorable marriage, an offer of which being made just at this time presented a strong inducement; but reason interposed in time to spare the sacrifice. I knew that I could never again

love; and there was something too repulsive in the idea of rushing into the arms of a man whom I would otherwise have despised. I then turned to literature for peace. I determined that I would not think of him, and hoped that love would dim before the dazzling light of fame; but vain was the hope. The thought that his eye would rest upon my lines guided my pen; every page was written with the hope that it would meet his approval. When I knelt down for prayer his image was present. I struggled against these feelings; but I struggled in vain. I know that he is not to blame. I would that I could hate him, then I might forget. Thus guilty in the sight of Heaven have I lived for two years. It must be so no longer. I cannot dwell in the same place with him. I have turned away from offers of marriage with disgust. The present is different. Mr. Hastings is sensitive and high-minded, noble and generous, and as such commands my highest respect. Had I never met Frederick Ashton my heart would have delighted to yield its homage to such a man as Mr. Hastings. I regret that I have not a heart to give him in return for his manly affection; but I am not entirely a deceiver—he is aware that I have loved, although the object is unknown to him. I am going far away, perhaps the attentions of a noble and talented husband, and the new duties upon which I shall enter may divert my heart from brooding over its sorrows, and restore something of its wonted cheerfulness." Florence Elwyn ceased to speak, and burying her face upon her friend's bosom, wept convulsively.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"But thro' the heart  
Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,  
'Tis agony unmix'd, incessant gail;  
Corroding every thought. \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* The yellow tinging plague  
Internal vision taints, and in a night  
Of livid gloom imagination wraps."

In the Highlands on the Hudson, amid a garden of rare cultivation, stood a charming villa. It was mid-summer, and during the day the mansion was closed to exclude the heated atmosphere; but on the coming of evening with the river breeze the house was thrown open for respiration. At the window of a tastefully furnished apartment of this beautiful dwelling sat the lady of —. She was simply attired in a mourning dress, which gave to her quiet and pensive features a still more melancholy expression. There dwelt a world of shadowy thought within the depths of her eyes, as leaning on her arm she gazed musingly upon the beautiful scenery around her. The lady was Mrs. Hastings, a faint representation of the timid and gentle Florence Elwyn of other days. She had loved with woman's idolatry, with that deep, deathless passion life only once may know. She had tasted too the bliss of knowing that she was beloved, and she had felt the wretchedness and despair of desertion by the beloved one—a desertion that was surrounded by mystery inexplicable. Who can paint the bitter wasting agony of the young heart, as ages of withering pain roll over the victim's head, while to avoid the sneers of the unfeeling she tortures herself to

conceal the grief that was preying on her soul. Three years had elapsed since her marriage with Mr. Hastings; and within twelve months she had stood beside her husband's lifeless clay. Although toward her husband she had never known that fervid earnestness of feeling, that impulsive struggle of affection, which characterizes the marriage where hearts are united, yet she had ever felt a great reverence for him, an innate sense of dependence upon a stronger nature, and a kind wish to minister to his happiness. She carefully nursed him during his long illness; and the tears that fell upon his cold forehead, as she pressed her lips upon it, were prompted by the purest feelings of friendship and veneration. Twilight is always saddening, and the shadows deepening around increased her melancholy almost to pain. From the gloomy pleasure of this reverie she was aroused by the entrance of a servant, to say that a person wished to see her. Before she could reply, a female form, closely veiled, pushed aside the servant, and demanded a private interview. Mrs. Hastings motioned the servant to withdraw, which, being done, the intruder with a firm and determined step approached her, and throwing back her veil, paused directly in front of the pale and trembling Florence, whom she regarded with a stern and searching look. Florence started back in terror, for she recognized in the wild, haggard looking being before her, the once gay and admired Catharine Mailand.

"You know me, do you? Listen while I tell you that which will make you pray for death," she exclaimed, in a voice of haughty vindictiveness, while her strongly marked features wore a fearfully malignant expression. "You loved Frederick Ashton, and he loved you. I loved him; but I hated you. I determined he should never marry you—how well my determination was carried out time has shown. Before I had decided on any plan, Robert heard that the artist who painted your locket had returned from Europe. With great trouble and expense he ascertained his place of residence, and procured from him a copy of your likeness. Frederick's accident and subsequent illness afforded us unlooked for advantages. In the ravings of delirium your name was ever on his lips; it stung me to the heart; but I possessed an antidote. According to my instructions Robert managed the matter cautiously; and while Frederick was weak in body, and his mind consequently deprived of its usual energy, by means of the locket made him believe a story of a long engagement between you and himself, of great coquetry on your part, and subsequent rejection of him in the hope of gaining Ashton, because he was more wealthy. I then succeeded in his overhearing a conversation between Robert and myself, in which I pretended that my character was suffering in consequence of his protracted stay at our house. I knew his high sense of honor too well to allow a doubt of the result, and in a short time I was his wife. After many months spent in travelling I was anxious to return to B—. My husband opposed this mildly, but so determinately that I feared I should not prevail. I rightly conjectured that the reason he objected to return to B— was his unwillingness to meet you. To live away from B— I had never dreamed of.

was necessary to my happiness that you should be a witness of my triumph. At length the furies took possession of me, and I ventured to upbraid him with his love for you. God in Heaven," exclaimed the wretched woman, tossing her arms wildly above her head, "shall I ever forget the expression of his countenance as I uttered these words, or the wild, fierce look he darted upon me as he rushed from the room. Hours elapsed ere he returned, and bitterly did I repent my rashness. When he came back he was deadly pale, and I knew that he had suffered intensely. In his manner too there was a frigidity that chilled my heart, as he coldly informed me that I might prepare to return to B—. I know that my husband never loved me—I now felt that he abhorred me; but I secretly rejoiced in the possession of an influence with which I could tame him, determining to use it unparingly. The birth of my daughter for a while diverted me from my wicked thoughts, and somewhat softened my obdurate heart. After that event, too, Frederick treated me more affectionately, and we might even then have been happy had not the evil spirit of my destiny haunted me. The better feelings awakened in my heart soon passed away. The striking resemblance that my child bore to you maddened me, and I ceased to love her because she brought your image to my mind; besides she was the delight of her father's heart. For hours would he walk the floor, holding her in his arms, and gazing tenderly into her meek, blue eyes, or kissing her soft velvet cheek. I grudged him this happiness, and fancied he loved his child because she reminded him of you. I hated my own child, and felt a sort of savage satisfaction as I listened to the falling of the cold clods upon her coffin lid, for then I thought he would have nothing to love. Our child's death deeply affected Frederick, at the same time that it rendered me more callous than ever. From expressions that escaped him during his sleep, I was convinced that he still passionately loved you, and as my jealousy rose beyond all bounds, my conduct toward him became intolerable. If he was detained out longer than usual, I accused him of haunting about your dwelling to catch a glimpse of you. If he was grave, or inclined to solitude, I upbraided him with pining away in love for you—in short, I made his house miserable, and yet I did not mean to do so, I was actuated solely by a jealous, absorbing desire to know that he was all my own. His was a high spirit, and would not tamely brook such a despotic tyrant, accordingly he threatened to employ legal measures to free himself from me; but I vowed solemnly before high Heaven that if he did so I would throw the whole blame of our unhappiness upon you. He knew my determined spirit too well to doubt the truth of my assertion, and to shield you he bore the anguish I heaped upon him. Your marriage and removal from B— brought no change to our home, peace had too long and distant flown ever to be wooed back. Robert who had always been wild after your rejection, gave himself up entirely to dissipation, and while out on a drunken revel was shot by one of his comrades. He sent for Frederick. Dreading that it was to make important disclosures, I accompanied him in hopes that my

presence would intimidate Robert; but it was in vain—the near approach of death terrified him—he revealed all, and died in agony, begging forgiveness of Frederick and you. When my husband aroused himself from the stunning effects produced by Robert's confession he darted from the room, and I have not seen him since. I staid not to see Robert's remains deposited in the earth; but collecting some money and articles for immediate necessities, I started in pursuit of Frederick. After a search of untiring diligence, I succeeded in tracing him to New York, which more than ever confirmed my suspicions that he had sought your presence for comfort, and that you might yet be happy together. The thought maddened my brain—I slept not day or night until I reached the city. I then learned that he had embarked for Europe; and when a few days out at sea jumped overboard and was drowned. I knew of nothing that could gratify me so much as to come up here and make you miserable by showing you the happiness you have lost, and the fiendish delight I feel in knowing that you can never be his, almost repays the sufferings I have endured."

The wretched woman glared her wild eyes upon Florence as she ceased to speak, and started a few paces forward, when uttering an agonizing cry she sank to the floor. The attendants whom the terrified Florence had summoned raised the prostrate form, and to their horror discovered that she had burst a blood-vessel, and the wicked passions that had so long influenced her were ebbing away in her life's blood.

## CHAPTER V.

SOME time previous to the events related in the last chapter, Anne Ellison had married and removed North, which will account for Mrs. Hastings not learning the melancholy facts that had transpired in B— earlier than she did. At the earnest solicitations of Anne and her husband, Florence was at length induced to join them in a tour through Europe, in the hope to woo back to her dimmed eye and faded cheek their former brilliancy and roundness; for her health had entirely declined beneath the repeated shocks she had received. It was sunset in Italy—that far-famed and beautiful land of the poet's dream. Florence had strolled into the garden attached to the house where they resided, to watch the rich, soft hues of an Italian sky. The thought of Frederick Ashton rose in her mind—how could she prevent it?—and unconsciously she repeated some lines he had composed for her.

"Florence, dearest Florence!" broke upon her ear in tones that sounded like the echo of departed bliss, and in a moment after she was clasped in the arms, and felt that the eyes of Frederick Ashton were looking into hers. She forgot that she believed him dead—she forgot what she had suffered. She knew only, and it was all she wanted to know, that she was pressed to the heart of him whom she had loved so long and so hopelessly. The sudden transition from unhappiness to felicity was too much for her delicate frame to endure, and closing her eyes upon the joyousness of the present, she softly murmured his

name and sank in unconsciousness upon his bosom. After the recovery of Florence, the circumstances of Frederick's sudden appearance were soon explained. The confession of Robert Mailand almost deprived him of reason, and he seemed alive only to a sense of escaping, as far as possible, from the miserable being whom he called wife. Impelled by this feeling he embarked for Europe. The vessel in which he sailed carried out another cabin passenger, who bore the name of Ashton, and whose first name commenced with the same initial as his own. This person was in very bad health, and during the night, in a fit of insanity, either walked or fell overboard, and was drowned. This intelligence reached New York by a homeward bound vessel. Catharine, whose mind was agitated and wandering, at once concluded that it was her husband, and so represented it to Florence, who afterward seeing an account of it in the newspapers, and never hearing the true statement, believed that Frederick slept in the deep. Month after month was spent by Frederick Ashton in wandering over the various countries of Europe, seeking to drown in travel the bitter remembrances of happy days now gone forever, and hoping to discover that lethe for which so many have sought in vain. Time and reflection restored to his mind its wonted energy. He saw that he had acted precipitately in leaving America as he did, and without any definite object in view he resolved to return to his native land. Accordingly by the most rapid conveyances he reached Liverpool to embark. Upon his arrival there he found letters

awaiting him from his agent in New York, informing him of the death of his wife, and the ill health and departure of Mrs. Hastings and her friends for Naples. Here was an unexpected and most happy deliverance. He determined to seek Florence and entreat her forgiveness. Not that he dreamed she loved him still, for he felt that she must despise the man who became so easily the dupe of artful machinations, and could treat her so cruelly without even palliating his conduct by an explanation; yet, like a fascinated bird, he felt drawn to the spot, and longed to hear of her, though uncared for, to be near her, though unseen. With him to resolve was to execute, and in an incredibly short time he was in Naples. Without much difficulty he ascertained their place of residence, which was a short distance from the city. Riding out in its vicinity that evening he caught a glimpse of Florence walking through the garden. Alighting from his saddle he approached stealthily, and concealing himself among the shrubbery, listened as she repeated his own poetry until his brain grew dizzy with happiness. Unable to restrain himself longer, he sprang forward and caught her in his arms.

\* \* \* \* \*

There was a wedding in Naples. A shade of silver mingled with the dark locks that clustered around the intellectual brow of the groom, and there was a touch of gentle sadness upon the meek face of the bride; but the look of satisfied bliss that responded to the love beaming eyes that were lifted to his was the surety of their future happiness.

## THE HOUSE CLEANING.

BY HARRY SUNDERLAND.

TALK of a washing day! What is that to a whole week of washing days? No, even this gives no true idea of that worst of domestic afflictions a poor man can suffer—house cleaning. The washing is confined to the kitchen or wash-house, and the effect visible in the dining-room is in cold or badly cooked meals; with a few other matters not necessary to mention here. But in house cleaning—oh, dear! Like the dove from the ark, a man finds no place where he can rest the sole of his foot. Twice a year, regularly, have I to pass through this trying ordeal, *willy nilly*, as it is said, in some strange language. To rebel is useless. To grumble of no avail. Up come the carpets, topsy turvy go the furniture, and *scash!* goes the water from garret to cellar. I don't know how other men act on these occasions, but I find discretion the better part of valor, and submission the wisest expedient.

Usually it happens, that my good wife works herself half to death—loses the even balance of her mind—and, in consequence, makes herself and all around her unhappy. To indulge in an unamiable temper is by no means a common thing for Mrs. Sunderland, and this makes its occurrence on these occasions so much the harder to bear. Our last house cleaning took place in the fall. I have been going to write a faithful history of what was said, done, and suffered on the occasion ever since, and now put my design into execution, even at the risk of having my head combed with a three legged stool by my excellent wife, who, when she sees this in print, will be taken, in nautical phrase, all aback. But, when a history of our own short comings, mishaps, mistakes and misadventures will do others good, I am for giving the history and pocketing the odium, if there be such a thing as odium attached to revelations of human weakness and error.

"We must clean house this week," said my good wife, one morning as we sat at the breakfast table—"everything is in a dreadful condition. I can't look at nor touch anything without feeling my flesh creep."

I turned my eyes, involuntarily, around the room. I was not, before, aware of the filthy state in which we were living. But not having so good "an eye

for dirt" as Mrs. Sunderland, I was not able, even after having my attention called to the fact, to see "the dreadful condition" of things. I said nothing, however, for I never like to interfere in my wife's department. I assume it is a fact that she knows her own business better than I do.

Our domestic establishment consisted of a cook, chambermaid and waiter. This was an apple force, my wife considered, for all purposes of house cleaning, and had so announced to the individuals concerned some days before she mentioned the matter incidentally to me. We had experience, in common with others, on our troubles with servants, but were now excellently well off in this respect. Things had gone on for months with scarcely a jar. This was a pleasant feature in affairs, and one upon which we often congratulated ourselves.

When I came home at dinner time, on the day the anticipated house cleaning had been mentioned to me, I found my wife with a long face.

"Are you not well?" I asked.

"I'm well enough," Mrs. Sunderland answered, "but I'm out of all patience with Ann and Hannah."

"What is the matter with them?" I asked, in surprise.

"They are both going at the end of this week."

"Indeed! How comes that? I thought they were very well satisfied."

"So they were, all along, until the time for house cleaning approached. It is too bad!"

"That's it—is it?"

"Yes. And I feel out of all patience about it. It shows such a want of principle."

"Is John going too?" I asked.

"Dear knows! I expect so. He's been as sulky as he could be all the morning—in fact, ever since I told him that he must begin taking up the carpets to-morrow and shake them."

"Do you think Ann and Hannah will really go?" I asked.

"Of course they will. I have received formal notice to supply their places by the end of this week, which I must do, somehow or other."

The next day was Thursday, and, notwithstanding both cook and chambermaid had given notice that they were going on Saturday, my wife had the whole house knocked into *pi* as the printers say, determined to get all she could out of them.

When I made my appearance at dinner time I found all in precious confusion, and my wife heated and worried excessively. Nothing was going on right. She had undertaken to get the dinner, in order that Ann and Hannah might proceed uninterruptedly in the work of house cleaning; but as Ann and Hannah had give notice to quit in order to escape this very house cleaning, they were in no humor to put things a head. In consequence, they had "poked about and done nothing," to use Mrs. Sunderland's own language; at which she was no little incensed.

When evening came, I found things worse. My wife had set her whole force to work upon our chamber, early in the day, in order to have it finished as quickly as possible, that it might be in a sleeping condition by night—dry and well aired. But, instead of this, Ann and Hannah had "dilly dallied" the whole day over cleaning the paint, and now the floor was not even washed up. My poor wife was in a bad way about it; and I am sure that I felt uncomfortable enough. Afraid to sleep in a damp chamber, we put two sofas together in the parlor, and passed the night there.

The morning rose cloudily enough. I understood matters clearly. If Mrs. Sunderland had hired a couple of women for two or three days to do the cleaning, and got a man to shake the carpets, nothing would have been heard about the sulkiness of John, or the notice to quit of cook and chambermaid. Putting upon them the task of house cleaning, was considered an imposition, and they were not disposed to stand it.

"I shall not be home to dinner to-day," I said, as I rose from the breakfast table. "As you are all in so much confusion, and you have to do the cooking, I prefer getting something to eat down town."

"Very well," said Mrs. Sunderland—"so much the better."

I left the house a few minutes afterward, glad to get away. Everything was confusion; and every face under a cloud.

"How are you getting along?" I asked, on coming home at night.

"Humph! Not getting along at all!" replied Mrs. Sunderland, in a fretful tone. "In two days, the girls might have thoroughly cleaned the house from top to bottom, and what do you think they have done? Nothing at all!"

"Nothing at all? They must have done something."

"Well, next to nothing, then. They haven't finished the front and back chambers. And what is worse; Ann has gone away sick, and Hannah is in bed with a real or pretended sick-headache."

"Oh, dear!" I ejaculated, involuntarily.

"Now aint things in a pretty way?"

"I think they are," I replied, and then asked—"what are you going to do?"

"I have sent John for old Jane who helped us clean

house last spring. But, as likely as not, she's at work somewhere."

Such was in fact the case, for John came in a moment after with that consoling report.

"Go and see Nancy, then," my wife said, sharply, to John, as if he were to blame for Jane's being at work.

John turned away slowly and went on his errand, evidently in not the most amiable mood in the world. It was soon ascertained that Nancy couldn't come.

"Why can't she come?" inquired my wife.

"She says she's doing some sewing for herself, and can't go out this week," replied John.

"Go and tell her that she must come. That my house is upside down, and both the girls are sick."

But Nancy was in no mood to comply. John brought back another negative.

"Go and say to her John that I will not take no for an answer. That she must come. I will give her a dollar a day."

This liberal offer of a dollar a day was effective. Nancy came and went to work on the next morning. Of course, Ann did not come back; and as it was Hannah's last day, she felt privileged to have more headache than was consistent with cleaning paint or scrubbing floors. The work went on, therefore, very slowly.

Saturday night found us without cook or chambermaid, and with only two rooms in order in the whole house, viz: one chamber on the second story. By great persuasion, Nancy was induced to stay during Sunday and cook for us.

An advertisement in the newspaper on Monday morning, brought us a couple of raw Irish girls, who were taken as better than nobody at all. With these new recruits, Mrs. Sunderland set about getting things "to right." Nancy plodded on, so well pleased with her wages, that she continued to get the work of one day lengthened out into two, and so managed to get a week's job.

For the whole of another precious week we were in confusion.

"How do your new girls get along?" I asked of my wife, upon whose face I had not seen a smile for ten days.

"Don't name them, Mr. Sunderland! They're not worth the powder it would take to shoot them. Lazy, ignorant, dirty, good-for-nothing creatures. I wouldn't give them house room."

"I'm sorry to learn that. What will you do?" I said.

"Dear knows! I was so well suited in Ann and Hannah, and, to think that they should have served me so! I wouldn't have believed it of them. But they are all as destitute of feeling and principle as they can be. And John continues as sulky as a bear. He pretended to shake the carpets, but you might get a wheelbarrow load of dirt out of them. I told him so, and the impudent fellow replied that he didn't know anything about shaking carpets; and that it wasn't the waiter's place, any how."

"He did?"

"Yes, he did. I was on the eve of ordering him to leave the house."



"I'll save you that trouble," I said, a little warmly.

"Don't say anything to him, if you please, Mr. Sunderland," returned my wife. "There couldn't be a better man about the house than he is, for all ordinary purposes. If we should lose him, we shall never get another half so good. I wish I'd hired a man to shake the carpets at once; they would have been much better done, and I should have had John's cheerful assistance about the house, which would have been a great deal."

That evening I overheard, accidentally, a conversation between John and the new girls, which threw some light upon the whole matter.

"John," said one of them. "What made Mrs. Sunderland's cook and chambermaid go off and lave her right in the middle of house-cleaning?"

"Because, Mrs. Sunderland, instead of hiring a woman, as every lady does, tried to put it all off upon them."

"Indade! And was that it?"

"Yes, it was. They never thought of leaving until they found they were to be imposed upon. And, to save fifty cents or a dollar, she made me shake the carpets. I never did such a thing in my life before. I think I managed to leave about as much dirt in as I shook out. But I'll leave the place before I do it again."

"So would I, John. It was a downright, mano imposition, so it was. Set a waiter to shaking carpets."

"I don't think much has been saved," remarked the waiter, "for Nancy has had a dollar a day ever since she has been here."

"Indade!"

"Yes; and besides that, Mrs. Sunderland has had to work like a dog herself. All this might have been saved, if she had hired a couple of women at sixty-two and a half cents a day for two or three days, and paid for having the carpets shaken. That's the way other people do. The house would have been to rights in three or four days, and everything going on like clock work."

I heard no more. I wanted to hear no more. It was all as clear as day to me. When I related to Mrs. Sunderland what John had said, she was, at first, quite indignant. But the reasonableness of the thing soon became so apparent that she could not but acknowledge that she had acted very unwisely.

"This is another specimen of your saving at the spigot," I said, playfully.

"There, Mr. Sunderland! Not a word more, if you please, of that," she returned, her cheek more flushed than usual. "It is my duty, as your wife, to dispense with prudence in your household; and if, in seeking to do so, I have run a little into extremes, I think it ill becomes you to ridicule or censure me. Dear knows! I have not sought my own ease or comfort in the matter."

"My dear, good wife," I quickly said, in a soothing voice, "I have neither meant to ridicule nor censure you. Nothing was further from my thoughts."

"You shall certainly have no cause to complain of me on this score again," she said, still a little warmly. "When next we clean house, I will take care that it shall be done by extra help altogether."

"Do so by all means, Mrs. Sunderland. Let there be, if possible, two paint cleaners and scrubbers in every room, that the work may all be done in a day instead of a week. Take my word for it, the cost will be less. Or, if double, I will cheerfully pay it for the sake of seeing 'order from chaos rise' more quickly than is wont under the ordinary system of doing things."

My wife did not just like this speech, I could see, but she bit her lips and kept silent.

In a week we were without a cook again; and months passed before we were in anything like domestic comfort. At last my wife was fortunate enough to get Ann and Hannah back again, and then the old pleasant order of things was restored. I rather think, that we shall have a different state of things at next house-cleaning time. I certainly hope so.

## THE LAST DECLARATION.

BY MRS. JOSEPH C. NEAL.

"I spoke to her—she censured not;  
I told her—now I scarce knew what."—C. H. HOFFMAN.

"I've been in love some sixty times,  
And always thought the newest fairest."—PARK BENJAMIN.

COUSIN FRANK was a jewel of a man. He was in society when I was a child, wearing pretty sashes, and being carried into the parlor to be called by the visitors a "little dear," when mamma was in the room, and a "little torment" if she went out of it.

That was fifteen years ago, almost—and cousin Frank is still a ladies-man, as well liked as ever, and vastly more agreeable. I think that dark, glossy moustache improves his face, he has cherished it since his last winter in Paris—and his figure is so commanding—not too tall, nor too large in any way. His hand is delicately fair—almost too much so for the son of honest republican parents; but his eyes—oh, such eyes! dancing with good humored glee, they would provoke the staidest lady of you all to mirth. His hair waves just as gracefully as ever, but I do not think it is quite as luxuriant as it once was—however, we will pass that point without further comment.

There!—how like you my hero's portrait, imperfectly as I have drawn it? Gay, agreeable—always at leisure—the life of every party or social gathering he attends, and quite as loveable in our own little circle where there are no hearts to be broken; wealthy too, and of a manly presence, do I not hear you ask why Frank Graham has never married? Many have been before you in that query—I hear it asked almost every evening we are out. I was saucy enough to inquire myself not many years since, and so I am prepared to speak upon the matter. I shall betray no confidence, and Frank will only laugh at the record.

It was a clear night in mid-winter, stormy and cold. Papa and mamma were just setting forth to a bridal party, when Frank entered, and, to the astonishment of all, said he came to spend the evening with me.

"Not going to the party!" said my mother, in surprise.

"No," said Frank, firmly, as if, he did not care to listen to any questions on the somewhat strange resolve.

"Ah—ha—and now I remember—well if you really are not there to-night, others than myself will think you a rejected suitor of Anna Marston; you know it was whispered, my dear, that—" said mamma.

I thought Frank unusually careful as he folded mamma's crape shawl about her, and just then he was so awkward as to entangle the fringe in his watch-chain. By the time it was extracted, mamma had forgot what she was going to say.

"Take good care of Ellen," were mamma's last words, as Frank handed her into the carriage.

When I found that in the plenitude of his good nature he had come to stay a whole evening alone with me, I could have smothered him with kisses. "What shall we do?" I asked, as I waltzed gaily through the long rooms. "Come, sing that duett Clara Waterman likes so much—or shall I read you Susie Bradley's last letter?—ah, ha—you cannot guess what she says of your eyes."

Cousin Frank was not inclined to sing, he would not even guess what Sue had said of him; and I began to suspect that he had come to be amused instead of amusing me. At last he roused himself somewhat, and asked, "where was the chess-board? Would I not like to check-mate him?" To bring up stupid chess, of all things, on such an evening!—when he could talk so pleasantly too—for his descriptions of Paris and Rome were far more interesting than any book of travels I had ever read. I declare it was too provoking. But I did not make the least objection; I brought the chess men, arranged the stand myself, while he composedly sat quite still, gazing intently into the fire, now and then knocking his boots together with a ringing clank, as much as to say "confound it!" Nor did he move when I was all ready to commence the game—he did not even seem to remember that I was in the room. "Never mind," thought I, "all in good time," so I rang for some fruit, and the cake-basket, and amused myself by watching the changes of expression which flitted over his face.

"Cousin Frank," said I, at last, pausing in my demolition of some unusually fine grapes—"cousin, these grapes are very nice," and I held the luscious cluster before the fine light temptingly.

"Ah, yes," he ejaculated, "a fine voice, very fine, but—oh, that's you, Ellen, isn't it?—well, little one, about that game at chess."

So it was commenced—but Frank lost pawn after pawn—a knight, a castle—and at last as I triumphantly captured his queen, he threw the pieces together with one sweep, and voted chess a bore.

"Come, Ellen, let's chat—pass me that fruit knife—don't you wish I was a little less irritable?"

"But, Frank, what is the matter with you? I never have seen you so quiet."

"So stupid you mean—but never mind, I'll make amends. What shall I tell you of?—my presentation?—how Queen Vic was dressed?—what she said, and all that? I will promise to answer any query,

however much my memory or my imagination may be taxed."

A sudden thought came over me.

"Never mind the queen," said I, "but tell me one thing—will you now?—recollect you have promised to tell me *anything* I might ask."

"Yes—pussy, anything—what may it be?"

"Cousin Frank, *why did you never get married?*"

Oh, how heartily he laughed—I was quite relieved, for somehow I feared after I had spoken, that I might have roused some painful recollection, or—I did not know exactly what.

"And pray, you little interrogation point," (had Frank heard what mamma had said of my growing crooked—I had half a mind to be angry) "what gave you that fancy? Has any good aunt chosen a new lady-love for me, who 'would make such a nice domestic wife?'—or has your father been wishing he was as free as bachelor Frank? Perhaps you have a lover; good, tell me all about him, he is such a charming little man I have no doubt; black eyes—pink cheeks, and all that, just like your famous wax doll I brought you from Paris."

"It's years since I've seen a doll—do you know I was sixteen yesterday," said I, indignantly, "and besides I haven't any lover, and never shall have," ("as I see," I was going to add, but prudently restrained the terminatim of my sentence.)

"Well, I have promised and I must perform, though after all it's no great secret why I never was married. The fact is those who would have pleased me did not bear your good opinion of cousin Frank; and those whom I might have pleased did not seem to me worth the trouble. So after being very near matrimony all my life, I never have quite attained to that felicity. Will that satisfy you?"

"But were you never in love—really downright in love?"

"Oh, yes—a hundred times at the very least. There was cousin Sophie—I was devoted to her for six months; but your mother once hinted that she wore false braids or curls, and I never could think of her for a wife after that. Then came Miss Ellis."

"What the beautiful Miss Ellis—mamma's old friend?"

"The very same—beautiful indeed she was, but with no more intelligence than your doll we were just speaking of. Lizzy Lesten—she was quite a belle ten years ago, very sprightly and vivacious, but Lizzy inclined to be something of a vixen I thought; I always held a distrust of Lizzy's *nez retroussé*. Then Clara Rush came, and fifty others—the list is quite too long for recollection. There was always some fault though—either in the demoiselle or myself that put a finis to our friendship. There was another cousin you have never seen, Harriet Ward; I had almost come to the point of a declaration—but one day, at a dinner party, I noticed her eating fish with her knife—bah—the recollection is painful even yet; her sister was pretty, but she never looked well in the morning. If you really knew my horror of a slovenly wrapper and curl of papers! Ellen never let your lover get a glimpse of you in *deshabille*—it will be the end of your matrimonial prospects, I warn you."

"I am very certain he never will—I never shall have a lover, Frank."

"Don't speak so mournfully, *ma belle*, there is plenty of time for that consideration—but have I satisfied you?"

"Not quite—one thing more, were you ever *refused?*"

"Now you have indeed brought me to the confessional! What a mortifying reminiscence you have conjured up. Will nothing less than a straight forward reply satisfy you? Do you leave no corner for evasion—plump yes or no?"

Once more I clapped my hands in delight; I was inexorable—he had promised to tell me all I should ask, nothing less than a full recital of the whole affair would serve me. Was not cousin Frank kind?—he promised if I would be quiet, would never tell mamma a word, (it's so pleasant to be a confident) and would finish that purse I had been so long intending to *crochet* for him—that he would tell me word for word all about the last declaration he had ever made. Just imagine how easily we were sitting—what with the gas and the blazing grate the room was almost as light as day; the dark crimson furniture looked so comfortable; and on the table, which was drawn quite close to the fire, was a tray of grapes and ruby cheeked apples. I sat on an ottoman quite at Frank's feet; while he leaned back at ease in papa's own lounging chair.

"It is two or three years," said he, at last, "since I first met the lady who was so nearly your cousin. I remember distinctly seeing her enter this room, for it was at one of your mother's little musical parties, (they were great bores sometimes by the way.) She was a stranger to me, as were many of the younger ladies who had come out while I was in Europe; so I asked Ned Mitchell who she was. Finding her to be an intimate acquaintance in the family, and being well pleased with her queen-like figure and graceful movements, I requested an introduction—was graciously received—and we were soon floating down the stream of musical snail talk. She had a magnificent hand and arm, and on the whole I was much delighted with the acquisition to my visting list. I had the pleasure of handing her to the piano; her voice was a rich, full mezzo soprano, and she sang a cavatina from Lucre Borgia very well—very well indeed; then came another chat as we stood in the recess of that window—there were heavy blue and fawn curtains there then; these crimson affairs are not in good taste."

I bowed in assent. Frank's opinion in all such matters was law, so I resolved to ask mamma to have them changed for blue and fawn—quite forgetful that the whole rooms had been refurnished since that important music party, and very possibly blue curtains would not be quite the thing with crimson velvet chairs and lounges.

"However," continued Frank, "we did not coquette at all; we spoke gaily and seriously on Bulwer's new novel, and I described his appearance at Sir John Graham's literary dinner party, which I had attended just before leaving London. Then we spoke of Miss Lesten's voice, she was singing a duett from Norma

with your mother; and last of all the conversation ended by both declaring a love for simple ballads. I recollect asking her to sing me 'The Lass O' Gowrie,' but as there was no opportunity she could not, but promised that the next time we met she would grant my request.

"Two or three weeks glided by, and I had almost forgotten my fair friend. Your mother had ceased to rally me on what she chose to call my devotion to her the evening of our introduction; but one evening I recognized her at the theatre, and as Ned Mitchell and his sister were of the party, I ventured to join them at the close of the second act of *Ion*, which was the play that evening. She received me very cordially, and in conversation I reminded her that I had not yet listened to my favorite ballad; this ended in an invitation to call socially with Ned, (it seems she was a school friend of his sister's) and she would sing English and Scotch ballads for me until I was weary with listening. Of course I averred that would involve a visit with no conclusion, and of course her reply was, I should soon be happy of an escape. People are obliged to say many things they don't mean, Nellie—particularly gentlemen—that is if they expect to be liked in society.

"I thought of my juvenile introduction to mamma's friends, and did not dispute the fact of such things being said, though I had my doubts of the necessity for them.

"So I called, and thought she was even more pleasing at home than in society, she conversed remarkably well, and sang very sweetly; though I remarked to Ned as we walked home that the upper tones of her voice were neither so clear nor so strong as they might have been with proper cultivation. From that time I visited the house frequently, and at last the gossips began to say that my attentions were quite pointed—your mother went so far as to remark to my fair friend, 'that Frank needed nothing but a wife to whom he was devoted, to make him the best and kindest of men,' and then she came to me offering congratulations. I was thunderstruck! the possibility of addressing the lady had never occurred to me; I had visited her as a pleasant acquaintance, and had not dreamed that she regarded my attentions as in the least lover-like. My aunt had hinted that it was otherwise, and perhaps—dolt that I was!—the lady herself thought so too. With a desperate resolve I set forth on a visit determined to watch her narrowly, and if I found any indications of peculiar interest on her part I would—no I could not quite make up my mind to propose.

"She welcomed me with the greatest cordiality, and from habit, after a few minutes that I requested her to sing.

"'Here is an old favorite,' said I, turning over the music which lay upon the piano, 'and I have not heard it for many a day—you will sing this, will you not?'

"She started as I placed it before her, and she glanced at the title. I saw a crimson flush steal over brow and cheek—'no, anything but that,' she said, sadly.

"I do not know what induced me to persist in my

request, perhaps my curiosity was roused, for the song was one of those common place affairs, that is the words, though the melody was very beautiful. After a somewhat urgent solicitation she consented, and as she sang

'My soul in silence and in tears  
Has cherished now for many years  
A love for one who must not know  
The thoughts that in my bosom glow.'

"I noticed that her voice trembled very much, and in the second stanzas

'Ah, let me rouse my slumbering pride,  
And from his gaze my senses hide.'

she fairly gave way, and tossing the music one side rose hastily, saying, 'some other time it shall be finished for you,' her cheeks and brow were still crimson, and I saw her lips quiver as if she strove to quell some painful emotion.

"Was not here proof enough?—true it was not years since I had first known her, but several months had passed, and we had met very frequently. What a villain I had been, I saw at once my folly—I could have cursed my own want of thought. There she sat, poor girl, nervously twisting a tassel that depended from her waist, and now and then stealing a half fearful glance at me, as if to notice if I understood her strange tremor, fearful that she had betrayed her secret. I remember making some strangely disconnected remarks, and seized the first opportunity to bid her good evening. Oh, what a walk was that—I paced for hours in the moonlight, forming resolutions for my future conduct, and recalling any little circumstance of our friendship. Now that the veil had fallen, how plainly I saw her preference for me, and I felt that all the reparation in my power was due to her. Hard as it was to give up my bachelor freedom, I resolved to beg her acceptance of my hand and fortune—and, must I confess it, there was a strange tremor about my heart whenever I thought of the appealing glances I had that evening met from her eyes, which seemed to predict that it would be included in the offering. Two or three days passed; every evening I was firm in my resolution to act like a man toward her: each morning that resolution faded as the sun rose. You are not an unembarrassed bachelor, Nellie, so you can have no idea of the tremendous struggle. At length I began to think I might have been deceived, and—so perverse is man's nature—the thought was almost painful to me. What with dreaming of her at night, and thinking of her sweet face by day, I had become not a little interested in your mother's friend. The die should be cast—that I was determined upon—and I resolved to make that very song the bridge, as it were, of the fearful chasm I intended to leap: I would ask her to sing it again, and if the same emotion was visible, I would hail it as an omen in my favor.

"I am sure she blushed deeply as I entered the room where she was sitting quite alone. I am not sure that I did not also, if an old bachelor can by any possibility be supposed to blush; at all events my hand trembled as I clasped her own, which was frankly extended.

"The moment arrived that was to decide my fate—I had handed her to the piano, and again placed that song before her—again she declined singing it, now more firmly than before. But I was inexorable—no other song would do—for *me*—would she not please *me* so much as that? and with a scarce audible voice she commenced the strain. When she came to the lines—

'They cannot see the silent tear  
That falls unheeded when none are near,  
Nor do they mark the smothered sigh.'

I could scarce refrain from clasping her to my heart, and telling her that her sorrow was ended—the strain arose, tremulously, feebly—again she raised that appealing glance, and then suddenly ceasing, she covered her face with her hands, and I am sure I heard a sob—oh! how mournfully it smote upon my ear!

"She left the piano, and throwing herself upon a lounge, I saw tears stealing through the soft, white hands that covered her face. I could endure suspense no longer—I knelt beside her—I strove to clasp one of these delicate hands—I know not to this day exactly what I said, but I am sure I poured forth a passionate entreaty that she would give me the precious right to kiss these tears away.

"Nellie, imagine my consternation when she rose haughtily, and said in the coldest tone of surprise—'Mr. Graham!'

"It was enough—it recalled me to my senses—I stood before her in an instant, and will you believe it, I reproached *her* for leading me to believe that she had not been indifferent to my attentions.

"'Never!' was her brief reply, and her eyes flashed gloriously.

"Nell you have no idea how like a queen she stood there—or how like a slave I was humbled before her. But I dared to expostulate—the song, I said: whence her emotion? twice had she trembled as she sung the strain: the tears were even yet undried that it had called forth. Nor was my astonishment less when she burst into a merry peal of laughter and clapped her slender hands in perfect glee. I waited, however, calmly as I could with the blood boiling at my heart, until she should see fit to explain. At length she extended her hand kindly, and begging me to be seated, said—'let us be friends again, Mr. Graham—this is too ridiculous'—and once more that musical laugh rang through the room.

"And so I gathered the cause of my foolish conclusion. It appeared that my passing remark upon the quality of her voice had been reported to her—not forgetting my opinion that the upper notes were not as strong or pure as they should be; this had made her always diffident in attempting songs in a high key

where I was the listener. 'The Dream is Past' was a particularly difficult air it happened, and hence her reluctance to sing it for me; hence too the tremulous tones I had noticed the first time she sang it. This evening the recollection of her former mortifying failure made the matter even worse, and as she noticed what she supposed my critical attention she became embarrassed, and at last gave way to a childish burst of vexation as she found herself adding discord to discord.

"There was the whole plainly told—but had she not received me always with evident pleasure? Confound Ned Mitchell's gossiping report of my foolish remark!

"Yes, she confessed that she had ever been pleased to meet me as a friend of—of Edward's—could it be possible I was not aware of their recent engagement?

"Do you blame me, Nell, for rushing from the room at this unkindest stroke of all? I had been proposing to the affianced of my most intimate friend! My own vanity had led me to the mortifying act."

"Well, but you were good friends after all, were you not? Did you ever meet her afterward?"

"Yes, she was kind enough to keep my secret from all but Ned; and after a time I called at the house as before, though not so frequently, for a feeling of the deepest mortification always came over me as I saw that piano, and once or twice she wickedly said with a mischievous glance toward me—'yes, I will sing Mr. Graham's favorite, The Dream is Past!'"

"The dream *was* past of a truth—and I never have been so presuming as to dream again of any fair lady. So, coz, you have the veritable history of my 'last declaration.'"

"But who was the lady, Frank? Did I ever see her?"

"What? have I not told you her name? I thought you knew it was *Anna Marston*."

I saw it all then, the secret of cousin Frank's absence from the bridal party—but I was again puzzled, she had not married Ned Mitchell.

"No, there was some lover's quarrel in which Ned was to blame, and he had proved himself unworthy of her by never explaining the matter; so after a year or more had passed she consented to become Mrs. Willis—as Mrs. Willis I wish her all happiness; but I shall not go there to-night to tell her so."

Cousin Frank relapsed into his dreamy reverie, and I meditated upon the story I had just listened to, wondering, as I watched the flickering fire-light, how any man could summon resolution sufficient to declare himself at all. I am sure if I were refused it would prove a *last declaration* as well as a first.

## THE MAID OF MELOS.

### A STORY OF THE DAYS OF ALCIBIADES.

BY JOSEPH B. COBB.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### ATHENS. HER ODEUM.

**EVENING** had enveloped in its sable shades the fair city of Athens; and the inhabitants, wearied with the various labors of the day, were seen wending their way to their several abodes. Groups of young men were strolling leisurely along the streets, and loud shouts of hilarity, now and then breaking on the stillness of the evening, betrayed the approach of companies fresh from the arduous, though alluring exercises of the gymnasium. These were bright and happy times for the sons of Attica! The lessons and instructions of Socrates dispelled the tediousness of day—the splendid entertainments of Pericles and his band of admirers charmed the hours of evening.

The curtain of night has closed around, and the scene has changed. Crowds of both sexes, in dense and glittering columns, pursue the direction of a towering and magnificent edifice seen in the distance, its gigantic and gaudy proportions swelling upon the vision in the dim reflections of the twilight. Like a thing of magic, the odeum—that grand and unsurpassable model of ancient architecture, eclipsing all other like buildings in the splendor of its structure and the novelty of its design—the odeum, which will ever remain a lasting monument to the taste and genius of Pericles, had risen suddenly from its foundation, and stood the pride and ornament of the city. Still further, in the rear, was seen the summit of the Areopagus, where the god of war had stood upon his trial, and where still the laws upheld their majesty, and justice was impartially dispensed.

Still further on, the gloomy porticoes of the Parthenon frowned in the pale moonbeams—melancholy reflection does it bring to the mind of the classic reader! The stupendous monument of art, which drew the respect of Alaric and the second Mahomet, who dared not to raise against it their barbarian hands, has been since demolished by the leaders of armies belonging to countries claiming to be civilized. Wherever the lion banner of England has been planted, or her rapacious claws have gained a hold, all remains of art and taste, however ancient or elegant, disappear—as if she feared a comparison with the huge, shapeless piles of her own smoky metropolis!

The reign of Pericles, the era in which our story is placed, has been justly regarded as the most brilliant era in Athenian history. Art, at this period, had nearly exhausted itself in the sublimity of conception, the splendor of design and the wonder of execution. Science progressed with rapid strides—whilst wisdom

and philosophy, under the energetic researches of Socrates and his pupils, were unfolding their wings, and preparing for higher and more astonishing flights. Society and refinement had attained their zenith, and Athens abounded with pleasures, whilst it gloried in its strength, and bid haughty defiance to its enemies. Well directed, internal labor, displayed its golden fruits, and domestic pursuits were eagerly cultivated in the midst of luxury and temptation. So happy a union of these seemingly discordant elements had never before been witnessed, and Athens, since, has sighed in vain for its reappearance. The peace of the country, secured by treaties of comity and alliance with the principal neighboring powers, stood in no immediate danger of interruption, and whilst fully prepared for war, the Athenians revelled in their love of public shows and entertainments, and the shrewd Pericles took care to gratify their eager and morbid appetites.

On the evening in question,\* the interior of the odeum blazed with uncommon brilliancy, and its spacious area and ample rows of seats glittered with an array which would have dazzled the vision of Oriental Satraps. In a conspicuous and sumptuously furnished compartment on the first or lower gallery, sat the great ruler himself, clad in his flowing vestments of state, and holding in his hands the simple prizes which he himself chose to distribute amongst the successful performers. The entertainment was exclusively musical, and on the stage were seen various instruments, ready for the touch of the masters in this elegant accomplishment. Not far from Pericles, and separated from him only by a row of small Corinthian pillars, reclined the divinely moulded figure of the fair but voluptuous Aspasia—the most beautiful and fascinating woman in Athens, who had infused new spirit in its circles, and engendered a deference for females hitherto unknown in Greece. Her countenance gleamed with bowitching smiles, and love and passion sparkled from her bright, yet languishing eyes. Easy and unabashed in her manner, she was yet conscious of the universal buzz of admiration which her presence had excited among the thousands gathered within these charmed walls; and when even Pericles, who bowed notoriously at the shrine of her charms, had fixed upon her his eager and penetrating gaze, her appearance gave no tokens that it was observed.

“By Jupiter, Nicias, she would compare with the

\* Musical entertainments were not unfrequently given after night, but dramatic performances invariably at dawn of day.

goddess of love herself, as she now reclines and glances over the assembly," said young Clitus, the pupil of Agatharus the painter, a youth well known for his genius and social qualities.

"Venus will yet prove to be her mother," answered Nicias, in a strain of enthusiasm, "or else I will be consigned to the furies-gods; see, her very soul beams forth, as she now returns the ardent looks of Pericles—she presents him her hand—and, by the fates, he presses it openly to his bosom."

"Methinks, Nicias," said young Clitus, smiling, "we both know of *one*, who, if here, in the sight of such Heavenly charms, would not scruple, if his passions were excited, to hurl even the archon from the enjoyment of so much bliss, that he might, himself, partake—I marvel that he is not here."

"I do not marvel at all," returned Nicias, "for thanks to the potent spells of the wine god, we left him safely fastened in his embraces."

"I know not that such is the case," said Clitus. "His manner seemed to me more restless than usual, and I suspect that he is resolving some wild scheme."

"Better to have said some *mad* project," said Nicias, sneeringly, "for, in truth, he is more than half a mad-man."

"Hast thou heard aught," asked Clitus, "of his now born passion for the fair Nemea, whom Hippolitus brought with him from Coreyra?"

"Softly, my Clitus," said Nicias, "for that is a tender subject. Nemea has, in her turn, been abandoned—a fiercer flame sure has hold on him. Hast thou not marked his frequent excursions, solitary and at night? My eyes have been upon him—and as the net gathers its thick folds around him, I see that proud spirit subdued—that fierce temper brought under—the holiest objects balk not his intemperate and loose desires—the gods themselves are insulted and ridiculed if his aim can be accomplished. And yet the man was born to be great. I predict his future fortunes as well as his fall. Other than the fields of his native land will feel the power of his influence, and attest the vast conceptions of his genius."

"Take heed, young man, that thy words, unwarily uttered in a spirit of envy, bring not trouble on thy head. Beware lest the unlooked for fulfilment of thy thoughtless prophecy rankle not, one day, in thy bosom, and torture thy soaring spirit. *He*, of whom thou hast spoken, is well known to me. For years have I watched his progress. *He will rise* to high fortune, and guileful enemies may work his fall. Thou, Nicias, hast no kind feeling for that man, and seek to draw from thy unsuspecting friend incautious admissions. But look to it that 'the power of *his* influence' avert not all thy malignity."

The young men had turned as these words, gravely uttered, had fallen upon their ears, and, to their surprise, beheld the venerable figure of the philosopher, Socrates, who for some moments had been standing quietly behind them.

A frown contracted the brow of Nicias as he regarded the sage, and he muttered a reproach at being overheard. The philosopher observed the frown, and caught the words.

"Think not," he continued, "that I was a willing

listener to thy words. Thou art my pupil, Nicias, as well as him of whom thou hast been conversing. I never repeat. It is a rule will always recoil. Learn caution thyself, ere thou suspect others of eves-dropping."

The young men rose to offer their seats to the sage, but he declined, giving them to understand that he was on the point of leaving, as he had come for a special purpose which had now been answered. But still he left not, and was detained by a circumstance yet to be related.

The entertainment now opened. The musicians all occupied seats on the stage, with their instruments beside them. The first performers ranged themselves to begin. The arched roof and long galleries rang with sounds of ravishing melody, and the spectators listened with feelings of high delight. The beautiful Aspasia dispensed liberally her approving smiles; the great Pericles testified his pleasure, and the whole vast concourse moved in applause. The prelude had been most brilliant and successful. And now separate trials of skill were practised in turn by the various performers, eager to win from the hands of their powerful patron the coveted prizes. As the celebration was had during the feast of Panathenea, (sacred to Minerva, the tutelary goddess of the city) the *rhapsodoi*, accompanying with their instruments, sang the praises of their ancient heroes—some chose for their theme the exploits of Hercules; others dedicated their verses to Harmodius and Aristogitan, the bold leaders in the war against the tyranny and misrule of the Pistratides. Others again revived the glories of the Argonautic expedition, and other champions of the golden fleece. Past deeds were arrayed and recited, and the silence told the effect.

These impromptu recitations, then so popular among the gay Athenians, were not unlike the mode of improvising practised in later ages by wandering tour-badours, and now fallen entirely into disuse. Such, however, was the extravagant passion of the people of Athens for all public entertainments, that Pericles established prizes for him who could select the best theme, and recite the most stirring events.

The vocalists concluded their parts amidst evidences of the most general satisfaction, and the performers on the wind instruments now presented themselves. Among them was the young son of Menon, an opulent citizen, especially favored by Pericles and Aspasia. Years of toil and practise had been the price at which he attained his excellence, and no one among the contestants was thought capable of competing with him. The strongest demonstrations of joy from the company welcomed his appearance, and parting the fair locks which shaded his handsome countenance, he began his performance. All were hanging with eager interest on the rich tones; the performer was absorbed in the intricacies and beauties of his music—when suddenly a young man, clad in vulgar apparel, and staggering from the effects of wine, leaped on the stage, and struck the instrument from the hands of the astonished musician. The haughty Pericles raised his hand in indignation—the bright eyes of Aspasia flashed fire of resentment. The spectators rose to their feet with a simultaneous movement, as if intent on preventing

forcibly all further rudeness. But the intruder blanched not. With a proud step he advanced to the front of the stage, and throwing back with a haughty toss the thick cluster of curls, displayed a face eminently handsome, almost effeminately so; and was recognized by most of those present. But the large, brilliant eyes rolled fearfully—the pearly teeth were clenched, as if in anger—the veins of the neck were swollen with passion. He strode across the area with rapid steps, uneven and wavering—and drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead.

"By the gods above us, Clitus, it is the very man, it is Alcibiades," whispered Nicias. "Now for some brutal scene. His haughty temper will find vent before he leaves the stage."

His companion answered not, but kept his eye intently fixed on the strange being before him, turning now and then, as if to find some one in the assembly.

The intruder paused, and in harsh, impassioned tones addressed the spectators. "Are ye indeed Athenians, who witness such perversion of manhood, and appear charmed with such unseemly sounds? Shame upon you, and upon him who fosters such degeneracy," and he pointed to the archon with a fierce glance. "Your tastes are corrupted by the continued repetition of such scenes of unmanly prostitution. Is this harsh, grating instrument fit to engage a man—an Athenian? It is a mean art—this piping—sullied only to slaves and barbarians. The Theban youth who know not how to discourse, may pipe away their lives—but we have Minerva for our patroness, and Apollo for our protector, one of whom threw away the creaking flute, and the other punished severely the besotted Marsyas who ventured to play upon it in divine presence. Let us then follow examples so illustrious. Let Athenians find a more manly instrument. The lyre requires no such hideous distortion of form and feature to extract its music, and the voice can accompany it. Let Athenians then banish these unmusical pipes—and adopt an instrument worthy of men."\* Thus saying, he seized upon a lyre which was near him, and swept over its chord with a master's hand. The touch seemed to electrify the spectators, and in surprise at this unexpected display of skill, they gradually resumed their seats. The fine, strong voice of the singular minstrel, mingled with his notes: and then was breathed forth in language, fervent and eloquent, the deeds of Athenian heroes. He recounted the glory of the great Themistocles—the brilliant triumph at Artemisium, "where Athens, the foundations laid of liberty's fair structure." The minstrel, warming with his progress, now changed his theme. He pictured the present glory of Athens—her pleasures—her people satisfied and flourishing, her strength and her resources. The fireside of every person, drawn in lively colors, was present before them, calm and quiet—whilst no untoward event from without menaced its tranquillity. Scenes of domestic bliss filled the imagination—all was spring time in the future—and all was cheerful and secure. A thrill of delight shot through every bosom—and the young musician ceased amidst rapturous shouts of applause.

\*Plutarch gives the outline of this scene. Vit. Alcib.

Pericles adjudged him the highest prize—Aspasie, resplendent in smiles, greeted him with her bright eyes as he came forward to receive the honor. Socrates had beheld this strange scene where insolence had been so decidedly turned to account: where haughtiness had shown the power of will; and his venerable head was bent in abstracted reflection. He was gratified at the singular success of his powerful and popular pupil, whilst, at the same time, he deplored for Athens her subjection to such whimsical tyranny.

Concealed in the shadow of an Ionic pillar which supported the portico, was seated a fair young girl, disguised in a large, loose mantle, which enveloped her whole person. The eyes of this girl glistened with singular lustre—a tear-drop lingered upon the trembling lids—her bosom was burning with emotion—but it was the emotion of pride and not of weakness. The success which had crowned the musician brought rapturous joy to the heart of that fair, solitary creature. But he saw her not.

The long, circular rows of seats no longer held the masses, which a moment before pressed upon them. The wide galleries vibrated under the weight of retreating thousands, the streets were filled with groups of the delighted concourse—and the odeum was left to silence once more.

Many were the auguries consulted—the predictions uttered on that night, in which so strange a scene had happened—of the future greatness and supremacy of him who had acted the chief part. The star of the haughty son of Clinias culminated amidst the confusion he had created—and Alcibiades, though scarcely recovered from a fit of intoxication, swelled with the vaulting ambition which glowed within him.

## CHAPTER II.

### A NOCTURNAL VISIT.

By the pale light of the moonbeams reflected upon the waters, a magnificent galley was seen shooting over the smooth bosom of the Egean sea, directing its course toward the island of Eubœa, now dimly visible in the distance. A few hours previously, and the same galley had been safely moored at the foot of a street in Athens, and the inmates were evidently inhabitants of that city. Three persons were seen in the vessel, two of whom labored at the oars, whilst the third, moody and abstracted, was seated alone in the stern. This individual was elegantly attired, and his rich robes waisted to and fro in the fresh breeze which met them. His face was strikingly handsome—and the exquisitely arched eyebrow—and the long, flowing ringlets which fell gracefully and carelessly around his neck, as he sat with his figure vaguely shadowed in the shining mirror beneath, invested him with a peculiarly romantic appearance. The white foam of the sea dashed against the carved sides of the boat as it sped, swiftly propelled, to its destined haven. The waves of the classic Egean sparkled in the silvery light, and parted their waters as the galley glided along over the calm surface.

Intnumerable ripples now disclosed that the pebbly sands of the beach were under them, and the green



shore rose by degrees to their sight. The rowers, slightly shifting their course, steered slowly along the margin for a short distance, and then suddenly turned into a limpid basin or pool, formed by a current from the sea, and which was almost entirely shrouded by the surrounding exuberant shrubbery. Here the small anchor was cast—the oars were pulled in, and the galley rode upon the waters a few paces from the shore.

Roused from his reverie, the personage who occupied the stern seat, now rose to his feet, and springing actively ashore, bade the rowers remain where they were, and await his coming. He then struck into a small footpath, which, beginning at the water, wound along through the grove; and after walking rapidly for several minutes, stopped before a high stone enclosure, and applying a key to the fastenings of the gateway, opened it and plunged into the dark recesses within.

In the centre of the grove around him stood a building of great beauty and symmetrical proportions, though not remarkable for size. It was a temple, erected by the aristocracy of Athens, and dedicated to their favorite divinity, Apollo. A glittering row of Ionic columns studded the entire front and sides, which were finely cast and ornamented. A flight of marble steps conducted the visitor to the upper vestibule, at the base of which were two superb statues, one of Minerva, the other of Apollo. The doors were of splendid, massive material, coming to a point at the top, and so constructed as to admit the only light which penetrated the interior. The whole finish and design exhibited the rarest and most exquisite taste, and might have been considered a fair specimen of the great excellence which the Athenian artists had attained at that period in architectural science. It was also surrounded by an enclosed court, which included the grove, besides various buildings appertaining to the temple. The solemnities were conducted and the worship performed by a priest, of whom very little was known, except that he was reputed for piety, and the strictest morality of life. His auguries were held in general and high esteem; and on the eve of marriages among the high-born of Athens, the couples sought always, in the first instance, the holy ministrations of this temple, and the benefit of the priest's advice. In all the duties of his calling he was assisted by several priestesses, one of whom will hereafter engage in a more especial manner the attention of the reader.

Our hero, as we have already seen, had easily gained admission within the sacred bounds, and found himself faced by the images of the various divinities. Proceeding cautiously amidst the shadows of these Heavenly hosts, his attention was arrested by the soft murmurs of running water, which reminded him that he was near a fountain. The reservoir was shaped from the pedestal of a gigantic statue of the king of gods, which stood towering and frowning above him, impressing the beholder with that awe and respect justly due to one of his high and dread authority. An immense block of solid marble supported the left arm of the god, whilst on his right hand was chiselled the royal sceptre, which imaged his divine power and

undisputed supremacy. Our hero, however, with reckless impiety seemed utterly to disregard all these appalling symbols; and with an audacity which would have struck terror in most other bosoms, seated himself at the base of the column, and laved his hands and feet in the pure, refreshing element. The fierce glance of imperial Jove fell sternly upon him, as though rebuking the sacrilegious disposition which tempted a mortal to cleanse his flesh in a fountain sacred to his Heavenly majesty, and the surrounding deities seemed beholding, with looks of surprise, the daring man who so rashly ventured upon an act which might, in a moment of anger, have hurled even an immortal from the Olympic abodes. What wonder, then, that a thunderbolt launched from the unerring hand of the resentful god did not dash to atoms the bold transgressor! But the offence is not half told. A huge, shaggy dog, which belonged to the stranger, was imitating the recklessness of his master, and lapped up the sacred water to cool his thirst, as if he had been drinking from a pond in some obscure alley of the city! And the master smiled and glanced with a mischievous leer at the surrounding deities.

Having thus occupied himself for several minutes, he withdrew his feet from the basin, and leaning his head against the column, and drawing around him the mantle in which he was clad, he seemed to guze with intense earnestness at the resplendent glories of the Heavens. The pale moon was speeding onward in her mighty course, and the bright stars twinkled in his vision with unusual brilliancy. Not a cloud interposed to obscure the celestial bodies; all beamed with their mild, shining effulgence. But far toward the horizon was seen a narrow, scarlet streak, as if flames of fire burned within its bosom. Occasional and quick flashes would, now and then, illumine its whole extent with a vivid, lurid glare, and then the brightness would again appear. Upon this was the eye of our hero resting, and the alluring dreams of ambition floated through his lofty mind. The marble features of the statue which towered above seemed not more inanimate than the countenance of that solitary being—the cold, steady gaze of the god had been imparted to the aspiring mortal below. No flush of emotion was discernible, intense reflection had apparently absorbed all traces of humanity. Suddenly there appeared to his sight one of these astonishing and unaccountable phenomena, which, we are told in ancient times, so often foreshadowed important events, or revealed to mortals lively glimpses of the fate before them. The red, narrow streak was seen rapidly contracting, and presently it had assumed the shape of a concentric circle. From a given arc of this flaming circle a meteor blazed forth with a quick flash, and following its appointed course spanned the entire margin, leaving the whole tipped with the pale glare of its lurid radiance. Then issued from within the body, thus strangely lighted, eccentric trains of phantasmagoria, which none but a feverish and excited mind could have engendered. Hero, restless mortal, was a mirror spread before thine eyes which may image thy future destinies! A line of triumphal cars succeeded each other rapidly, and as rapidly faded from view. Then the panorama of a vast city

was figured in the burning circle; and in the dim distance an object indistinctly resembling the Acropolis of his native Athens. On the summit a dark figure appeared. A nearer view disclosed his own features in those of the phantom. A zone of fiery meteors crowned the head, but disturbed not the calm expression of the face. The figure paused, and then arose the form of a lovely and benign female, bearing in her hand a brazen plate, on which was engraved the solitary word *Wisdom*. It beckoned to the figure—the call was unheeded. Presently was seen advancing from the gloom beyond another female, whose dashing steps and seductive smiles drew the earnest attention of the figure. Wild enthusiasm beamed in every lineament; pride and sternness marked her imperious brow. She gave no imitation as *Wisdom* had done, and the dark figure followed with imploring hands. His first step conjured up a third phantom, decked in all the voluptuous garnishments which allure and tempt the weakness of humanity. Heavenly beauty was hers; and enchanting attitudes of grace and meretricious blandishments arrested the eager step of the frail aspirant in his pursuit of ambition, and won him to the attractive arms of *Pleasure*. And then the glittering tiara of meteors fell to his feet, and lost their brightness; and a dark veil divided him from the Syren who had seduced him. And the margin was no longer tipped with its electric glare, and the burning circle was melting into chaos—and the solitary figure of the seeker receded from the vision, whilst hosts of grim and hideous phantasies flitted in the obscurity. The sight of our beholder was sickened, and his bounding heart sank as his accompanying genius whispered in his ear the interpretation of the phenomenon. Yet his high spirit revolted not, and his mind still wandered in ambitious abstraction. The dark figure was *alone* on the summit of the Acropolis. His power was *not divided*—though lost by restless pursuit, and tempted by seductions. Ere the veil could drop, glory and power and renown might be obtained, and the triumphal cars might whirl through the streets of Athens, himself the honored hero. The path was before him—the end was in view—the whole had been figured to him. A land overflowing with resources opened before him, and a population, the most spirited and accomplished in the world, breathed and moved around. Pretenses were easily found—his influence in the public councils, young as he was, astonished all Greece—his soaring mind expanded with his reflections, and the cold dreamer emerged into the conquering hero. He was averse to longer inaction, and the glorious peace which for years has blessed and developed thy prosperity, Athens, hangs heavily on the heart of thy young citizen! Fame and aggrandizement must be attained through seas of thy best blood; worlds of thy treasure must sustain them! The dreamer conceived and matured his mischievous plan of operation; and Greece was to become the scene of action. But in order to nourish the flame of enthusiasm which already kindled at the mention of his name, some brilliant preliminary achievement in connection with the popular athletic sports of the ago must be accomplished. This would fix attention—would throw around him a species

of notoriety, essential at that time in all attempts and struggles for elevation.

The thoughts matured that night were afterward thoroughly fulfilled. In thy person, son of *Clinias*, Athens beheld a being whose towering and universal genius—whose unvarying success stripped the laurel wreaths from the brows of her ancient heroes—which covered her classic shores with unfading renown, and has filled her history with its most resplendent pages.

From behind a neighboring statue another figure now stealthily approached. His purple vestments at once indicated his sacred calling—but his words dispelled the illusions of his sanctity, and were strangely inconsistent with the priestly decorum.

"By all the gods, it is my *Alcibiades*? Why, man, thy attitude caused me some sharp misgiving as to thy identity; but thy uncleanly beast there reassured me. It is not the wont of the most famous debauchee in Athens thus silently to indulge in meditation. But what, in *Apollo's* name, ails thee?" he continued, suddenly recollecting. "Has *Bacchus* proven an overmatch for the allurements of *Venus*?—or are the arms of the lovely damsel forgotten in other and fresher pursuits?"

The priest was abashed and awed by the cold, stern gaze which had met his disgusting and licentious rivalry. The time was inappropriate. The haughty and abstracted dreamer lost, for the moment, in sublime reflection, rose to his feet, and bent his piercing eye upon his companion. That lofty, withering look was long remembered; and though *Alcibiades* recalled himself in an instant, the priest was not so easily restored. Accustomed to familiarity, and to minister, in his way, to the impure tastes of the Athenian, the priest had ceased, in some measure, to respect the high pretensions and overshadowing talents of his friend—and he trembled now as he pondered the rudeness of which he had been unwarily guilty. But *Alcibiades* seizing his hand, relieved his uneasiness by the wonted cordiality of address.

"Ha, my old *Calyx*, hast thou come at last! Many long and weary hours have I been awaiting thee, anxious for thy tidings. But where is my sweet *Calesthenia*—the fair priestess whom thou hast dedicated to our gracious and benign *Apollo*?"

"*Calesthenia* awaits thee in her private apartment," answered the priest. "For anxiety at thy prolonged absence has been great, and both father and daughter have feared that in the revels and excitement of the city, the powerful *Alcibiades* will soon forget the friends of early days, and banish from his mind all lingering impressions of the poor maiden who once claimed his love."

"Then do father and daughter do me most signal injustice and cruel wrong," said *Alcibiades*—"think not I forget you. *Calesthenia* reigns supreme in my heart—and whatever policy may dictate, or prudence enjoin in a career yet unknown, I shall ever own the gentle influence of her sway. And now I must see her. Haste away, old man, and inform her of my presence."

A small, neat building near the temple was occupied as a residence by the priest and his fair daughter; the latter of whom had, recently, by the suggestion of

her imperious lover, undertaken the melancholy duties of priestess in quality of first assistant to Calyx. They were natives of Melos. Whilst yet a young man, and in the dawn of his amazing career, Alcibiades had journeyed to that distant and romantic isle, near the borders of the Mediterranean, where, at a public festival, he had seen and loved the daughter of Calyx. He conveyed them to the shores of his native Attica, unwilling to resign his fervent attachment. This was hazardous. But the intermarriage of one, born of a high Athenian family with a foreigner, or a woman of low origin, was not sanctioned by custom, though not strictly prohibited by law. Yet it blasted all prospects of elevation. The young Athenian was, then, forced either to abandon forever the object of his fondest affections, or else to adopt some plan which might unite them without the public forms of a nuptial ceremony. Calyx was a man of base morals, and yielding readily to the fascinations held out by the great wealth and high standing of Alcibiades, consented to abet his projects and sacrifice his only daughter at the shrine of power and greatness. At length the Athenian, whose riches were immense, and whose influence great, doubtless from a dim presentiment of his future glory, determined to procure for the dissolute Calyx the situation of priest to Apollo, in the private temple of that god in Eubœa, and to dedicate the daughter to the same holy office. By this criminal precaution suspicion was entirely kept down, though among the watchful enemies of the rising man, there were not wanting those who soon found means to ferret out the object of his mysterious excursions on the Egean after night.

Let us now ascertain more particularly the situation in which the Athenian hero, yet young in his career, found himself placed. By an existing law of the land, founded upon experience and usage, all who wished for political or military elevation, or aspired to renown, must first become the head of a family, and must be the possessor of a permanent or real estate. These being wisely regarded as the surest guaranties of good faith, and the firmest basis of allegiance, the law was vigorously held and enforced. The hero then of so many battles, though only a subordinate—so distinguished for versatility of genius, and so celebrated for courage—who excelled pre-eminently in all athletic sports, and was becoming the most popular man in Athens—this hero could not bring himself to crush, by an imprudent alliance, such fair openings to greatness. A patrician in every sense of the word, whose connection was traced even to the renowned Ajax, and who was the kinsman and ward of Pericles, could never stoop to humble himself with those around him—but his lofty and arbitrary will would brook no opposing obstacle to the attainment of his desires. He loved passionately the fair Melian, and to enjoy this love, free from detection, he scrupled not to violate the sanctity of religion, and pollute the altars of his fathers. He was at once polite and self-willed—affable and haughty—virtuous and profligate, but never constant. Yet every advantageous circumstance of birth and fortune—talents natural and acquired—rare accomplishments of mind and body pleaded an exception in favor of

this extraordinary character, which, producing at once flowers and fruit, united with the blooming vivacity of youth the refined wisdom of experience.

Such was Alcibiades—and now what of the fair, but humble Callesthena! Thou shalt not be passed over, sweet one, for that quickening spirit which enlivens thy bosom was not bowed down under obscure birth! Thou wert not unworthy of thy high born lover; thy softer sex needed but small allowance had the path been but open.

An orphan in early life—and left to the care of a negligent father, Callesthena had given way to all the wild ardor and impetuosity of her nature. She had met with no crosses—she had forced none to engage her affections, or who called into life the warm feelings which slumbered around her heart. She knew not of what she was capable, she was the child of nature—filled with nature's impulses. She learned the use of musical instruments, and her voice was one rich and enchanting strain of melody. She danced most gracefully, and many a Melian swain sighed to possess that divine and faultless form. She excelled to an extraordinary degree for her sex, in riding, and in the noble art of managing the reins. She was fond of chariot driving—and men stopped to inquire the name and birth of the lovely and daring female who dashed through their groves and retreat, foremost in all rides and contests, and whom all admired. Such rare qualities in a woman could not fail to attract the attention, and win the regard of a man like Alcibiades when witnessing their display. He sought and wooed her—and her ardent soul soon gloried in the rapture of a congenial spirit—found and appreciated. The whole fullness of her heart, beating with the strong fires of love, were centred in this sole object of her devotion—and the Athenian saw that her very existence was merged in his. Protestations and persuasion soon won her to his wishes, and he determined to surrender neither his brilliant prospects, nor abandon the gratification of his passion. Callesthena wound herself around every penetrable avenue of his heart, and vowed eternal fidelity, and begged never to be separated from him. The proud woman who had disdained others worthy of her in a worldly sense, was now the slave of a superior genius, the minion of a master spirit.

All women, capable of loving, and whose souls are alive to the soft glowings of love ardently bestowed, are apt one day to find a like influence. The bonds of the marriage rite itself cannot, alas! always prevent or obstruct its way. Love may be bought or coaxed, or in some cases even forced—but where a fine woman, gifted with true, unbridled nobility of soul sinks voluntarily into the arms of the little blind god, be sure she has found the spirit or genius who owns the magic ring which enslaves her. But we must return to the characters in question.

The priest having ascended the steps which conducted him to the small, tasteful portico in front of the house, opened the wicket to admit his illustrious guest. Alcibiades was ushered into a small, circular room, fitted up with cushioned benches for the entire circumference—and ornamented with the various articles of furniture peculiar to the age. Reclining

carelessly, and unfolding the long mantle in which he was enveloped, he awaited the appearance of Calcesthena.

A few moments only had passed ere she entered. Rushing with a wild bound to the recumbent hero, the young girl seized both his hands in hers, after the fashion of the early Greeks, and imprinted upon his lips and cheeks kisses of burning love and welcome.

"Oh, what an ago hast thou been absent!" she murmured, as she parted the glossy locks from his forehead. "But I have been faithful—I have thought only of thee—I place thee before even the deity to whose service thou hast doomed me. Thou hast made me sin, beloved. I venture an awful hazard, *but I would do the same for thee again*. Only these terrible vows—these gloomy, mock solemnities, which I appreciate not. Oh! they torment me!"

Alcibiades in a thrill of pleasurable emotion caught the lovely being in his arms, and rapturously folded her to his bosom. Glory and ambition were forgotten—banished in that one short moment of bliss. The pressure of that warm and throbbing form would have dispelled malice from a demon of darkness! It might have caused a god to forget his divinity, and bend to the weakness of humanity. A stern, aspiring man of the world totters on the brink of a precipice when a blooming, impassioned, loving woman rests in his arms! And Alcibiades ceased to ruminate on his destiny. The long ringlets of soft, light brown hair waving to and fro around the neck and shoulders of Calcesthena, disclosed at intervals the exquisite mould of neck and bust; and exposed a pair of dark eyes, sparkling with passion, and brightly gazing upon the features of him whose glowing breast pillowed her head. The costly robe which was worn over the short tunic, swept around in undulating folds; and unclasping the golden buckle which bound her girdle, the heavy vestments were thrown off, leaving only the finer, thin draperies which enveloped the voluptuous figure.

And Calcesthena had forgotten her vows in her ecstasy—the priestess was lost in the woman. Alcibiades was with her—hold her in his fond embraces, and him she worshipped more than Apollo; veneration for the god was disregarded in her love for the man.

The wild dreams, which, just before, had floated through his soaring mind, were dispelled as chimeras; and power and aggrandizement vanished "like baseless fabries of a vision seen" from his thoughts as that divine form, filled with emotions of rapture, nestled in his bosom! The future dictator of Greece was, for the time, the entranced victim of passion! Such is humanity, even when extraordinarily endowed! His murmuring whispers assured the Melian of the continued love which burned within him—and the girl pressed him more fondly and was happy. They were both happy!

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE OLYMPIC GAMES. MYSTERIES.

It is well known to every reader of general history, that the ancient Greeks were remarkably scrupulous

in observing the various games which they supposed to have been instituted by their gods. Among all these, according to approved authors, those celebrated at Olympia, a town of Pisa or Elis, in Peloponessus, held, unquestionably, the highest rank. They were sacred to Jupiter, the greatest of gods—they were instituted by Hercules, who stood foremost among the heroes—and they were solemnized with more pomp, amidst a larger concourse of spectators from every quarter of the confederacy, than any of the rest. They recurred every four years; at which period, so profound was the reverence felt for them, that there was a general amnesty and cessation of arms throughout all Greece, that all persons who were desirous might be present with perfect security.

At this particular period of their history, the Greeks were infatuated with an inordinate taste for all varieties of public sports and exhibitions, and to this fact historians trace the sources of their decline, the "beginning of their end." As yet, however, the manly and vigorous exercises had not been supplanted by the effeminate and enticing amusements of the theatre. Sophocles and Eschylus had not attained their popularity and celebrity—the buffoonery of love comedians would have been laughed to scorn. Honorable, and not mercenary motives were, as yet, the incentives of success.

The awards distributed among the victors in the games were of various descriptions, but, as is well known, always simple and unostentatious. At the Olympic games, the only prize sought for was a wreath of olive branches, ingeniously woven together, and so shaped as to fit the human head. The victor was also presented with a branch of palm, which, according to Plutarch, was a custom derived from a peculiarity of the tree, which displays new vigor under every repeated exertion to bend it, and was indication of the champion's courage and perseverance. Such toil and energy for a remuneration comparatively so trivial, was not without service to the Greeks as a nation; and we are told that on one occasion, an officer of Xerxes's grand army, when hearing the fact mentioned, exclaimed to Mardonius, "against whom are you leading us? Insensible to interest, these men fight only for glory." And, in fact, the Greeks thought nothing equal to a victory in these games. It was regarded as the perfection of glory, and, we are assured by ancient writers, that a military triumph was scarcely looked on as a higher honor. At all events, excellence in these sports was considered as an indispensable pre-requisite in the qualifications of a great commander. Hence the most eminent men of the age frequently entered the lists as contestants. Kings, princes, heroes and generals combated for the honors, for there was not so sure a path to the hearts of the people.

There were numerous parts or divisions of the games, but as our purpose is not legitimately connected with all, we leave the reader, not already acquainted, to make up the deficiency by his own resources.

As it had been widely circulated on the present occasion that Pericles and his gay suite, and Agésilus, brother to the Spartan monarch, with his beautiful and accomplished sister, Cynisca, who was so famed

for her wonderful equestrian achievements, together with all the leading men of the country, would grace the celebration with their presence—thousands from Greece and the neighboring isles flocked to enjoy the grand and ancient repast. Public curiosity had been inflamed to an unusual height—and expectation bounded in every heart. All had some friend or favorite for whose success they felt deep solicitude.

At length the morning dawned, "big with the fate" of many ardent and anxious aspirants. Five days were allotted for the exercises. The last was selected for the chariot races to be contested.

The sun rose in cloudless splendor to illumine that brilliant scene—and the salutations of thousands welcomed the happy omen. The colossal statue of Jupiter Olympus, which adorned the entrance to the stadium, looked pleasingly upon the immense concourse of devotees beneath, as if reflecting the gracious smiles of the god whom it represented. A long row of magnificent pavilions lined the extent of the area, from which floated the symbols of the various nations assembled. The neighboring country was adorned with rich and handsome porticoes, interspersed with shady groves and walks, where the candidates for Olympic fame rested from their anxieties and fatigues. Imagination must fill up the picture—for description is vainly essayed.

Long previous to the hour, the athletes were seen parading through the grounds, as if to exhibit their persons to the eager crowd before whom they were soon to engage in their perilous sports. Two of these seemed to attract particular attention. They were Anytus, of Athens, and Arrachion, of Sparta, who were to enter the lists of the Paueratium. The Spartan was the more active and alert—the Athenian was noted for strength and muscular power. Their step denoted great flexibility of limbs, whose sinewy and solid proportions exhibited the force and practice of the combatants. No small degree of rivalry existed between the two nations in anticipation of the issue of this combat, the most dangerous of all the Olympic exercises.

Now a more brilliant group drew forth the admiration of the beholders. All along the banks of the Alpheus, whose crystal waves flowed at the marble base of the stadium, beautiful females were seen promenading and catching the fresh, pure breezes of the morning. The whole terrace presented one glittering array—for females (by authority of some of the best authors) were not excluded from either seeing or partaking in these sports.

In the midst of this assemblage, the stately form of Cynisca, the Spartan heroine, was particularly distinguished. A short tunic, reaching not far below the knee, served to display her elegant proportions. A fillet, wrought of golden cords, and fastening with small clasps of the same metal, confined her long, auburn hair; whilst on her arms was seen the glittering effulgence of bracelets set with the most precious stones. A small, flat hat covered her head, and her feet were enclosed in red slippers, confined by slender thongs, which met under the sole. Though the descendant and sister of kings, this young woman had become famous for her success in the chariot

races, which was the only part of the games suited to female propriety.\*

At the other extremity was seen another figure not less remarkable for its faultless proportions and dignified demeanor than Cynisca herself. A long robe reaching from the shoulders to the feet, almost entirely concealed the fine form, but the outlines, save now and then, were sufficient to exhibit its extreme neatness. A mask covered the features, and invested the wearer with an air of mystery, which many were anxious to divine. She joined no company, and made no advances to such females as sought to share her promenade. A solitary walk in the balmy air of early morn was the object of her appearance—and not the desire for admiration. Yet she was admired—and as the breeze sweeping down the current lifted the folds of her robe, and pressed them closer around that peerless figure, a thrill of emotion pierced the beholder. Hold to thy mask, fair one, and suffer not the rude wind to penetrate thy disguise, and expose to view the beauty underneath!

Not far from the hippodrome was Calimachus, the representative of the king of Syracuse, surrounded by his grooms and horses, and standing in front of a spacious and magnificent pavilion which blazed with the royal insignia. He it was, who, by order of his master, had solicited the honor of contesting the chariot race with Alcibiades and Cynisca.

Lastly, a collection of tents, a short distance from those of Calimachus, were pointed out as belonging to Alcibiades; filled with his noble steeds, collected from all parts of Greece and her dependencies. Such was the popularity of this wonderful man among the neighboring potentates—such the fame of his skill in the management and direction of horses, that voluntary contributions were made by all in emulation of each other to the supply of his stables, and to furnishing elegant equipages, together with all else necessary to sustain his incredible displays of splendor. The wealth of no one private person could have sufficed for such enormous expense.

Contiguous to his own, Alcibiades had caused to be erected a small circular pavilion of exquisite beauty and taste, handsomely decorated, and to which no one was allowed admission. The tenant was unknown—almost unsuspected—and the entrance was ever guarded by an immense shaggy dog, whose watchful eye and fierce look kept all prying intruders at their proper distance. It was connected with the tent of Alcibiades by a narrow passage of drapery impenetrable to the eye, as no shadow had been seen crossing the aisle from one to the other. No one had been observed to enter within these forbidden bounds except a sprightly, comely youth—an attendant upon Alcibiades. He wore always a full mantle, which covered the head and sheltered the entire body. The awe universally felt for his powerful master preserved him from the annoyances of impertinent curiosity, though some there were who had strange doubts as to the character of that fair, unknown boy.

If the reader has not already guessed as much, I

\* Many authors attest this fact—and there can be no doubt that Cynisca often contested these races.

must frankly say that the tenant of that mysterious pavilion was no other than Calcesthena, the fair priestess of Apollo. A strange place for a priestess truly, but yet nevertheless true! She it was who had adopted the disguise, as well to hide her sex as to avert suspicion from her lover, knowing that he was closely watched by jealous, malignant, and crafty enemies. And she was right! By permission of Alcibiades she had accompanied him to the games, that she might once again indulge her wild inclinations in contesting under his auspices the honors of the chariot race. In a glow of fondness, unfortunate for both, he had consented to her entreaties—for the stern man loved that frail girl with a passion which could refuse nothing! And on the morning in question she had arisen at an early hour, and directing her steps to a secluded spot on the banks of the Alpheus, almost hid by the inter-section of olive branches which fell around, had there dismantled herself of the disguise, and fastening on her light mask, appeared on the promenade as noticed above.

These games were intimately interwoven with the whole civil, military and religious polity of Greece, and as evidence of this, the most aged of her distinguished men were selected to preside at their celebration. These were called *agonothetæ*.

And now they had ascended the throne erected for them at the further extremity of the stadium, which was the signal for the exercises to begin. On a small altar piece near the throne sat the priestess of Ceres, and the other virgins who were permitted within the area. Opposite to these were placed the statue and emblems of the chaste Diana, supported on the tomb of her favorite Endymion.

The contests usually began with the foot races, then followed boxing, wrestling, throwing the discus and javelin, and leaping. The contestants in these various sports were ranged in a line before the *agonothetæ*, who inspected their qualifications. It was required that they should be born in Greece, or in the countries connected with her government. In the other games this was not the case, as the chariot racing was free for all, whether alien or citizen, with certain restrictions. Fraud and artifice were vigorously excluded from the games; and the maxim so generally then in vogue, that deceit or valor were the same in overcoming an enemy, was not held good at these sacred celebrations.

The foot races were over—the boxing and wrestling were over, and the judges announced that the combat of the paucratium between Anytus and Arrachion, was next in succession. This being, as we have before said, the most rough and dangerous of all the sports, and the champions being from the two great rival states, the spectators, with eager interest, crowded around the area in which the combat was to be tried. This game united boxing and wrestling, and is derived from two Greek words, which signify that the whole strength of the body was necessary for success.

Anxiety had reached to an almost irrepressible intensity when the champions leaped simultaneously on the area before the vast crowd. Their only apparel was a leathern girdle around the waist, to which was

suspended a fringed scarf of short dimensions. Their bodies had been anointed with oil in order to render their limbs flexible and supple—and to assist them in eluding the grasp of their adversary. Not a word was spoken as they now approached each other cautiously and vigilantly in order to gain the first advantage. Some time was spent in these harassing feints—and then the stout Athenian aimed a blow at the head of his antagonist, throwing himself violently forward at the same time, as if to force him to grapple. But the eagle eye of the active Spartan had watched every motion—and though partially receiving the blow, he eluded, with surprising address, the attempted grasp, and his imprudent antagonist fell to the ground. Arrachion leaped upon him with the spring of a tiger, and seizing his throat, endeavored to hold him down until he should be forced to cry for quarter.

But he mistook the fierce and indomitable spirit of the Athenian. Exerting his immense strength, Anytus half rose, bearing the full weight of his antagonist, and struggling for breath under the severe grasp which held his throat. Finding it impossible to disengage himself, he dealt the Spartan a blow on the chest, the violence and force of which rendered the face of the one a pale, purplish contrast to the blackened and distorted features of the other. The blood now started in torrents from the eyes, nose and ears of Arrachion—whilst the swollen tongue of the Athenian hung long and loosely from the mouth.

Looks of horror and disgust settled upon the faces of the vast concourse around—and the *agonothetæ* in vain gave the signal for the combat to be suspended. The priestess of Ceres and her virgins averted their eyes from the ghastly spectacle. Groans and hisses were smotheringly sent forth from the crowd; but in the meantime the antagonists were again rolling in the dust, the fearful hold of the Spartan still unrelaxed, while Anytus elicited universal applause by his incredible displays of strength. He had seized Arrachion with the left hand, and holding him by main force high up from the ground, endeavored, by repeated blows, to loosen his throat from a grasp which he felt was fast wearing away his strength, and impairing his efforts.

But blows availed not. The wily Spartan had from the first perceived that all his hope depended upon the advantage he had gained—and that if his hold was once broken, the great strength of his adversary would soon overpower him. Again both fell to the ground, and Anytus now suffering the most acute anguish from the suppression of breath, would roll over and over, carrying along the Spartan as though the weight was nothing.

At length, in his frantic and desperate struggles his hand by chance came in contact with the foot of his obstinate adversary. Approaching death lent him new strength for the moment, and he crushed and mangled the bones as though an egg shell were in his grasp. The sudden and exquisite torture obliged Arrachion to release his hold, and shout for quarter at the very moment that Anytus breathed his last.

The vanquished Spartan lay beside his dead adversary panting, almost breathless, and groaning with agony, whilst the *agonothetæ* proclaiming Anytus the

victor, crowned his inanimate temples with the wreath of success.

The sports ended for the day; the dense masses of spectators moved from the stadium to their various places of rest. That night a light was seen dimly shining through the covering of the small circular pavilion attached to the tent of Alcibiades. The lovers were together, and the Athenian reclined upon a splendid couch, whilst the fair Melian knelt caressingly by his side, playing in child-like simplicity with the long, curling locks which fell over his face.

The lofty brow of Alcibiades was bent in thought: and the mellow eyes of Calesthenia fell droopingly upon him. She wished not that aught else save love should share that endearing solitude. Now and then she would press her glowing bosom to his in the hope to recall him from his abstraction, and to bury dreams of ambition in the alluring embraces of love. But her charms were unable, at that moment, to entice the restless spirit from its wanderings.

The eventful morrow was close at hand, on which his hopes were fixed. Upon the issue of these hopes the destinies of Greece depended. Success in the game was sure to bring a speedy realization of his dreams and projects—failure would be irretrievable ruin. As a tribute to his skill and fame, the Syracusan monarch had sent over his finest horses—his most elegant equipages—under charge of his ablest general and most renowned subject. The accomplished sister of Agésilas had publicly solicited the honor of matching herself with him in the race—and her distinguished and rising young brother was there in person to witness the contest.

Defeat, under such circumstances, and in such company would be not only mortifying, but must forever blast his prospects, and the aspiring man narrowly calculated his chances, and fully comprehended the consequences. And the fate of all Greece rested upon a chariot race, so great was the importance attached to these games.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)